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**THE DUCHESS OF
KENT'S HATS**

★ This week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, the second printed on our new rotogravure plant, contains a special spring fashion section.

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● OUR COVER: One of the Duchess of Kent's spring hats, with graceful curled feathers sweeping across the front, is worn by Australian model Nola Rose.

A TOWN

PART TWO OF OUR NEW SERIAL

WHEN wealthy Douglas Macfadden dies, NOEL STRACHAN, elderly solicitor, has some difficulty, under the rather involved terms of his will, in locating his heir. This proves to be 26-year-old JEAN PAGET, who with her brother Donald was in Malaya at the outbreak of the Pacific War.

Donald, who would have shared the inheritance, died as a prisoner of war, and by the terms of Macfadden's will Jean does not inherit outright, but must remain a trustee of Strachan's firm until she is thirty-five years old. One evening she tells Strachan that she would like money to go back to Malaya and build a well. Explaining this, she tells him of her war experience . . .

As the Japanese advance through Malaya, Jean and her friends, BILL and EILEEN HOLLAND, and their three children, belatedly trying to get away, join up in the town of Kuala Panong with a number of other families whose evacuation plans have also fallen through.

While they wait together on the verandah of a Government office, Japanese soldiers arrive and occupy the town. An officer declares the evacuees prisoners, and posts guards over them. Now read on:

KUALA PANONG lies in a marshy district of mangrove swamps at the entrance to a muddy river; the mosquitoes are intense. All night the children moaned and wailed fretfully, preventing what sleep might have been possible for the adults. The night passed slowly, wearily on the hard floor of the verandah.

Soon after dawn, Bill Holland and Eileen made sandwiches of tinned meat and sweet biscuits for the children, and after this small breakfast they felt better. Many of the others had some small supplies of food, and those that had none were fed by those who had. Nothing was provided for the prisoners that morning by the Japanese.

In the middle of the morning an interrogation began. The prisoners were taken by families to the District Commissioner's office, where a Japanese captain, whom Jean was to know later as Captain Yoniata, sat with a lieutenant at his side, who made notes in a child's exercise book.

Jean went in with the Hollands; when the captain inquired who she was she explained that she was a friend of the family travelling with them, and told him what her job was in Kuala Lumpur. It did not take very long.

At the end the captain said: "Men go to prisoner camp to-day; women and children stay here. Men leave in afternoon, so you will now say farewell till this afternoon. Thank you."

They had feared this, and had discussed it on the verandah, but they had not expected it would come so soon. Holland asked: "May we know where the women and children will be sent to? Where will their camp be?"

The officer said: "The Imperial Japanese Army do not make war on women and on children. Perhaps not go to camp at all, if they do good things; perhaps live in homes. Japanese soldiers always kind to women and to children."

They went back to the verandah and discussed the position with the other families. There was nothing to be done about it, for it is usual in war for men to be interned in separate camps from women and children, but, none the less, it was hard to bear.

Jean felt her presence was unwanted with the Holland family, and went and sat alone on the edge of the verandah, feeling hungry and wondering with gloom, tempered by the buoyancy of youth, what lay ahead of her. One thing was certain: If they were to spend another night on the verandah she must get hold of some mosquito repellent.

There was a chemist's shop just up the village that they had visited the afternoon before; it was probable that he had some repellent.

As an experiment she attracted the attention of the sentry and pointed to her mosquito bites; then she pointed to the village and got down from the verandah on to the ground. Immediately he brought his bayonet to the ready and advanced towards her; she got back on to the verandah in a hurry. That evidently wouldn't do.

Jean thought a while, then moved and went out of the back door. Sheltered by the building from the view of the sentries, she looked around. There were some children playing not far away.

She called softly in Malay: "Girl. You, you girl. Come here."

The child came towards her; she was about twelve years old.

Jean said: "Do you know the shop that sells medicine? Where a Chinese sells medicine?"

She nodded. "Chan Kok Fuan."

Jean said: "Go to Chan Kok Fuan, and if you give my message to him so that he comes to me, I will give you ten cents. Say that the Mem has Nyamok bites"—she showed her bites—"and he should bring ointments to the verandah, and he will sell many to the Mem. Do this, and if he comes with ointments I will give you ten cents."

The child nodded and went off. Jean went back to the verandah and waited; presently the Chinaman appeared, carrying a tray loaded with little tubes and pots. He approached the sentry and spoke to him, indicating his wish to sell his wares.

After some hesitation the sentry agreed. Jean got six tubes of repellent, and the rest was swiftly taken by the other women.

Presently a Japanese orderly brought two buckets of a thin fish soup and another half full of boiled rice, dirty and unappetising. There were no bowls or utensils to eat with.

There was nothing to be done but to eat as best they could; at that time they had not fallen into the prisoners' mode of life in which all food is strictly shared out and divided scrupulously, so that some got much more than others, who got little or none.

There were still food supplies, however, so they fell back on the biscuits and the private stocks to supplement the ration.

That afternoon the men were separated from their families and marched off under guard. Bill Holland turned from his wife, his eyes moist.

"Good-bye, Jean," he said heavily. "Good luck. Stick with them, if you can, won't you?"

She nodded. "I'll do that. We'll all be in the same camp together."

The men were formed up together, seven of them, and marched off under guard.

The party then consisted of eleven married women, and two girls, Jean and an anaemic girl called Ellen Forbes, who had been living with one of the families.

Besides these there were nineteen children varying in age from a girl of fourteen to babies in arms; thirty-two persons in all. Most of the women could speak no language but their own; a few of them, including Eileen Holland, could speak enough Malay to control their servants, but no more.

They stayed in the accounts office for forty-one days.

The second night was similar to the first, except that the doors of the offices were opened for them, and they were allowed to use the rooms. A second meal of fish soup was given to them in the evening, but nothing else whatever was provided for their use.

A stern-faced woman, Mrs. Horsfall, asked to see the officer; when Captain Yoniata came she protested at the conditions, and asked for beds and nets.

Please turn to page 10

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 19, 1950

LIKE ALICE

16 AUG 1950

by

NEVIL SHUTE



All day, the women stumbled on painfully, the stronger giving what help they could to the weaker.

My Love

By

JOHN REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

William stood up trying to catch Loretta's attention as she came on to the stage.

is no lady

Starting work at five a.m. was a big enough

shock, but the session had worse in store for him



ABELL rang, and it was not just one of the sound effects concomitant to a bad dream. It was his own telephone, and it was shattering the best hours of sleep of the best announcer in radio.

William Delbert squirmed himself awake and found the cursed thing by touch. It could not mean a crisis involving someone near and dear, because William had no one near and dear.

For William Delbert, success had come swiftly after the discovery of the almost hypnotic quality of his voice. In four years he had scaled the heights of radio. He could neither sing nor act, but in his voice a commercial had the pulling power of an old-fashioned poultice.

"Hello," he said.

Even at this hour — six minutes to four a.m. — his diction was precise, his vowels as symmetrical as a Bartlett pear. It was a matter of pride with him that he never let his real feelings creep into his public voice. Rivals said he had none.

"Hello, Bill, ol' boy?"

He cringed. No one called him "Bill, ol' boy."

"This," he said coldly, "is William Delbert. To whom am I speaking, may I ask?"

"You may, and the answer will be Hal Gray," came the cheerfully alcoholic response. "You're a gentleman, so it won't be necessary to remind you who furnished the blood for your transfusion last year. My programme, Farm Reveille, goes on at five sharp, and I find myself beautifully drunk. I wonder if you'd take it."

"Of course," William said icily.

"Don't thank me," Gray came back. "Hate to ask a favor, but I'm almost comatose. I think there's a script somewhere. If you have any trouble, call me."

"With a programme of yours? Don't be absurd, Hal."

He hung up and slid out of bed. He dressed with his usual meticulous care. No one had ever told him the network was on the air at this hour or that anyone was awake to listen, but he was shockproof.

His mirror showed him a tall, distinguished looking man with the frigid dignity and reserve of an Under Secretary of State.

The interior of the big network building was spooky and dark. The watchman did not recognise him. Well, he thought, one never knows how the other half lives.

Studio D was just large enough for a baby-grand piano and three floor mikes. There seemed to be no separate booth for the announcer. Apparently the mike between the piano and the glass-enclosed engineer's booth was his. At least, the two others were already pre-empted.

William looked at the two occupants and learned he was not quite shockproof, after all. Snoring in a chair beside one mike was a whiskery, unclean old man in cowboy regalia, complete to a ludicrous revolver. Around his neck was a piece of sash-cord which supported a battered guitar. He snored silently, exuding an aroma of gin.

One saw these preposterous old shams everywhere in Hollywood, but so far none had ever been dignified by an appearance on a William Delbert show.

But at the other mike was a girl, a healthy, beautiful little peasant whose overpowering, plebeian magnetism put William on guard at once. A blonde, but not one of your washed-out, indecisive, fashion-plate princesses. This girl had real red-gold hair . . . lots of it. Her mouth was large, red, full lipped. Her eyes were dark. Her figure was ample.

"Howdy. You're Bill Delbert," she greeted him. "Hal said you would take over this morning. This here is Grampa . . . Wake up, Grampa. You're sitting on the script."

The old man woke up and offered his hand.

"Howdy," he said, and William held his hand behind him until the blood returned. The old man had a grip like a blacksmith's vice.

"Charmed," said William, still wondering who they were.

"Charmed, huh?" Grampa grumbled. He handed William the script and promptly went back to his sleeping.

"This is a variety show," the girl explained. "I mean we've got a variety of sponsors . . . when we're lucky."

William thumbed through the sheaf of commercials with a sinking heart. Did they call this a script? What Grampa and the girl did, he could not imagine. Now and then there was a notation: "S Music," or "Number by L, or somebody."

As for the commercials themselves, William gathered that everyone who listened to the radio at this hour had something wrong with him. The sponsors were a credit dentist, a fly spray, a patented sacroiliac bed, and a truss.

He heard the engineer's warning, caught the signal just in time, and launched into the opening commercial like a fullback.

"Killzip wakes the world this morning," he chanted. "Thought for to-day—the only good fly is a dead one. Killzip does everything. Killzip, spelled K - I - L - L - Z - I - P."

On and on and on he read. And suddenly the page ended. William found himself staring at a cryptic notation in Hal Gray's hand. It said simply: "Song???? Or what???"

The girl was a trouper. She opened her mike on the dot.

"Howdy, y'all," she said. "Got a new announcer this mornin', and guess what? Little ol' Loretta talked him into lettin' me call my own tunes. This is Loretta Golightly and Grampa, with Chime Bells."

Her grammar was atrocious, her articulation worse, but her speaking voice was vibrantly musical. Give her a few years in a good school or a little tutoring from a precisionist like William, and she could be rather attractive.

William jumped. Grampa had struck a series of jangling notes on his guitar. His repertoire of chords was not large, but it was loud. He thumped the time with his right foot.

Then a sudden bird song filled the studio, a coloratura trilling so wildly lovely that it reached into the sterile cells of William's cloistered soul and filled him with an abrupt, strange, poignant ache and longing. William loved music, and he knew music, but he had never heard anything like this. It was beautiful beyond description. It threw a rose-pink halo, a kind of angelic aura, about the short, well-formed girl at the mike.

Her head was back, her eyes closed, as she sang. Her left hand was over her head, and her whole body swayed with it. To William it seemed that she was about to rise in flight like her song.

"Pygmalion," he murmured. "I'll do something for her. She's ignorant, but sweet and unspoiled. And what a voice! I never felt like doing anything for anyone before. I wonder why?"

The bird song ended. In a trance he leaned towards his mike to praise the Pederson Cantilever Truss. The sudden unrest in his soul caused by the girl's song blinded him to the words he read. But it was second nature for him to read well, thrillingly, like a poultice.

When it was over, he realised he had never done so well with a commercial before; might never do so well again.

The girl, when he turned, was listening, open-mouthed, like a little girl watching her mother make up her face. William stepped back, proud to have inspired her.

Grampa snapped on his mike and shifted his guitar belligerently. "This is Grampa Golightly himself," he asserted, as though challenging doubters. "I will now entertain you with the song Californy Joe." He assailed the guitar and shouted tunelessly:

"Oh, mates, I don't like stories,

Nor am I going to ack

A part around his camp far

That isn't a truthful fact."

The song recounted the misadventures of a forty-niner on his way to the goldfields. To William, it seemed that there was a verse for every step of the way, including detours.

Under cover of the din, he leaned towards the girl, who had recovered some of her poise.

"What was that lovely song? I have never heard anything like your coloratura, my dear. Not even the aria from Lakme, the Bell Song, has that silvery quality. What was it?"

"What?" she said. "You never heard anybody yodel before?"

Yodel? William understood. This was a folk-music programme! He blushed, realising he had almost confused a ridiculous cowboy yodel with something classical.

Yet the girl's song haunted him long after Grampa finished shouting his saga of Californy Joe. William read his commercials a trifle absently.

As soon as the hour-long programme was over, he backed the girl into a corner. Instinctively, he knew he must just talk. They had nothing in common. They could not chitchat. Other men might have flexed their muscles or mentioned their wealthy uncles. William talked.

He summoned up every mouth-watering phrase he had ever used in his whole toothsome career in radio. He had a good memory for words, and the ones he wanted returned when he needed them. The girl stared.

Suddenly he felt a hard hand on his arm. It was Grampa. William tried to push him away, but Grampa would not be pushed.

"Please don't interrupt me," William said coldly, "and please take your dirty hand off my new sports jacket."

"Honey," Grampa trumpeted, "is this skunk both-er-in' you?"

Once William had talked his way through an earthquake that had emptied the studio in record time. The great unseen network audience never even suspected its existence. William had rocked on his feet, but he kept on talking, and when the troubled earth subsided it knew its master.

He tried to handle Grampa the same way, but the spell was broken forever. Loretta blinked and sighed and was awake. He tried again.

"Your voice is much too good for folk music," he said. "I should be glad to help you get away from all this."

Suddenly, without warning, her blue eyes were blazing.

"Oh, you would, would you?" she exclaimed. "I've got y'all placed now. You're one of those intellectuals. Folk music! Oh, I went to school, too! I got good grades all through the first two years of high school, and then mamma got sick and I had to stay home and take care of the house and the kids."

"But I only—" William said, completely bewildered.

"You only!" She was suddenly crying openly, making no attempt to hide the tears. "Don't you try to look down on me, do you hear? I know what you are! You're an epiglottis, a larynx, a trachea—something out of a physiology book that makes noises."

"No radio announcer," Grampa squalled, "can make a granddaughter of mine cry! Put 'em up, you purty little rascal!"

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the drape of it... the swing of it... the never changing perfection of it...



'Celanese'
TRADE MARK
JERSEY
MYLANIT * DE LUXE * MYLESTA

Serenely simple to care for, 'Celanese' Jersey combines trousseau-loveliness with workaday serviceability. This exquisite run-proof Lingerie will thrill you with its never-changing perfection. EVERY LOVELY THING ABOUT IT SAYS 'CELANESE' JERSEY.

MADE FROM
'Celanese' JERSEY
IRON WHILE DAMP USING WARM IRON

'Celanese' Fabrics are made by British Celanese Limited, London.

P.S. Lingerie in other 'Celanese' Fabrics will excite you too... look for 'Celanese' Crepe-de-Chine, 'Celanese' Satin, 'Celanese' Taffeta and 'Celanese Celshung'. They are all perfectly beautiful.

STORM IN A COFFEE CUP

by
**Timothy
Fuller**

ILLUSTRATED BY
RON LASKIE

THE delivery to the desk of an eighteen-year-old typist of a dozen Talisman roses accompanied by the crested, engraved card of Signor Carlos di Fiensci, on which is written "To-night?" would normally guarantee something in the nature of a delighted yelp from the typist. But Glory Briggs merely sniffed at the card, tore it in halves, shoved the carton of roses under her desk, and went back to work.

This action is all the more remarkable when it is revealed that Glory was born and raised in a quiet country town and that she had come to the city two months before for the clearly stated purpose of "getting some fun out of life," and that so far she had not had one single, solitary date with a man.

Could it be, therefore, that Signor Carlos lacked charm? It could and he did. He had introduced himself to Glory in the office building elevator with the courtly, old-world gesture of a long, slow wink, accompanied by clucking sounds, and had received a slap that had stung him for hours.

He was fiftyish, short, round, and perfumed; he wore a black Homburg hat, smoked Turkish cigarettes in a long amber holder, and was nothing if not persistent. He inhabited an office called the United Export and Import Corporation, and nightly lay in wait across the hall for Glory to come out of her own office door.

Yet, although Glory tore Signor Carlos' cryptic invitation in halves, she did not consign the pieces of the wastebasket. They remained on her desk all morning while she typed out an intricate brief for Mr. Dillingworth. Ordinarily this task would have delighted her, for of the eight lawyers in the office Mr. Dillingworth alone was young and unmarried.

She had done several briefs for him, but so far he had given no indication that she was anything but a piece of office furniture. She certainly wasn't in love with Mr. Dillingworth, although she always had a peculiar feeling when he went by her desk. It was just that she had her pride, and even though he was almost thirty he could treat her like a woman.

By lunchtime a dispirited rain was wetting the streets, and Glory was angry. Back at home she could be dating any boy in town, but here in the city she could only sit at home with Aunt Hester and mope about a stuffy lawyer named Dillingworth who wasn't really so handsome when you compared him to a film star.

By three o'clock, though the sky had cleared, Glory's anger had hardened into determination, and she called United Export and Import Corporation on the 'phone and asked to speak to Signor Fiensci.

"This is Miss Briggs," she said when he came on.

A long, adoring sigh dripped from the receiver.

"I called to say I'd decided to go out with you."

Muted delirium took place at the other end.

"Provided," said Glory, "we have dinner at the Bellevue Club, we go to see 'Make Mine Manhattan,' and you take me straight home afterwards, with no nonsense in the taxicab."

"Delighted!" the Signor murmured.

"You can meet me at six o'clock at the milk-bar opposite."

She wasn't angry any more, but simply depressed. She'd never have fallen so low if just one faintly eligible male had noticed her existence in the city.

Glory was mistaken on this point. The city included not one, but two eligible males who had noted her presence and succumbed to it, each in his own fashion. The first of these, incredibly, was Frank Dillingworth,

Frank rose slowly, bowed, and said, "Good evening, Miss Briggs," and then fell gracefully forward to the floor.

who at the moment of Glory's call to Signor Carlos was wrestling with his conscience in his tiny inner office.

Frank was a shy man only by the standards of Signor Carlos, but even since that first morning when he'd come out of his office and had seen Glory in all her pink-checked, tawny-headed radiance, the struggle had been joined. He had been unable to speak to her then, and in the weeks that followed the best he could manage was a strangled "Good morning, Miss Briggs," when he came into the office.

It was true love, of course, but it was blocked by the unwritten, organisational edict

frowning on any social mingling between the higher-ups and the office help. His conscience stood firm on this point. His will countered that this was an undemocratic practice, but his conscience rebutted that he felt this way because he was moved by a personal desire in the matter.

As the afternoon lengthened, Frank realised that only one course lay open to him: He would have to resign from the firm and get another job elsewhere. It would be terrible never to see Glory again, but it would be better than this slow torture.

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The Devil Behind Her

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD GREEN

ONE evening early in November, while Dot and I were discussing whether or not to get a new tow-rope, the phone rang. A feminine voice, a low-pitched but very clear and precise voice with an accent, asked: "Ullo! Is that Mr. Nicholas Wiley?"

And after I'd replied: "Yes, this is Nick," the voice went on, "I am Trude Schmidt. I have been told about your little ski lodge and it sounds to be a place that would suit me. I would like a nice room until next spring. Perhaps longer. I shall come up to-morrow on—"

"Just a minute, Trude Schmidt," I interrupted. "We don't—"

But the cool, smooth voice interrupted right back, "You are thinking of a recommendation, no doubt. No, I have none. But I come from a very fine family. I am a very good skier. And I am going to be a champion. I shall be very good advertising for your place. I shall arrive on the one-fifteen train to-morrow. You will meet me at the station, please. I thank you very much." And Trude Schmidt hung up.

When I reported to Dot, she made a face, wrinkled up her freckled nose in an expression of distaste, and said, "What have we got? Another of those cocky-man-eating countesses to contend with?"

"Sounded like it," I grumbled.

It being the dormant season, only about half-a-dozen people got off the train, and among them no such world veteran of glamor as I was expecting. In fact, with the exception of what looked like a schoolgirl with a book bag, they were all local people whom I knew. Beginning to assume, with relief, that I'd been the victim of a practical joke—some

of the ski crowd trying desperately to divert themselves until the snows came—I was about to walk back to the station waggon when I became aware of the schoolgirl standing before me.

She was a nice-looking little kid—about eighteen, I judged—medium height, medium slender, wavy dark brown hair cut quite short, and blue-grey eyes. She was dressed very simply in a blue-grey suit that went with her eyes, and had an air of grave, childish innocence. I wondered who she could be and why she was standing there staring at me so deliberately.

Then she spoke: "You are Mr. Nicholas Wiley, meeting me?"

I was so astonished that I just stood there gawking at her until, politely puzzled and curious, she inquired: "You are surprised at me?"

Finding my voice, I told her: "I certainly am. I was expecting somebody much older. And quite different."

The girl gave a Frenchy sort of shrug. "I am just I, Trude Schmidt. And I am twenty, which is not so very young." Then, in a low tone, she added: "Indeed, there are times when I feel as though I had lived a hundred years."

Quite suddenly I found myself liking this little "just I, Trude Schmidt," and feeling sorry for her, and wanting to take her back to the lodge and give her a room and look after her until next spring. Perhaps longer. And, also, I began to credit her assertion that she was going to be a champion.

Studying her now, I could see that her body had the clean, firm lines, the alert, poised stance of the trained thoroughbred. And those cool, steady blue-grey eyes were the unflinching kind that could size up terrific

slopes in a split second and dive right down them. And that pugnacious little jutting out of the full lower lip was a good sign, too.

Coming to life, I said: "Okay, Trude! Welcome to our hills. Let's go get your luggage."

She raised the little bag in her hand and informed me: "I have only this. There is nothing else." Then quickly, earnestly, she went on: "But because I have so little with me you must not think I shall not pay my bills. There is plenty of money in the bank for me. I just could not stay in the city to buy things. I had to come at once to the mountains."

As we walked over to the station waggon, she moved along quietly and rather close beside me in a trusting sort of way that warmed me with a protective, big-strong-man feeling, but when I reached for her bag to put it in the car, she yanked it away from me with a defensive, defiant look, and, when I opened the front door for her, she pulled open the back door and got in there to sit by herself, with that little lower lip protruding.

When we got to the lodge, Dot gave me a pointed stare and managed to whisper mockingly: "Well, what a fine judge of voices you turned out to be."

"Just wait," I muttered. "Let's see what happens to you."


I followed the girls upstairs and hung around expectantly in the background. And I was not disappointed.

In her cool, level voice, Trude Schmidt was soon saying: "This is a very nice room. It is clean and it is not too big. I do not like a too big room. But, since I shall be here until the warmer weather, I would prefer a corner room."

Please turn to page 44

By...

W. CALDWELL
WEBB



*Trude crouched low,
trying to ride out
of the skid.*

"There's nothing like
a fragrant Lux
Toilet Soap bath!"



Says
Jane Powell

A Star of
**"NANCY GOES
TO RIO"**
An M.G.M.
technical
production

FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH. Take Jane Powell's tip. Try fragrant Lux Toilet Soap in the big new Bath Size. That pure white tablet is so much longer-lasting, gives you so much more beauty for your money. Buy it today and see for yourself.

FOR YOUR ACTIVE LATHER FACIALS. Every time you wash take an active-lather facial with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Leading skin specialists have proved that with Lux Toilet Soap, 3 out of 4 complexions grow lovelier in a VERY short time.



Buy Lux Toilet Soap today — the Standard size for your active-lather facials, the new Bath Size, for your daily beauty bath.

The favourite bath and complexion care of 9 out of every 10 film stars

YONIATA said firmly, "No nets, no beds. Very sorry for you. Japanese woman sleep on mat on floor. All Japanese sleep on mat. You put away proud thoughts, very bad thing. You sleep on mat like Japanese women."

"But we're English," she said indignantly. "We don't sleep on the floor like animals!"

His eyes hardened. He motioned to the sentries, who gripped her by each arm. Then he hit her four stinging blows upon the face with the flat of his hand. "Very bad thoughts," he said, and turned upon his heel, and left them. No more was said about beds.

He came to inspect them the next morning and Mrs. Horsfall, undaunted, asked for a water supply. She pointed out that washing was necessary for the babies, and desirable for everyone.

A barrel was brought into the smallest office that afternoon, and was kept filled by coolies; they turned this room into a bathroom and wash-house.

In those early days most of the women had money, and following the example of Chan Kok Fuan the shopkeepers of the village came to sell to the prisoners, so they accumulated the bare essentials for existence.

Gradually they grew accustomed to their hardships. The children quickly learned to sleep upon the floor without complaint; the younger women took a good deal longer, and the women over thirty seldom slept for more than half an hour without waking in pain—but they did sleep.

It was explained to them by Captain Yoniata that until the campaign was over the victorious Japanese had no time to construct prison camps for women. When all Malaya had been conquered they would be moved into a commodious and beautiful camp which would be built for them in the Cameron Highlands, a noted health resort up in the hills.

There they would find beds and mosquito nets and all the amenities to which they were accustomed, but to earn these delights they must stay where they were and do good things.

Doing good things meant getting up and bowing whenever he approached. After a few faces had been slapped and shins had been kicked by Captain Yoniata's army boots they learned to do this good thing.

The food issued to them was the bare minimum that would support life and was an unvarying issue of fish soup and rice, given to them twice a day. Complaint was useless and even dangerous; in the view of Captain Yoniata these were proud thoughts that had to be checked for the moral good of the complainant.

Meals, however, could be supplied by a small Chinese restaurant in the village, and while money was available most of the families ordered one cooked meal a day from this restaurant.

They received no medical attention and no drugs whatsoever. At the end of a week dysentery attacked them. Malaria was always in the background, held in check by the quinine that they could still buy from Chan Kok Fuan at an ever increasing price.

To check the dysentery Captain Yoniata reduced the soup, and increased the rice ration, adding to the rice some of the dried, putrescent fish that had formerly made the soup. Later he added to the diet a bucket of tea in the afternoon, as a concession to English manners.

Through all this time Jean shared with Mrs. Holland the care of the three Holland children. She suffered a great deal from weakness and a feeling of lassitude induced, no doubt, by the change in diet, but she slept soundly most nights until awakened, which was frequently.

Eileen Holland suffered much more. She was older and could

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 3

not sleep so readily upon the floor, and she had lost much of the resilience of her youth. She lost weight rapidly.

On the thirty-fifth day, Esme Harrison died.

Esme was a child of eight. She had had dysentery for some time and was growing very thin and weak; she slept little and cried a great deal. Presently she got fever, and for two days ran a temperature of a hundred and four as the malaria rose in her.

Mrs. Horsfall told Captain Yoniata that the child must see a doctor and go to hospital. He said he was very sorry, but there was no hospital. He would try to get a doctor, but the doctors were all fighting with the victorious army of the Emperor.

That evening Esme entered on a series of convulsions, and shortly before dawn she died.

She was buried that morning in the Moslem cemetery behind the village; her mother and one other woman were allowed to attend the burial. They read a little of the service out of a prayer book before the uncomprehending soldiers and Malays, and then it was over. Life went on as before in the accounts office, but the children now had nightmares of death to follow them to sleep.

At the end of six weeks Captain Yoniata faced them after the morning inspection. The women stood worn and dragged in the shade of the verandah facing him, holding

"Jewels and gems they are
but stones,
Barley and beans they
strengthen bones."
—Chinese proverb

the children by the hand. Many of the adults, and most of the children, by that time were thin and ill.

He said: "Ladies, the Imperial Japanese Army has entered Singapore, and all Malaya is free. Now prisoner camps are being built for men and also for women and children. Prisoner camps are at Singapore, and you go there. I am very sad your life here has been uncomfortable, but now will be better. Tomorrow you start to Kuala Lumpur, not more than you can go each day. From Kuala Lumpur you go by train to Singapore, I think. In Singapore you will be very happy. Thank you."

From Panong to Kuala Lumpur is forty-seven miles. It took a minute for his meaning to sink in. Then Mrs. Horsfall said: "How are we to travel to Kuala Lumpur? Will there be a truck?"

He said, "Very sorry, no truck. You walk, easy journeys, not more than you can go each day. Japanese soldier help you."

She said: "We can't walk, with these children. We must have a truck."

These were bad thoughts, and his eyes hardened. "You walk," he repeated.

"But what are we to do with all the luggage?"

He said, "You carry what you can. Presently the luggage is sent after you." He turned and went away.

For the remainder of the day they sat in stunned desperation. Those who had luggage sorted hopelessly through their things, trying to make packs that would hold the essentials and yet which would not be too heavy.

Mrs. Horsfall, who had been a schoolmistress in her time, and had assumed the position of leader,

moved among them, helping and advising. She had one child herself, a boy of ten called John.

Jean and Mrs. Holland had less of a problem, for having lost their luggage they had less to start with, and the problem of selection did not arise. They had few clothes to change into, and what they had could easily go into Jean's haversack.

They had acquired two blankets and three food bowls between them, and three spoons, and a knife and fork; they decided to make a bundle of these small possessions in the blankets, and they had a piece of cord to tie the bundle with and to make a sling, so that one could carry the haversack and one the bundle.

Their biggest problem was their shoes, which had once been fashionable, and were quite unsuitable for marching in.

Towards evening, when the children had left them and they were alone with the baby in a corner, Mrs. Holland said quietly, "My dear, I shan't give up, but I don't think I can walk very far. I've been so poorly lately."

Jean said, "It'll be all right," although deep in her mind she knew that it was not going to be all right at all. "You're much fitter than some of the others," and this possibly was true. "We'll have to take it very slowly, because of the children. We'll take several days over it."

"I know, my dear. But where are we going to stay at night? What are they going to do about that?"

Nobody had an answer to that one.

Rice came to them soon after dawn, and at about eight o'clock Captain Yoniata appeared with four soldiers, who were to be their guard upon the journey. "To-day you walk to Ayer Penchis," he said. "Fine day, easy journey. Good dinner when you get to Ayer Penchis. You will be very happy."

Jean asked Mrs. Horsfall, "How far is Ayer Penchis?"

"Twelve or fifteen miles, I should think. Some of us will never get that far."

Jean said, "We'd better do what the soldiers do, have a rest every hour. Hadn't we?"

"If they'll let us."

It took an hour to get the women ready for the march. The guards squatted on their heels. It was a small matter to them when the march started. Finally Captain Yoniata appeared again, his eyes hard and angry.

"You walk now," he said. "Women remaining here are beaten, beaten very bad. You do good thing and be happy. Walk now."

There was nothing for it but to start. They formed into a little group and walked down the tarmac road in the hot sun, seeking the shade of trees wherever they occurred.

Jean walked with Mrs. Holland carrying the bundle of blankets slung across her shoulders as the hottest and the heaviest load, and leading the four-year-old Jane by the hand. Seven-year-old Freddie walked beside his mother, who carried the baby, Robin, and the haversack. Ahead of them strolled the Japanese sergeant; behind came the three privates.

The women went very slowly, with frequent halts as a mother and child retired into the bushes by the roadside. Within the limits of their duty the Japanese soldiers were humane and helpful; before many hours had passed each was carrying a child.

Slowly the day wore on. The sergeant made it very clear at an early stage that there would be no food and no shelter for the party till they got to Ayer Penchis, and it seemed to be a matter of indifference to him how long they took to get there.

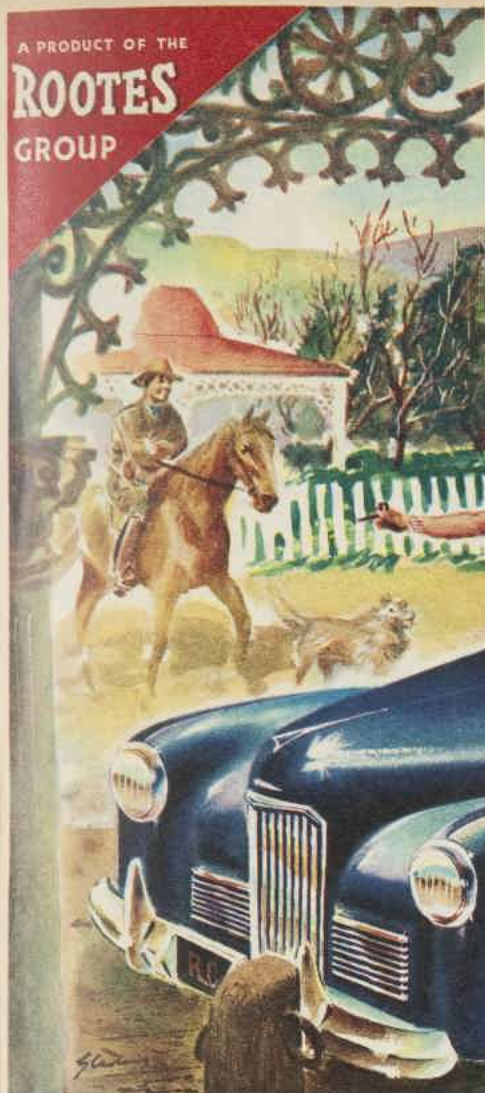
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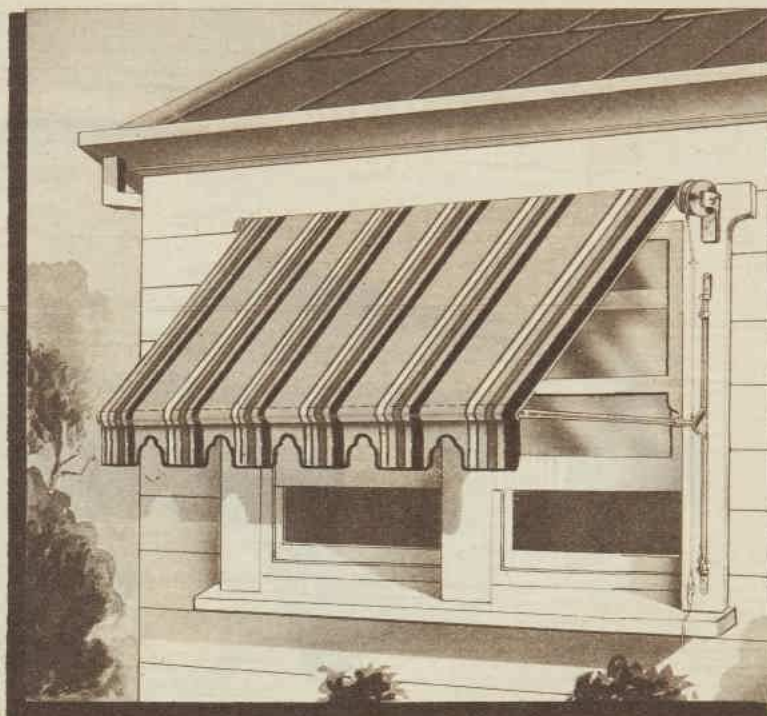
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London and Paris in fashion battle

Rival designers race to put on winter shows

Rene's sketches of four Dior models are based on descriptions cabled from Paris.



OBLIQUE line is Dior's contribution to this season's all-important tunic, which flares stiffly from nipped waist.



PYRAMID topcoat by Dior has leopard skin undercoat, sleeveless and detachable, which matches leopard cuffs.



FULL basque is feature of Dior suits which have waisted jackets, straight skirts. A long stole is attached to neckline, and falls to the knees.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Cold war on the fashion front between Paris and London this season became a straight out battle when Paris launched the first offensive by announcing that Christian Dior would open his winter showings right in the middle of London's traditional fashion week.

London mobilised her forces, made a strategic retreat, and telescoped a week's fashion showings into the two days.

THIS meant 500 buyers and journalists could see all the London shows then race across the Channel and be in time for Dior's dramatic early morning opening.

Tired non-combatants in this fashion feud are the Press and buyers, who for six days now have sat on gilt chairs in crowded salons from just after breakfast till long after midnight looking at an average of 800 models a day.

This Sunday morning as the church bells ring out over the quiet city there is the first lull in the campaign, giving journalists a chance to look back and see who has scored in the final count.

Here is my summing-up in communique form:

FIRST COMMUNIQUE: Length of hem in Paris and London shown at top of calf. Waist natural level (dropping slightly at back according to Paris).

Shoulders are narrow and sloping, armholes tight.

SECOND COMMUNIQUE: Paris launches oblique line tunic and harebell skirt with fullness from the knee. London triumphs with easily worn suits, long revers to jackets, neat waists curving out over hips.

THIRD COMMUNIQUE: Both Paris and London have backward flare to svelte line, cascades of fullness on one side, or tremendous stiffened or flared overskirts that fall

back to show pencil-slim line for relief.

FOURTH COMMUNIQUE: Both cities use same colorings—profusions of greys from pewter to lightest steel, new charcoal-grey, and, as always, lots of black.

Lilac, deep purple, and all the half-mourning tones are shown in Paris. Vermilion-red and burnt-topaz are worn in stiff satins for evening.

The oblique line is new. Launched by Dior, it crosses from the right shoulder to the left hemline, cutting the figure diagonally, and is marked by outsized buttons.

This line goes right through the collection, from jersey morning frocks to faccloth afternoon frocks, and hairy-surface woollen topcoats.

These topcoats, full at the back, wrap over diagonally in front and are sometimes buttoned, sometimes just held in place by tucking the handbag under the arm.

Dresses do as they please with an enormous triangular pocket dead in the centre, repeating triangular fold-over line.

Since topcoats are the main part of the winter wardrobe, both Paris and London have put most thought into their cut.

London's cape collars fall softly around the neck, and London's line was full without exaggeration.

Dior, however, put deep stiffened capes to both topcoats and suits.

On other coats he built collars right up around the head, making close-fitting bonnet hats a must, giving the wearer a bottle-necked silhouette.

ing the wearer a bottle-necked silhouette.

Paquin's Lou Clavery, well known in Australia from The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades, designed some very clever topcoats. These were made with four wide, stiffened panels slit to the armholes.

He used panels in softer material for coats that gathered at the waistline, and the front panels could be crossed and thrown over shoulders like scarves, showing a svelte line beneath.

Balmain coats were lined with vividly dyed furs, blue Persian lamb with tweed, or red Persian lamb with a black faccloth coat.

All houses showed coats with fur linings; some even had mink worn on the inside. Tunic dresses dominated French after-lunch clothes.

Dior's tunic jackets were fingertip length, spreading over the hips with exaggerated bulk.

He converted straight afternoon frocks into tunic dresses with a bulky tunic apron which fastened at the waist.

Dresses with a tunic line went right through his collection, including stiff satin afternoon frocks.

Leopard skin pantaloons

Some delightful bits of nonsense at the Paris parades brought a note of fun into the serious business of high fashion. These included amusing pantaloons in leopard skin fitting tightly below the knee, and peeping beneath the hem of the afternoon dress.

Spotted leopard in the fur of the season, usually used as trimming for hats, or even blouses on soft feminine lines.

SVELTE silhouette with fullness drawn to one side, where long sash ends form half-skirt, is typical Dior formal evening dress. Topless moulded bodice is folded over bustline.

His tunics were one-sided, well tailored, and reached to the knee.

Still a great favorite is the flared jacket over a pencil-slim skirt, so don't discard this item from your wardrobe. This season it's longer, less flared, but given a bulky look with fur or rich lining, or with bands of fur round the edge.

Sometimes this finger-tip-length jacket crosses in front on an oblique line, and at other times swirls around the figure.

The harebell line achieved by godets or a stiff flare from the knee is used a great deal in velvet afternoon suits, with neatly tailored jackets and lightly rounded basques.

Every house in London and Paris does tailored suits for right round the clock. London by tradition has a more classic line, and Paris is full of inventiveness.

There are suits in every material from flat faccloth and baratheas, tweeds with jackets in contrast to velvet afternoon suits, lame cocktail suits, stiff moire, heavy satin, and rich grosgrain, for any dressy occasion.

All had in common natural waistlines, sometimes emphasised by shaped belts; all have rounded-out basques.

But some, such as Dior's, have basques so full and exaggerated that they flare out like flowers, with vivid satin linings showing.

Many designers tuck basques well up in front or fold them back so that the colored lining is featured.

Sometimes the basque runs well down at the rear. Paquin followed

suits for afternoon to cocktail time were as near to uniform as anything Parisian could ever be.

For dancing or dining, the velvet jacket is taken off, revealing a bare-topped dress. There was nothing new or revolutionary in line for evening wear, but there were rich materials such as velvet, lame, and stiff satins, and some beautiful beading on bodices.

Skin-tight evening dresses had the fullness bursting out at the side, or enormous overskirts in silk or lighter material sweeping away into a slight train.

There were no black evening dresses, but a wealth of new colors, such as burnt-topaz or rich gold.

Emerald-green and new petrol-blue were two light colors seen again and again.

Dresses did a prune velvet skin-tight dress, with scallops of stiff net threaded into a long ruffle that swirled round the silhouette, giving it his tunic line.

Wool with silver or gold thread running through it was used for tailored evening dresses in the new oblique line, worn with long, floating stoles.

Velvet cloaks were rather simple, with little fullness and quite often short, to cover the ballet-length frock, which is still fashion in spite of its long run.

As before, the ballet frock is in tulle, and topless.

Dior still does this frock in velvet, heavily jewelled on bodice, for cocktails.

Everything in the new collections is wearable, and exaggeration never once hindered movement, as it did when designers first started playing around with the New Look.

Many thought the war scare had given dress houses a sounder approach to fashion. Certainly the average woman will be thankful for clothes of good style with a lasting quality to the design.



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ON TOUR with Far West Children's Health Scheme dental party, Nancy Walton and Dr. W. J. Wearn try to make friends with one of the camels in station-manager Bruce Hywood's team.

Dentist travels 2300 miles in outback

By NANCY WALTON

My tour with the Far West Children's Health Scheme dental party as a dental assistant started by air in the modern way. But at the end of our 2300-mile journey in outback N.S.W. we had been rescued from a bogged car by good old horse and sulky and the car had been pulled out by a camel-team from Milpa Station, 127 miles from Broken Hill, managed by Bruce Hywood.

As well, Dr. W. J. Wearn, the dentist, had worn out a pair of shoes walking six miles for help, and had spent a day on horseback arranging for a jeep to take us on.

Our itinerary included Girilambone, Wilcannia, Broken Hill, Menindie, Pooncarie, Ivanhoe, and White Cliffs.

Sid Coleman, who used to drive five-horse and eight-horse teams for Cobb and Co. in Western Queensland, and later the first motor mails there, was the third member of our party.

He is now superintendent of the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

On Milpa Station I met Mrs. Bruce Hywood, a true heroine of

the outback. She is bringing up three children, 147 miles from the nearest doctor, 14 miles from her nearest neighbor, and has neither pedal wireless nor telephone. The Flying Doctor's kit is her only medical aid.

Total extractions on the trip were 1113, but we are prouder of the much smaller 297 fillings figure, because that represents teeth saved. Patients totalled 502.

Another mobile dental party has set out for other western areas of N.S.W. this month.

Personally, I was thrilled to be greeted as Nancy Bird by people who recognised me from the days before my marriage, when I had my own plane and flew ambulance cases in the area.



AT WHITE CLIFFS

Harold Bates was one of the patients. Mrs. Walton and Mr. Sid Coleman assistants.

DENTISTRY under primitive conditions at Milpa Station for the Nesbit family, who live 14 miles farther out. They have pedal wireless, and Flying Doctor's plane lands on claypan on their lonely property.



SMALL PATIENTS at White Cliffs received mirrors from the honorary dental surgeon to encourage them to watch progress of teeth. Children were given tennis balls. Most patients displayed great courage.



BARBER'S CHAIR borrowed from local hospital made good substitute for dentist's chair at Wilcannia, when clinic was there.

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Studious Prince will be King of the Belgians

New burden in sad career of Baudouin

From IRENE HANSTATTER, in London

Prince Baudouin, a tall, thin, pale-faced young man of 19, has been pushed up on to the shaky Throne of Belgium. He was awakened in bed to be told that his father would abdicate next year, making him King of the Belgians.

A Belgium weary of conflict yet taut for battle if Leopold held on to the Throne now looks towards Baudouin to be an inspiration for national unity

BAUDOUIN is not a familiar figure to the Belgians. Now, with a kingdom put into his hands, he looks more like the school's best student of higher mathematics than a leader of State. He has a dreamy, sorrowful expression, and smiles very rarely. Short-sighted, he uses horn-rimmed spectacles. He continually wears loose tweeds. An unruly lock of fair hair often flops over his high forehead.

If sorrow teaches the young wisdom and understanding, Baudouin should live up to Belgians' hopes for him. Since he was a child he has had to suffer not only personal sorrows, but those which come only to people with one foot on the step of the Throne.

Yet when he was born on September 7, 1930, at Stuyvenberg Castle, Brussels, all the omens were good. His birth was on a day when the whole population of Belgium was celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Belgian independence.

Children's tragedy

STILL alive was Baudouin's grandfather, the great King Albert, known affectionately to men by whose side he had fought personally against the Kaiser's army in World War I. Baudouin's mother, Princess Astrid of Sweden, was so beautiful and beloved that the Belgians called her "The Fairy Princess."

When Baudouin was three the crashes that shook the Belgian Throne began. His grandfather, King Albert, was killed in a fall from a cliff while mountain climbing in the Ardennes.

When Leopold ascended the Throne rejoicing was tempered by the memory of the tragedy.

Two years later another accident deprived Baudouin of his mother. The lovely Astrid was killed when a car that Leopold was driving in Switzerland crashed. In 1940 the German invaders entered Belgium. After a few weeks of fighting Baudouin's father ordered his army to lay down arms.

Nightmare changes in the lives of Leopold's children followed. First they were taken to France, then Portugal, finally back to Belgium.

Princess Josephine Charlotte, three years Baudouin's senior, who had been her brother's comfort and chief friend since their mother's death, was sent to the boarding-school in Brussels.

In the castle of Ciergnon, in the Ardennes forest, surrounded by German guards, Baudouin grew out of boyhood. He turned for solace to studies, working from eight in the morning until well into the evening. In 1944, when he was 14, he chose to join his father as a prisoner in Austria. There the question of whether Leopold's conduct in 1940 had been right or wrong did not arise. Father and son were together in exile, and a strong bond grew between the serious lad of 14 and the self-confident father of 43. The American Army liberated Leopold and Baudouin in 1945. Leopold took his family to Switzerland.

Although Leopold's second marriage—to a commoner, English-born Mary Liliane Bael, later Princess de Rethy—did a great deal to estrange the Belgian people from him it did nothing to break the tie between father and son. The Belgian people first heard about the marriage of their king in December, 1941, in a pastoral letter from the Belgian Primate, who announced that the marriage had taken place in Laeken Chapel three months earlier.

Many Belgians felt that Leopold, although technically a prisoner of the Germans, could not be doing so badly.

After the war, despite rumors that Baudouin was cool towards his stepmother, the Prince was often seen on Turin golf courses with the dark, handsome Princess de Rethy.



LEOPOLD AND BAUDOUIN. Throughout the King's crisis the Prince has retained a warm affection for his father.

Belgian Ministers made trips to Leopold's secluded country house at Pregny, on the shores of Lake Geneva, to confer about the kingship and role young Baudouin would play.

Leopold sent him to Geneva's State-run college, where he mixed with rich and poor. At first Leopold arranged for two armed Swiss detectives to accompany his son to college and take him back in the family car. The result was that Baudouin's classmates avoided him as a pampered outsider.

Baudouin appealed to his father to remove the bodyguard and let him ride a bike to school like other lads. Leopold agreed, and the atmosphere for Baudouin changed. In lecture rooms and on the football field the Throne of Belgium seemed far away.

So removed from the idea of kingship did Baudouin become that he became close friends with a tele-



PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE, who has comforted Baudouin in his years of sorrow, waves to crowds in Brussels.

graph boy whom he had met accidentally. The boy, who was on his way to deliver a telegram to Leopold, stopped to watch Baudouin

at target practice. Baudouin invited him to have a shot. Three hours later they both remembered the telegram. To save the boy from being fired, Baudouin confessed that the fault was his.

Four months before he was 18 Baudouin left college.

Leopold kept him in Switzerland, and saw he had special courses in Belgian State and public law. The boy's whole day was taken up with English, Flemish, advanced mathematics, history, law, and physics. He read newspapers from many parts of the world.

When the Leader of the Socialist Party, Belgium's former Prime Minister Spaak, asked that Baudouin should return to Belgium to complete his education, do his military service, and prepare himself as future King, Baudouin replied: "When my father and your King orders me to Belgium, then will I go."

There is a rumor of romance between Baudouin and very pretty, 18-year-old Princess Isabelle of Orleans, eldest daughter of the Count of Paris, Pretender to the French

Throne. But before anything can come of this, Baudouin must face the task of reuniting the two diverse elements that make up the Belgian people and restore political prestige to the Throne.

He must be careful not to identify his father—to whom he has always turned for advice—with any steps he takes.

Every word he says will be noted, and every move watched. Enemies of the monarchy will magnify inadvertent acts into events of great significance.

But Baudouin does not face a country that is hostile to the monarchy as an institution. The only articulate anti-monarchists are the Communists.

The attitude of the great majority of Belgians to the Crown is essentially based on personalities. The late Queen Astrid, for instance, has become an almost legendary figure of beauty and graciousness. So warm a place does she occupy in the memories of Belgians that both the supporters and enemies of Leopold have tried to use her popularity for their own ends.

He'll need the salt

IN every loyalist's home hangs a portrait of Leopold and Astrid, which evokes a recollection of the time when the person of the King was unchallenged. But monarchists who oppose Leopold point to the same picture and say: "Your Majesty is still our Queen and your son shall be our King. Leopold is no more."

In Baudouin's favor is that both sides in the Leopold controversy realise that the strife that has divided Belgium for the past ten years threatens the very existence of the State. They are both anxious for a restoration of unity.

Serious-minded Baudouin may or may not have the qualities required to make a popular figure. But he has one advantage—to Leopold's protagonists he is Leopold's son, and to Leopold's opponents he is Astrid's son. But this will not solve all his problems. Already the old loyalists are protesting that Leopold was betrayed in the talks that led to his promise to abdicate.

At Baudouin's baptism the Belgian Archbishop put between his lips a little sacred salt as a symbol of wisdom. Baudouin is going to need every grain of it.



LEOPOLD and his commoner wife, who became Princess de Rethy, travelling on holiday. Baudouin and the Princess—his stepmother—often played golf together in Switzerland.



Closed eye technique and sincere writing

It would not be beyond the bounds of probability that Mr. Elmer Rice wrote "The Show Must Go On" with his eyes shut, touch-typing, lying, one summer, on the terrace of a nice place in the country, bought with the proceeds of past, popular successes.

He has produced a series of these successes, no doubt to his bank manager's increasing satisfaction, ever since he first found himself in the upper income brackets following his Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Street Scene," written 21 years ago.

SINCE then he has scored other bull's-eyes with the novel "Imperial City," published in 1937, and the play "Dream Girl."

During the decade following the publication of "Imperial City" the world has been agonised by a second World War, the scars of which have changed the face of civilisation.

But does Mr. Rice give indications of a new maturity, a deeper insight into human sufferings and aspirations? Not at all. He has cast himself in the role of Dream Boy. For all the indications this new book gives, his personal clock has stood still.

Once again snugly at home in his familiar world of Broadway theatre-land, he presents a world and a set of characters whose lives or habits appear not to have been disturbed by world events of the past 10 years from their 1937 ("Imperial City") pattern.

Rice, who might have been the faithful chronicler of the Street's—any street's—inhabitants, has become instead the glib conspirer of an artificial world, which, though it undoubtedly exists, has no more importance than a flimsy paper streamer lying on a wharf after a liner's departure.

He tells the story of a smalltown playwright, Eric Kenwood, thrown by the New York production of his first play among a highly sophisticated set of Broadway theatre people.

In an early rehearsal the play's star, jittery, physically broken, is withdrawn from the cast.

Her place is taken by Virginia Upton, a young actress of talent and sensibility, who at the time is having an affair with a drunken actor, but with whom Eric falls idealistically in love, and gets hurt.

Readers of best-seller fiction will find it has most of the ingredients they have come to expect.

It will be left to reviewers to point out its lack of depth, its essentially mediocre style, and—for so unremarkable a book—its surely inordinate length.

As disappointed teachers write in school reports: "Elmer could do better if he tried."

IN contrast, Rose Macaulay's "The World My Wilderness," a Book Society choice, is very obviously the sincere work of a fastidious and distinguished writer. Her prose is beautiful and soothing, her craftsmanship beyond reproach.

Where Mr. Rice's humor is on the "no gentleman ever calls a lady a liar, he just takes it for granted that she is" level, Rose Macaulay is subtle, ironic, exquisitely selective.

She is not a woman from whom I should care to try to hide any embarrassing foibles. The stuff of which human nature is made is indexed with deadly efficiency, and

filed within easy reach of Miss Macaulay's writing-table.

If she has a weakness, it is the good-humored detachment that makes her tolerant of the ever-so-slight preciousness of such characters as Barbary, Ritchie, and Raoul.

In this book she examines the inability of youth exposed to the moral chaos of war to conform to the laws of society in the years immediately following.

Barbary, 17, with slanting, secret eyes, small and childish in physique, worked with other children of the German-occupied French village as a sort of unofficial auxiliary to the Maquis during the war.

The drowning by the Maquis of her French-collaborationist stepfather, after the liberation, curdled towards her the love of Helen, her adored mother.

Helen Michel is one of those women, frequently met in books (and not infrequently in real life, bearing in mind Lucrezia Borgia and other femmes fatales ancient and modern), who drive other women mad. They get everything but their obvious deserts.

Ritchie, Helen's grown-up son, is an exquisite young man who calls her mama, says one and not you, giggles, and in a number of ways appears a not unlikely candidate for a sock on the jaw.

The author treats him with an indulgence owing its origin perhaps to his being "witty, slim, elegant, and twenty-three, now in his first year at Cambridge after three years of messy, noisy, and barbaric war, imprisonment, escape, adventure, and victory. He was one of those returned warriors

whose hang-over was not toughness, but an ardent and delighted reaction towards the exquisite niceties of civilisation."

After keeping Barbary with her for seven years, in her new dislike, Helen arranges for her to go and live with her father, the eminent London K.C., Sir Gulliver Deniston, and his new wife.

Among the ruins of bombed London Barbary finds a curious world of male and female spivs and Army deserters on the run. Like the children of the Maquis, they detect the law, depend on their quickness and cunning to live, and fear the day.

She forms a sort of working partnership with a young lady spiv named Mavis, who calls coupons kewpie, and has an Uncle Bert staying at a lovely modern prison.

An accident to Barbary while being chased by police brings her mother to her former husband's home.

In her handling of this situation Rose Macaulay shows all her maturity and finesse as a novelist and finds her own surprise solution.

"The Show Must Go On," by Elmer Rice, is published by Victor Gollancz, London. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop, Sydney.

"The World My Wilderness" is published by Collins, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Editorial

AUGUST 19, 1950

GIFT THAT SAVES LIFE

THE Australian Red Cross Society is calling for more regular blood donors throughout Australia.

Blood banks need bigger reserves of serum.

The Commonwealth Government has undertaken the development of the comparatively new and expensive process of fractionation of the serum at its laboratories in Melbourne.

To carry out this work the supply of blood must be increased 25 per cent., as more diseases will be treated with the substances obtained.

Additional donors are needed in all States. It is hoped at least 20,000 will respond.

Most people recognise that the giving of blood is a simple duty, but simple duties are often the ones that are neglected.

Brought face to face with a seriously injured person, even the most timid citizen would perform heroic feats to save a life.

But it is a different story when the job is so much simpler. Merely enrolling as a blood donor at the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service requires little effort.

It is surprising how few make the effort.

Though the rushing of the life-saving blood to individual patients or to victims of some mass disaster is regular practice, it never loses its dramatic appeal. To those anxiously watching the patient its effect resembles a miracle.

But the blood had to be given in the first place.

People put money in a bank so that they can use it when they need it for some special purpose. When a man's business is in danger, the bank can lend him other people's money, too, if he has sufficient security.

When a life is in danger the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service gives the blood it has stored without asking any security... not even a future gift of blood.

Few people neglect to save some money. It is even more urgent for everyone to build up supplies of blood to save lives, perhaps their own, or that of a loved one.

BOOK REVIEW

"THE SHOW MUST GO ON"
ELMER RICE

"THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS"
ROSE MACAULAY

by Ainslie Baker



SKIRL OF BAGPIPES from Bill Ferguson for fourth-year medical student James Morrison, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Morrison, of Hunter's Hill, and his bride, formerly Jeanne Mostyn, eldest daughter of the R. L. Mostyns, Hunter's Hill, at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.



ATTRACTIVE SISTERS. Jane (left), June, and Judy Rowland-Smith, who return home in Orcares after holiday abroad. Jane and June left Sydney on Christmas Eve in Orion, and Judy flew to England later with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rowland-Smith, of Sydney. Girls have been skiing in Austria and Switzerland.



PRETTY DEBUTANTE. Shirley Connell and her partner, Norman Davison, before presentation of debutantes by Mrs. Eric Blashki to the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott, at the annual Legacy Ball held at Trocadero.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. John Roxburgh, who were married recently in Melbourne. Mrs. Roxburgh, formerly Mrs. Louise Charlton, is the daughter of Mrs. A. Stevenson, of Sydney.

Intimate Gossipings

DISAPPOINTED none of her clan are able to attend wedding in America is Pamela Trimmell-Ritchard, who marries Martin J. Brown in Washington, D.C.

Pamela, who is well known in Sydney amateur theatrical circles, is daughter of Mr. Bernard-Trimmell-Ritchard, of Hornsby, and Mrs. T. S. Pettit, of Cleveland, U.S.A.

Her mother, Mrs. Pettit, and Mr. Pettit expected to be present, but after months of waiting for a ship secure passages on the City of Khartoum, only to find it leaves just prior to wedding date.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettit will arrive in Brisbane, via Panama, early next month to make their home in Australia.

Bride had also hoped her uncle and aunt, Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, would be present at ceremony, as they had been playing in Boston, but they had to go off to England at end of July. They won't return to America until September.

Since she left Australia with her mother three years ago, Pam has been in the United Kingdom Treasury in Washington.



COMMITTEE for "Naughty Nineties Night at the Circus." Mrs. Tom Alexander (left), Mrs. George Johnston, and Mrs. George Stening, at meeting for ball which will be held in ballroom at A.C.I. Building on September 29. Proceeds are for Spastic Centre.



COMING OF AGE. Pat McDonald, daughter of Brigadier W. D. McDonald and Mrs. McDonald, of Mugga Way, Red Hill, Canberra, is congratulated by Mr. J. A. Carrodus at twenty-first birthday party.



ROMPERS REVEL. Mrs. Bob Stephen (left) and Mrs. Robert Paterson at Rompers Revel at Pickwick Club held in aid of Redfern Day Nursery. Committee raised £400 at party.



HOME AGAIN after six months' holiday tour of England and the Continent are Mrs. Leo Dorgan, of Vaucluse (left), and her two daughters, Leonie and Ariene. With them on board the Orcares is fellow-passenger Fairlie Mountford (right), of Caulfield, Victoria.

GLOWING with health and sporting wonderful suntans are Dorothy Williams and Sylvia Quist, who have returned from holiday at Hayman Island, where they spent a fortnight. Full of enthusiasm about island paradise, girls returned in time to welcome home Dorothy's fiancé, Danny Dwyer, who returned in Strathaird.

PIPING hot curry and native port wine served by Portuguese Consul, Dr. Armando Martins, after first night's performance of Doris Fitton's "La Parisienne" at Independent Theatre. Supper soon warms guests who are chilled with icy blasts outside. Dr. Martins translated curtain-raiser to "La Parisienne," "The Door Must Be Either Open or Shut," from the original French.

Guests at the Consulate include the Consul for Norway, Mr. S. S. Klingenberg, the Minister for the Philippines, Dr. Roberto Regala, and his wife, the wife of the French Consul, Mme Strauss, information chief of the American Consulate, Mr. Tom Alexander, and Mrs. Alexander, the president of the Alliance Francaise, M. Blanc, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Goossens, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Paterson, and Miss Fitton and her players.

HONEYMOONERS Dick and Justina Harnett are making their home at Mosman now they have returned from their honeymoon at Narooma. Justina is only daughter of Captain and Mrs. D. M. Keith, of Cremorne.

BUSY house-hunting is Mrs. Ed Higgins, who arrived back in Sydney from San Francisco recently with her six young sons, John, Colin, Gary, Brian, and twins Barry and Dennis. Before marriage Mrs. Higgins was Joy Kelly, of Bellevue Hill. Joy was met on arrival by her mother, Mrs. M. Kelly, and her aunt, Miss L. Collins. Among the countless pieces of baggage is a twin stroller for Barry and Dennis—a magnificent contraption which is sure to catch the eye when the babies, who are just 10 months old, go strolling.

YOUTHFUL. Quirindi couple Michael and Dinah Cadell are delighted with arrival of their first baby, a son, at St. Luke's. Before marriage last year baby's mother was Dinah Gray, of Murrumbidgee.

WEEK-END at the capital for Governor's daughter, Elizabeth Northcott, when she is guest of Betty McKell, daughter of the Governor-General, at Yarralumla, Canberra.

Betty entertains 60 young Canberra friends at dance on Saturday night, and her brother, Billie, comes from family property, New Acres, Goulburn, to help his sister entertain. Hostess chooses brown lace three-tiered frock. Among lasses at dance were Rosemary Copland, daughter of Sir Douglas and Lady Copland, Rosalind Evatt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. V. Evatt, and Canberra lasses Joan Snow, of Crippsbalong, Queanbeyan, Moya Gorman, and Margaret Anne Hodgins.

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Applications are invited for admission to the College in February, 1951

There are no fees to pay whatsoever, clothing, food, accommodation and medical and dental attention all being provided. Every young man in the Commonwealth, over 16 and under 20 years of age, on the 10th February, 1951, has an equal chance of being among those selected, provided he possesses inherent qualities of leadership, is medically and dentally fit, and holds certain educational qualifications. He must be unmarried.

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Write or phone for further information and application to the address in your State:-

Headquarters, Southern Command, Albert
Park Barracks, MELBOURNE. Telephone
MXV 130.

Headquarters, Tasmania Command, Angle-
sea Barracks, HOBART. Phone 7011.

Headquarters, Northern Command, Victoria
Barracks, BRISBANE. Phone F33.

Headquarters, Eastern Command, Victoria
Barracks, PADDINGTON. Phone FA 0435.

Headquarters, Central Command, Keswick
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Headquarters, Western Command, Swan
Barracks, PERTH. Phone BA 3143.

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36 and 38in. bust, 32/6. Postage 1/6
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Attractive mother and daughter out-
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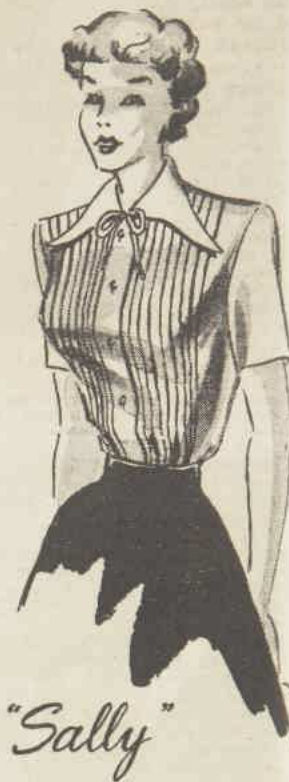
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IT'S sometimes hard to believe that war has a lighter side, but a young Victorian missionary's wife, Mrs. Valerie Yule, evacuated from Pusan, South-east Korea, to Tokio, saw a lot of the more humorous side of human behaviour in the evacuees' train, travelling through Japan.

Mrs. Yule is the wife of Rev. George Yule, of the Presbyterian Mission, and her impressions are written in a letter to her brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Westcott, of Geelong Grammar School, Victoria.

Mrs. Yule, who had been with her husband in Korea since April, is only 21, and when interrogated by the American authorities was asked, "Where's your mother?"

She describes how, given only a few minutes' notice to pack, she grabbed "what one considers one's most valuable worldly goods at a few minutes' notice—keys without luggage, film without camera, three pairs of white gloves, a husband's master's thesis, and two pound jars of cold cream."

One school of thought, Mrs. Yule reports, classified all evacuees by the stage at which they remembered their toothbrushes.

The men on the train looked the part of war-weary refugees, but one woman was wearing a pearl-grey outfit, topped by a cream straw boater with flowers and fruit for and all.

Alongside a man who fitfully strummed a guitar were two sophisticated who played poker all day, demanded ice and got it, and whose luggage got smaller and smaller as their thirst grew greater.

There was a small American child who, in the three days of the evacuation, slept two hours and ate about 20 dollars' worth of candy.

And there were three sad little Korean brides who sat side by side and never said a word.

AMERICAN cows, it is reported, will soon be eating tinned grass. We can already hear the enraged bellow of the bull who arrives home hungry and finds his social butterfly wife has lost her tin-opener.

WORTH Reporting

Pioneers' possessions on exhibition

IN an effort to encourage Queenslanders to get out from cupboards and lumber-rooms articles that may be of historical interest to the State, the recently formed Women's Historical Association in Brisbane is arranging an exhibition next month.

It will show furniture, pictures, family documents, curios, and needlework to illustrate the story of pioneer life.

The Association plans later to publish new data collected about early settlers and the achievements of the State's women.

Meetings of the Women's Historical Association are appropriately held at historic Newstead House, which was built for Colonel Wickham, the first Government Resident, sent from New South Wales before Queensland had its own Government.

How not to dry your wet shoes

ANOTHER grouch to add to the list of Sydney's weather moans comes from boot repairer Mr. M. E. Bylos.

Mr. Bylos says that people who have been baking their shoes dry in the oven after each rainy day are asking for trouble.

"I have seen hundreds of pairs of good shoes which have been ruined by drying them in the oven, on top of the stove, or on a radiator," he said.

"Shoe leather is just as delicate as fabric, and you wouldn't think of drying a hat or a frock in an oven."

"Footwear should be dried in a warm room, NEAR a fire, or in a draught."

Mr. Bylos showed us a pair of men's shoes which he said were impossible to repair. He pulled a piece of brittle leather off the sole and showed the shapeless leather uppers which had puckered and split open at the heel.

"Half an hour in an oven will make them like this," he said.



"This spring, Fenly . . . I wish you'd find something else to tie your hammock to!"

French wedding custom to please spinsters

AUSTRALIAN guests at the Sydney wedding of French-born Claudine Roser to Czech Ian Schwarzer were surprised when at the reception the bride produced a pair of scissors and began to cut her wedding veil.

Carefully cutting the edge of the veil into small snippets, Claudine presented each guest with a piece, saying to the single girls: "You'll be married within a year."

Other French customs followed were: Photographs of the bride and groom were taken before the wedding ceremony. "By doing so," Claudine told us, "we didn't have to leave the guests waiting at the reception while we were photographed."

At Wesley Chapel, where the wedding took place, the bridegroom did not wait nervously at the top of the aisle.

Instead, he walked into church with the bride's mother and other members of the wedding party.

THE old English Mastiff, Britain's earliest breed of dogs, threatened with extinction three years ago, has been saved. In 1947 only seven were left in Britain—too few to breed from. Now there are twenty-four. Last year Mrs. Anne Duke, of Scotland, imported three puppy bitches and a young dog from Canada. These four have bred the stock from which it is hoped the breed will be built up to pre-war standards.

A MELBOURNE motorist driving across to Adelaide recently confounded the publican of a Western District hotel by turning up with a worried expression and ten canvas mail-bags.

Unaware of informal methods of mail delivery in the outback, he excitedly explained that the bags had been "falling" in ones on the roadside for miles.

Australian wool film sent to Paris

WHEN the Australian Wool Board set about making a French commentary for the documentary film "Shearing at Big Billabong" recently, it struck some problems in translation.

"Billabong," being essentially an Australian word, had no French equivalent, so was retained. French title of the film is "La Tonte à Big Billabong."

"Musters" after much thought was translated to the French words for "men on horses." "Aborigines" was difficult too. "Natives of Australia" would not do, because that could have meant white Australians. Finally the word "aborigines" was retained.

A copy of the film has been sent to the French branch of the International Wool Secretariat in Paris for screening at schools and before audiences representing wool interests.

In all, 27 copies of the film have been sent to the United Kingdom, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Holland, the United States, and other countries.

Play's lines unspoken for 93 years

A PLAY written in Sydney 103 years ago and so far as is known produced only once in that time is the current production at the Sydney Metropolitan Theatre.

It is "Raymond, Lord of Milan," written by Sydney journalist Edward Reeve in 1847 and published in 1851, and produced professionally at the Royal Victoria Theatre, Pitt Street, in 1863.

Edward Reeve was born in Locking, Somerset, England, in 1822, and came to Australia at the age of 17. He was later curator of the Museum of Antiquities at Sydney University.

So far as is known he wrote no other plays, although he wrote some poems and stories which were not published and was the compiler of several pamphlets on education and anthropology.

Set in the 13th century, "Raymond, Lord of Milan" is a vigorous story of jealousy and sudden death. The manuscript was found by radio scriptwriter Ralph Peterson while he was browsing through the Mitchell Library.

Peterson enthusiastically showed it to the Metropolitan producer, May Hollingworth, who aims to put on an Australian play each season.



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U.S. quiz couple on free holiday tour

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Winners of an American radio quiz, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McCaw, are in Australia with 1600 dollars to spend because they knew the right answers.

Mr. McCaw is headmaster of a school in Henderson, Nevada. He and his wife are keen radio fans, and never miss a quiz session.

As a joke they filled in application forms for an "Earn Your Vacation" quiz session.

Mr. McCaw was able correctly to answer the question, "After what war did the individual known as a carpet-bagger come into existence?" The answer was the American Civil War.

A few weeks later Elsie McCaw hit the jackpot by answering "From what country does J. Arthur Rank come?" Her correct answer, "England," was the second leg of the McCaws' double.

That was all they needed to know to earn their vacation, and had one day's notice to pack for the long flight to Sydney.

Mr. McCaw was born in Australia, but left here in 1931 to visit an uncle, Mr. Gordon Hempton, in Sacramento.

He finished his schooling there and finally became a teacher, mainly interested in social studies, geography, and mathematics.

"Neighbors came to my rescue," Mrs. McCaw told me, "and lent me a suitcase and some hats. I could take only 66 pounds altogether, but the question was what?"

"In Henderson we're right in the middle of a desert, and we never need raincoats or umbrellas," Mr. McCaw said.

"I'll have to buy some here," added Elsie McCaw, whose packing included nylon blouses, a Hawaiian

swimsuit, and other fine-weather items.

Mr. McCaw had brought one of his cowboy shirts to show the family.

"More conservative than my others," he laughed, holding up a natty garment in shades of blue.

To Gordon McCaw the 19 years since he left Australia seem a long time. But he still remembers being a schoolboy at Pallamallawa, N.S.W., and is enthusiastic about anything to do with schools.

That applies particularly to the Henderson Elementary School System, where Mr. McCaw is Administrator of three schools.

The quiz winner disappeared in him when he told me about school-children in Henderson, a city of 7000 people, which grew up during the war.

"Back home," he said, "we aim to cut the number of pupils in a class to a minimum. We think it's impossible for a teacher to instruct more than 26 students at once."

"Blackboards have been replaced by greenboards. Off-white chalk is used on these, making it much easier on the children's eyes."

"All the lighting in classrooms is indirect, and incandescent, and there is air-conditioning right through."

"In March, April, and May, when the temperature hits 100, the classrooms are pleasantly cool. After all, you can't expect children to concentrate on their work when they feel hot and sticky. In winter a new



WINNERS of a U.S. holiday quiz, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McCaw, of Henderson, Nevada, came to Australia to see relatives of Mr. McCaw.

type of electric, reflective heating is used.

"The heating elements are behind big glass panels in each room. If a child puts his hand on the glass, it doesn't matter. The glass prevents any chance of burning."

But Mr. McCaw has one problem which Australian school principals haven't yet come across.

Most of his 16-years-and-over pupils bring to school battered old jalopies which they resurrect from the junk heaps. They paint slogans all over the sides of them and drive to and from school. So a car park had to be established.

Mr. McCaw had qualms about reckless school-age drivers, and made a rule that all drivers who bring cars to school must report home afterwards before going on anywhere else.

"When they do that, their subsequent movements aren't our responsibility," he said.

"Pupils without jalopies mostly have bicycles, on which they pedal madly down the streets."

The schools are co-educational and dress is informal.

Mrs. McCaw said that the boys and girls wear slacks or jeans to school.

"After all, Henderson is right on the edge of the desert, and children from out of town would wear their clothes out in no time. Slacks and jeans are serviceable, and the parents appreciate the economy," she said.

A keen swimmer, Mr. McCaw teaches his pupils in vacations, instructing them in the Australian crawl as well as American strokes.

"My," he said, "that John Marshall is going to be the best in the world."

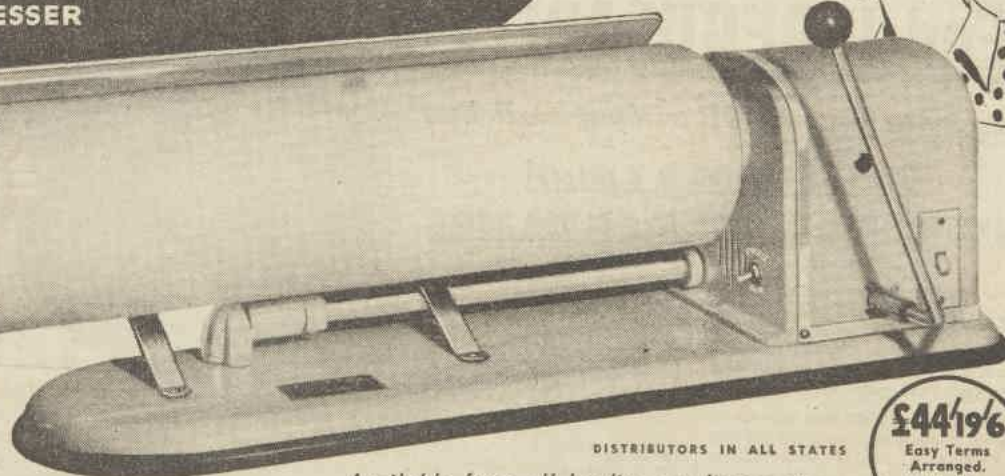
Mrs. McCaw, who works full time as secretary to the superintendent of the Stauffer Chemical Company, Henderson, does typing and secretarial work for the school at night.

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It seems to me...

FIFTH anniversary of V.P. day this week—and you could be pardoned for forgetting what the initials stand for.

The peace that was welcomed with prayers and with torn-up telephone books, with earnest thankfulness and with dancing in the streets seems in retrospect to have lasted hardly longer than those two days of celebration, August 15 and 16, 1945.

MEANWHILE, another spring is around the corner. The shops, as usual, stealing a march on the nesting birds, are displaying as beautiful an assortment of cottons and silks as anyone remembers.

"Best lot we've had since before the war," said a grey-haired man in a dress department.

He simply stated a fact, but his words echoed in the mind against the sound of distant gunfire.

I remembered, as I wandered indecisively from table to table, a length of material I saw eleven years ago. I can see it now, displayed at the top of a stairway, white cotton with big scattered bunches of pink flowers, and can recall hesitating and turning away because it would have seemed a silly, unrealistic purchase.

It's a trivial thing to be etched so sharply on the memory of 1939, but it was a symbol of all the frivolous pleasures that war sweeps away.

The other day I bought a length something like it, hoping in a thoroughly feminine and superstitious way that it might be a charm to ward off an evil day.

WHAT'S all this "accommodation" and "Cummonwealth" that the A.B.C. is so rife with at present? It's even spreading to commercial stations, on one of which I heard "cumpetition" the other night.

Furthermore, I am reliably informed that one announcer says "cumminist," perhaps most startling of all. I know we say "comfortable," and that some people say "cunstable," both pronunciations blessed by the Oxford Dictionary.

But consistency has never been a virtue of the English language. A little more consistency would certainly make the language easier to learn, but if alterations are to be made, let them be alterations that tend to conform with spelling, not to diverge from it.

YARMOUTH'S 400-year-old seaport jetty has been closed because it is dangerous, according to a message from England.

Readers of Dickens (an author whom I have refrained from mentioning for at least 12 months) will wonder whether it's the same jetty that little Emily ran along so recklessly when she went for a walk with the young David Copperfield.

It reminds me that last week I discovered another anti-Dickensian with whom to while away the time in happy argument.

She would deplore the passage describing the children's walk on the jetty, and especially the author's interpolation that ends "There has been a time since... when I have asked myself the question, would it have been better for little Emily to have had the waters close above her head that morning in my sight, and when I have answered, Yes, it would have been."

A fine example, say the anti-Dickensians, of the author at his tear-jerking worst. But I'm a hook, line, and sinker job where Dickens is concerned, and can cry in every second chapter with the greatest pleasure.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 19, 1950



Dorothy Drain

IN disturbing times, it's fascinating to eavesdrop on the young. They haven't reached the hopeless or bored stage of their elders.

They discuss politics, strategy, and ideal solutions to world problems as if the subjects were fresh and had never been tackled before.

In a sandwich shop the other day I overheard a couple of messenger boys talking about the merits of various countries:

"I reckon Australia's a good country," said one. "I reckon a lot could be done with it."

"Well yes," said the other, a little doubtfully, "I think it's pretty good too, except there's a terrible lot of sand in it."

"Yeah," said the other. "Desert, you mean. But now look at that scheme in America, the Tennessee Valley. I reckon we could..."

At that point their sandwiches were handed over, and they disappeared along the arcade, theorising about reclaiming the Dead Heart.

While the scientists work on increasing the life span, let them try, also, to find some way of preserving the enthusiastic approach of youth.

It might, of course, be a little tiring at first if all middle-aged and elderly people were as hopeful and fired with ideas as the young, but we'd get used to it.

CONTRASTS in an insane world: The same week that the possibility of an atomic poison bomb was discussed there appeared a news item from Manchester, England, telling how the R.S.P.C.A. was called out to destroy a pet mouse because its young owner, going on holiday, couldn't find it a home.

FOR two years Antonia Dibortolo, of Como, Italy, stayed in public hospitals complaining of internal pains. When prosecuted for fraud, he told the court that he liked hospitals because he could meditate on life while lying in bed and being waited on.

A hospital's a useful place, a fact one can't deny. But nothing that I know would indicate that they're ideal settings for the person who would try to lie in bed and calmly meditate.

Unless perhaps when awakened for a wash before the dawn, And slowly counting hours to pass till eight, It might be more constructive, instead of feeling lorn, To try to urge your brain to meditate.

But charming though the nurses as they hover at your side, They beg of you to keep the bed clothes straight, Which, between their ministrations, keeps you fully occupied, Leaving hardly any time to meditate.

Oh, hospitals are necessary, a point I made before, But should a spell in one have been your fate, You'll recognise how strange the bloke, without my saying more, Who chooses one in which to meditate.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Whisky Galore

THIS Ealing Studios-Michael Balcon production is one of the jolly comedies for which the British studios are justly famed.

Adapted for the screen by Compton Mackenzie from his own novel, the background is the island of Torday, in the Hebrides, the time 1943.

There is a crisis in the lives of the islanders which brings home to them the implications of total war—their supply of Scotch whisky has dried up. Faces grow grim, tempers fray, and pessimism is rampant.

Then a freighter with a cargo of Scotch in her hold goes aground nearby, is abandoned, and—why say more?

The balance of the film is given over to the locals' attempts to outwit Captain Waggett, head of the Home Guard (and a Sassenach to boot), and excise officers, who take a poor view of townsfolk boarding the vessel and acquiring the Scotch.

There is flesh-and-blood warmth and authenticity about this little comedy.

Among professional performers we see Basil Radford, Joan Greenwood, Gordon Jackson, and Bruce Seaton. Other engaging folk who fit perfectly into the Hebridean scene are, in fact, villagers who speak in Scots dialect.

In Sydney—the State.

★★ The Cure for Love

LONDON FILMS' homely Lancashire comedy has an engaging quality that will endear it to audiences who appreciate middlebrow British humor.

Successfully hurdling the difficult task of functioning as producer-director-star, Robert Donat is excellent in the picturisation of his stage-hit, and almost manages to act everybody off the board.

In "The Cure for Love" Donat is neither the handsome hero of romantic adventures nor the polished man of distinction whom we have admired in previous screen appearances.

He is plain Sgt. Jack Hardacre, a Lancashire lad home from the Middle East on a 21-day leave.

The plot shows how Jack falls for Millie (Rene Asherson), a pert London evacuee billeted with his mother. How to manoeuvre out of a one-sided engagement with spiteful Janey Jenkins (Dora Bryan), who is out to get a husband at any cost, becomes the major problem.

Making the most of various true-to-life events hinging on the homecoming, as well as authentic backgrounds, the script draws readily on local personalities and customs for additional color and warmth.

Character cameos are contributed by Marjorie Rhodes, appearing as Jack's laconic but soft-hearted mother; by Charles Victor, genial owner of the local pub, who has matrimonial intentions towards Mrs. Hardacre. And certainly by Dora Bryan and Gladys Henson as the mother and daughter Jenkins.

The least valid character is that played by Thora Hird. As Nancy, a village personality, she reveals the cure for love, which provides the

ON OTHER PAGES:

Film Personalities in Color,

page 49.

Dirk Bogarde, British Star,

page 50.

Charles Chaplin in Television,

page 53.

"Sunset Boulevard," page 55.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars — below average

only piece of sophistry in the entire film.

In Sydney—the Embassy.

★★ Sands of Iwo Jima

REPUBLIC'S contribution to the spate of war films combines now-familiar ingredients—the ear-splitting realism of actual combat footage superimposed on a core of personal dramas.

"Sands of Iwo Jima" is a cinema salute to the achievements of the U.S. Marines in the recent Pacific conflict, and authentic scenes of fighting on Iwo Jima and Tarawa, leading to the historic flag-raising episode on the heights of Suribachi, are absorbing.

The film story, tracing the history of one Marine platoon from early combat training under a tough Marine sergeant with a tender heart, introduces a series of other stock men-at-war characters and situations that are readily recognisable.

John Wayne has done nothing better than his portrait of a seasoned veteran who knows his job and does it ruthlessly. But he is too often forced into mawkish moments that detract from the impact of his military character.

A reluctant hero and resentful son of a famous fighting father, John Agar as Pfc. Conway does not fare at all well. Although he has a change of heart before the finale, petulant behaviour and synthetic lines do not build up sympathy for him.

The platoon comedian is enacted by Wally Cassell, and a covey of young performers includes Forrest Tucker, James Bown, Arthur Franz, and several Marine officers appearing as themselves.

The two women, who appear briefly, are Adele Mara and Julie Bishop.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

★ Love That Brute

"LOVE THAT BRUTE" is a retreat comedy about Chicago's prohibition days. It flickers with laughter and suggests one good reason why the cinema should be grateful to thugdom as represented by Big Ed Hanley (Paul Douglas) and Pretty Willie (Cesar Romero) and their henchmen.

By coating the English language with the shellac of underworld lingo it has provided the screen with a continuing source of amusement.

There is nothing ruthless about this gangster parody from Fox. It is played strictly for laughs and sentiment, without a thought for plausibility.

It tells the story of a soft-hearted underworld baron who locks his enemies in a plush cellar instead of bumping them off in traditional style.

When Big Ed falls for prim nurse Jean Peters he becomes a changed character, and eventually leaves racketeering for a quiet life in a small town with the girl, and a monstrous youngster played by Peter Price.

Snatches of clowning by Joan Davis and assorted hoodlum types add to the burlesque atmosphere.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

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ME5/WW8: A fine quality floral cotton makes the utility Frock in our range. It features practical, deep pockets and the popular button-front. For W, SOS, OS, XOS, and XXOS. At 19/11.

Please Make 2nd Choice

ME4/WW8

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ME5/WW8

19¹¹/₁₁

MF1/WW8: Glamorous Sun Frock for Miss Teena of Exotic floral Seersucker. In predominating shades of corn, blue, aqua or green makes a Bra Top Sun Frock with novelty pockets, lilting wide skirt and matching Bolero. SSW, SW, W, XW. At 39/11.

ME2/WW8: Colour-splashed Spun Delight. A Rayon fabric produced by famous Dacca Mills. Guaranteed washable. Fashioned into a delightful new style incorporating cuffed magyar sleeves, smart pocket treatment and buttoned bodice. Colours include red, blue, gold, green or cyclamen on white grounds. SSW, SW, W. 35/11.

ME3/WW8: "SuperKool" Jersey, styled with charming simplicity into a Summer Frock that will retain its crisp freshness through countless washdays. In small fancy checks of wine, green, blue, navy or tan. SSW, SW, W, at 53/9. XW, OS, at 59/3. XOS, 65/6.

Super Kool

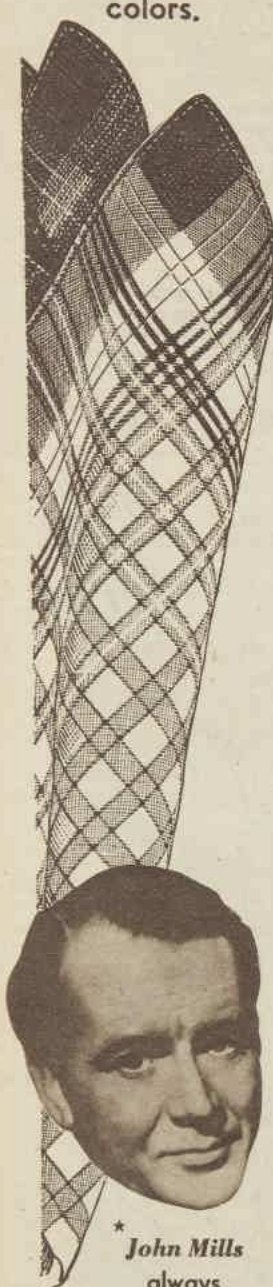
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● and boil!
**ON SALE
EVERYWHERE**

GHI

BEFORE

long they were all suffering from their feet, the older women especially. Their shoes were quite unsuitable for walking long distances, and the heat of the tarmac swelled their feet.

Some of the children went barefoot and got along very well. Jean watched them for a time, then stooped and took her own shoes off, savoring the unaccustomed road surface gingerly with her bare feet.

She got along better, and her feet ceased to pain her, though from time to time the tarmac grits hurt her soft soles. But Eileen Holland refused to try it.

All day they stumbled on painfully, the stronger giving what help they could to the weaker.

At about six o'clock, shortly before dark, they stumbled into Ayer Penchis, a Malay village which housed the labor for a number of rubber plantations in the vicinity. The latex processing plant of one stood near at hand, and by it was a sort of palm thatch barn, used normally for smoking sheets of the raw rubber hung on horizontal laths.

It was empty now, and the women were herded in to this. They sank down wearily in a stupor of fatigue; presently the soldiers brought a bucket of tea and a bucket of rice and dried fish. Most of them drank cup after cup of the tea, but few had any appetite for the food.

With the last of the light Jean strolled outside and looked around. The guards were busy cooking over a small fire; she approached the sergeant and asked if she might go into the village. He understood that, and nodded; away from Captain Yoniata discipline was lax.

In the village she found one or two small shops selling clothes, sweets, cigarettes, and fruit. She saw mangoes for sale, and bought a dozen, chaffering over the price with the Malay woman to conserve her slender cash. She ate one at once and felt better for it.

She went back to the barn and distributed her mangoes to Eileen and the Holland children and to others, and found they were a great success.

Armed with money from the women she went down to the village again and got four dozen more, and presently all the women and children were in mango up to the ears.

The soldiers came in with another bucket of tea, and got a mango each for their pains, and so refreshed the women were able to eat most of the rice. Presently they slept, exhausted, weak, and ill.

They awoke aching in new places with the stiffness and fatigue of the day before; it did not seem possible that they could march again. The sergeant drove them on; this time to a place called Asahan.

It was a shorter stage than the day before, about ten miles, and it had need to be, because they took as long getting to it. This time the delay was chiefly due to Mrs. Collard. She was a heavy woman of about forty-five, with two children, Harry and Ben, aged about ten and seven.

She had suffered from both malaria and dysentery at Panong, and she was now very weak; she had to stop and rest every ten minutes, and when she stopped they all stopped, since the sergeant would not allow them to separate. She was relieved of all load, and the younger women took turns to walk by her and help her along.

By the afternoon she had visibly changed color. When they finally reached Asahan she was practically incapable of walking alone.

Their accommodation was another rubber-curing barn. They half carried Mrs. Collard into it, and half an hour later she died.

That evening Jean got more fruit for them, mangoes and bananas, and some sweets for the children. The Malay woman who supplied the sweets refused to take money for them.

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 10

"No, mem," she said. "It is bad that Nippon soldiers treat you so. This is our gift." Jean went back to the barn and told the others what had happened, and it helped.

In the flickering light of the cooking fire outside the barn, Mrs. Horsfall and Jean held a conference with the sergeant, who spoke only a very few words of English.

"Not walk to-morrow," they said. "No. Not walk. Rest — sleep — to-morrow. Walk to-morrow, more women die. Rest to-morrow. Walk one day, rest one day."

They could not make out if he understood or not. "To-morrow," he said, "woman, in earth."

They seized upon this as an excuse. "To-morrow bury woman in earth," they said. "Stay here to-morrow."

They had to leave it so, uncertain whether he understood or not; he squatted down on his heels before the fire with the three privates. Later he came to Jean, his face alight with intelligence.

"Walk one day, sleep one day," he said. "Womans not die." He nodded vigorously, and she called Mrs. Horsfall, and they all nodded vigorously together, beaming with good nature.

All that day Jean had walked barefoot; she had stubbed her toes two or three times and had broken her toenails, but she felt fresher that evening than she had felt for a long time. The effect of the march upon the women began to show itself that night in very different forms, according to their age.

The women under thirty and the children were in most cases actually in better condition than when they left Panong; they were cheered by the easier discipline, and stimulated by the exercise and by the improvement in the diet brought by fruits and sweets. The elder women were in much worse case.

For them exhaustion outweighed these benefits; they lay or sat listlessly in the darkness, plagued by their children and too tired to eat. In many cases they were too tired even to sleep.

IN the morning they buried Mrs. Collard. There was no burial ground at hand, but the Malay headman showed them where they could dig the grave, in a corner of the compound, near a rubbish heap.

The sergeant got two coolies and they dug a shallow grave; they lowered Mrs. Collard into it covered by a blanket, and Mrs. Horsfall read a little out of the prayer book. Then they took away the blanket because they could not spare that, and the earth was filled in.

Jean found a carpenter who nailed a little wooden cross together for them and refused payment; he was a Moslem, but he knew what the Tuans did for a Christian burial. They wrote JULIA COLLARD on it and the date of death with an indelible pencil, hoping it would survive the rain, and then they had a long discussion over the text to put underneath it.

This interested every woman in the party and kept them happy and mentally stimulated for half an hour. Mrs. Holland, rather surprisingly, suggested Romans, 14, 4: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth," meaning the sergeant who had made them march that day.

But the other women did not care for that, and finally they compromised on "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away." That pleased everybody.

Captain Yoniata turned up about midday, driving into Kuala Lumpur in the District Commissioner's car. He stopped and got out, angry to find that they were not upon the road. He abused the sergeant for some minutes in Japanese; the man

stood stiffly to attention, not saying a word in explanation or defence. Then he turned to the women.

"Why you not walk?" he demanded angrily. "Very bad thing. You not walk, no food."

Mrs. Horsfall faced him. "Mrs. Collard died last night. We buried her this morning, over there. If you make us walk every day like this, we shall all die. These women aren't fit to march at all. You know that."

"What woman die of?" he inquired. "What illness?"

"She had dysentery and malaria, as most of us have had. She died of exhaustion after yesterday's march. You'd better come inside and look at Mrs. Frith and Judy Thomson. They couldn't possibly have marched to-day."

He walked into the barn, and stood looking at the two or three women sitting listless in the semi-darkness. Then he said something to the sergeant and went back to his car. At the door he turned.

"Very sad woman die," he said. "Perhaps I get a truck in Kuala Lumpur. I will ask." He got into the car and drove away.

His words went round the women quickly; he had gone to get a truck for them, and they would finish the journey to Kuala Lumpur by truck; there would be no more marching. Things weren't so bad, after all.

Their appearance was a great concern to them that afternoon. Kuala Lumpur was their shopping town, where people knew them; they must get tidy before the truck came.

Captain Yoniata appeared again about an hour before sunset; again he spoke to the sergeant, who saluted. Then he turned to the women.

"You not go to Kuala Lumpur," he said. "You go to Port Swettenham. English destroy bridges, so railway to Singapore no good. You go to Port Swettenham now, and then ship to Singapore."

There was a stunned silence. Then Mrs. Horsfall asked: "Is there going to be a truck to take us to Port Swettenham?"

He said: "Very sorry no truck. You walk slow, easy stages. Two days, three days, you walk to Port Swettenham. Then ship take you to Singapore."

From Asahan to Port Swettenham is about thirty miles. She said, "Captain Yoniata, please be reasonable. Many of us are quite unfit to walk any further."

He said: "English womans have proud thoughts, always. Too good to walk like Japanese womans. To-morrow you walk to Bakri."

He got into his car and went away; that was the last they saw of him.

The change in programme was the deepest disappointment to all the women, the more so as it showed the irresolution of their destiny.

Mrs. Holland said despairingly, "I don't see why he shouldn't have known at Panong that the bridges were down, and not sent us to Kuala Lumpur at all. It makes one wonder if there's going to be a ship when we get to Port Swettenham."

There was nothing for it, and next morning they started on the road again. They found that two of the privates had been taken away, and one remained to guard them, with the sergeant.

This was of no consequence to their security because they had no desire to attempt to escape, but it reduced by half the help the guards had given them in carrying the younger children.

That day for the first time Jean carried the baby, Robin: Mrs. Holland was walking so badly that she had to be relieved. She still carried the bundle of blankets and small articles, and the baby, and led Jane by the hand.

Please turn to page 34



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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A BLOUSE in printed silk matched to a jacket lining is high fashion, and the theme can be continued further by having a hat to match.

A dressed-up suit

"FOR my going-away outfit I would like something extra nice in the way of a dressy suit, and am hoping you will sketch a style for me to follow. I have fair hair, brown eyes, and am tall with a fairly good figure."

Sketched on this page is the design I have chosen for your going-away ensemble. The suit is a light grey worsted, jacket lining and blouse are yellow-dotted silk. This link up of lining and blouse gives a well co-ordinated costume look and makes the suit slightly more important than one worn with an odd blouse. The hat in matching silk completes the outfit.



THIS SUIT of plain grey worsted is designed with the lining and blouse of the same material.

For the seaside

"MY two weeks' annual holiday is in early January, and I am going to a seaside hotel in Queensland. I have bathing suits and shorts, but wondered if you could advise me about the sort of frock suitable to wear in the evening."

At most seaside resorts a day-evening cotton is adequate dressing. In this category dresses are mainly designed with bare tops or finished with narrow straps. Skirts are newer at regular street length, last year's ballerina length is disappearing. A matched or contrasting cover-up is used to complete the ensemble. For the latter, a sleeve-stole (a stole ending in sleeves) is new and chic. However, if preferred, the bolero jacket is still good fashion.

Check for the city

"AS I have 4 1/2 yards of a small black-and-white check material, some variety of rayon, I am wondering if it could be made up into a suitable frock to wear every day into the city."

Black-and-white check would be very suitable for a city frock. Checks stand out as one of the most notable fashion acceptances for spring. My suggestion for your black-and-white rayon is a coat dress. It's a popular silhouette. Have the design buttoned with black buttons and belted with a black patent leather belt. Have collar and cuffs in white starched pique or white starched linen.

Four-way wardrobe

"GIVE me an idea, please, for an interchangeable ensemble suitable to have made up now and do also for spring. It would be more appropriate if it was a design for wool, as the climate here keeps cool till November."

My suggestion is a four-way wardrobe—cardigan jacket and detachable capelet to mix or match with two skirts. Cardigan and slim skirt

in tiny navy-and-white worsted, the extra skirt in navy, the capelet in check with a navy border.

Coat detail

"MY problem is to find some new details for a topcoat to lift it from the ordinary run of styles seen about. Could it be cut on straight lines with a set-in sleeve?"

A double-winged collar, the top collar turned up to frame the face, would be a flattering and new detail for your topcoat. Have the length reaching to just above the knee, the back falling straight, sleeves set in and cuffed, and you will have that new spring look. Yellow, coral, navy, tangerine-red are all seasonable and current colors you might consider.

Summer outfit

"PLEASE help me to plan a summer outfit. My age is 17 years. I have some white pique, enough for a blouse, and 4 yds. of navy linen. Would it be possible to combine the two materials in a snappy style? I am rather thin and look best in a swing skirt. I am a firm follower of American teenage styles."

Light and dark is a new spring duet, so you can combine your two materials and be right in fashion. My suggestion for the design is a self-buttoned separate top, sleeveless, and finished with a tiny peplum, plus a full circular skirt. Top is of pique, skirt linen. By the way, a full circular skirt is having a great boom in America with teenagers.

Evening blouses

"WOULD you advise me what style and material is being worn for an evening blouse? I have a black skirt I bought years ago, and as it is very narrow and slit at the back it seems to be back in fashion."

Lace, chiffon, or satin is the popular current choice for an evening blouse. In the style range, all-over pleating is popular. So is the sleeveless blouse or one with just a suggestion of a sleeve. An over-blouse is more popular than the tuck-in variety. Some are well below hip length, creating a tunic line.

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HESTER STANHOPE: "Queen of Arabs"

● If Lady Hester Stanhope had been born 150 years later than she was, she would have been a heaven-sent gift to the modern newspaperman. For more than 30 years her escapades in the Near East would have provided him with sensational headlines:—"London Society Beauty Crowned Arab Queen"; "Ex-Prime Minister's Niece in Forbidden City"; "War in Lebanon: Lady Hester Defies Ibrahim Pasha"; "Desert Queen Claims Divinity."

It is a story as fascinating to read as any tale from the Arabian Nights, but a modern woman can be excused for feeling some impatience with the heroine.

Lady Hester's virtues are obvious: her incredible moral and physical courage, her endurance and her pride. But one cannot help thinking that Hester Stanhope might have employed her great qualities to more worthwhile ends.

The blood of some of England's most remarkable families combined to produce Lady Hester Stanhope—the Pitts, the Stanhopes, and the Grenvilles. Her mother was the daughter of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, whose second son, the equally famous "young Mr. Pitt," was her uncle. Her father was the brilliant but eccentric Charles Stanhope, Viscount Mahon, later the third Earl Stanhope, who neglected his family for his scientific experiments, and warped their childhood by his fanatical adherence to his radical political doctrines.

Hester was born at Chevening Manor, in Kent, in 1776, and her mother died four years later, after having given birth to two more girls. Her father then married Louisa Grenville, his first wife's cousin, a frigid, empty-headed society beauty, who presented her husband with three sons, but completely ignored her step-daughters.

Bored with his wife, Stanhope became more and more eccentric in his behaviour, and his children's education suffered in consequence. A rabid Jacobin, Stanhope sent Hester to tend turkeys on the common and apprenticed his sons to the village blacksmith.

His eldest daughter seems to have been the only one of his children for whom he had much affection, but from him she learned nothing but violence, disregard of others' feelings, courage, and fearless horsemanship.

By 1796 the self-willed child had grown into a tall, well-built, stately young woman, with a brilliant complexion and fiery blue eyes.

She was now allowed to visit London occasionally, and soon established a reputation for original behaviour in a society noted for its disregard of convention. Her name became a topic of conversation in the great social strongholds of Devonshire House, Holland House, and even Carlton House, where Lady Jersey and Beau Brummel dominated the leekless Prince of Wales.

Hester's energy, outspokenness, and fresh charm won her the admiration of the old King, George III, himself, and he remained her well-wisher until his death.

One of her oddest friendships, her association with the foppish, over-civilised dandy George Brummel, was probably based on the fact that both of them heartily despised the society it was their constant delight to shock.

Flirtation followed flirtation, but, though no one in London would have believed Lady Hester virtuous, she was in reality too critical and fastidious to form easy attachments.

Her stormy and public affairs with her notorious cousin Lord Camelford, and later with Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, did not touch her very deeply, though her feeling for Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, seems to have been genuine enough.

In 1802 she went to live with her uncle, William Pitt, and all London smiled at the thought of this stormy, overbearing young woman with the cruel tongue seated at the head of the austere statesman's table. In fact, they suited each other very well, she living only to please her uncle, and he coming to regard her with a father's affection.

When Pitt became Prime Minister again in 1804 Lady Hester entered upon what was probably the happiest and most satisfying period of her whole life. As mistress of the house in Downing Street, she was the first hostess in London, and all hastened to win her favor.

Her glory was not to last. Pitt was very ill, and by January, 1806, England was in mourning for her greatest statesman. "If the nation should think fit to reward my services," said the dying man, "let them take charge of my niece." England did so to the tune of granting her £1200 a year, but for a Chatham this sum was hardly pin-money.

Finally Hester Stanhope decided to go abroad for a while, ostensibly for the sake of her health. The real reason was that she was no longer young, and not wealthy enough to maintain the position she wanted in England.

She took with her as her physician an obscure young doctor named Charles Meryon, who accepted the job from sheer snobbery. He paid for his foolishness by a lifetime of service to an ungrateful employer.

They left England in 1810, Hester little knowing she was never to return. Pitt's niece was no more, the Arab Queen was about to be born.

Halting at Gibraltar on her way to Greece Hester fell in love with Michael Bruce, rich, charming, and 22 years old, who became her first real lover. So enthralled was he by his 34-year-old mistress that he wanted to marry her, but was dissuaded from this piece of folly by his father and by Lady Hester herself.

Nevertheless, he spent the next four years at her side, wandering about in severe discomfort until she sent him back to England for his own good.

Lady Hester progressed triumphantly across the Mediterranean and the Ionian Seas, though she was a vandal where things artistic were concerned and the glories of Greece were lost on her.

From Greece she crossed to Turkey, making her first appearance in Stamboul at mid-day, with her face unveiled, though the Sultan Mahmoud himself was passing through the streets at the head of his troops. Neither



LADY HESTER STANHOPE, wearing the Eastern dress she affected during most of her 30 years in the Ottoman Empire.

knew then that she was to spend almost the rest of her life and all her fortune in upholding the authority of this Eastern tyrant.

From 1810 to 1814 Lady Hester with Bruce and Meryon and a motley retinue of servants wandered around the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, unmolested by Greek, Turk, or Arab. Her fame grew in the Levant, based in the first instance on tales of her fabulous wealth, but more and more on her defiance of Eastern convention, her intrepid horsemanship, and her ruthless pride and harshness.

In later years, to avenge the death of a French officer who had been her guest, she prevailed on the Pasha of Acre to send troops to kill 300 men and raze 52 native villages.

Meanwhile, in the towns of Tyre, Sidon, and Damascus itself, women left their houses to strew coffee in her path, and Arab boys gathered to watch her mount her horse, their eyes fixed on her beautiful foot with its high, arched instep: "the foot of the East."

By that time, driven to it by a shipwreck in which she had lost all her clothes and jewels, she had adopted Turkish men's dress, and she continued to dress as a Mohammedan for the rest of her life.

In 1812, after a magnificent reception in Egypt by the Pasha Mehmet Ali himself, she left for the wild Druse country in Syria, and reached the capital, Deir El Kammari, where she was the guest of the Emir Bechir.

As they exchanged courtesies the pair little guessed that they were to spend the rest of their lives as near neighbors and bitter enemies.

In 1813 Hester Stanhope realised her long-cherished ambition to visit the ruined city of Palmyra, the ancient desert stronghold of the beautiful Queen Zenobia, who defied the Romans there 200 years before Christ.

In her youth Hester had been told by a

FAMOUS WOMEN

madman that she would one day be crowned "Queen of Jerusalem," and the Palmyra adventure became for her a kind of substitute fulfillment of the crazy prophecy.

No white woman had ever set foot in the city, and only one explorer had ever reached it, though many had tried. The 60-mile journey across the desert was made more hazardous by the fierce nomads who were constantly at war with one another.

Hester set out on her journey dressed as a Bedouin chieftain, surrounded by chiefs, at the head of a caravan, while her sense of the dramatic caused her to relegate Bruce and Meryon to the rear of the column—no Europeans to mar her triumph!

When she entered the hidden city at last, the inhabitants, who had long heard of her fame, staged a pageant to greet her, and as she passed under Zenobia's triumphant arch acclaimed her as their Queen!

It was the crowning point of her career, and after that England called her no more. Later she conceived a deep disgust for Europe and everything European, and after the departure of Bruce her last emotional tie with her race was severed.

She identified herself henceforth with the East, adopted Moslem habits and beliefs, began to dabble in magic and prophecies, and also indulged in political intrigues which were the despair of the British and French consuls in the area.

All this time money poured through her fingers in an endless stream, and her debts soon became a legend, though she never lost her ascendancy over the half-savage tribes among whom she lived.

With the Egyptian occupation of Syria by Mehmet Ali's son Ibrahim Pasha, aided by Emir Bechir's treachery, she became virtually a hermit, hurling defiance from her rocky fortress at Djoun, a ruined monastery reached only by crossing perilous cliffs infested with jackals and wolves.

When Ibrahim demanded the Albanian soldiers she sheltered within her walls, she told him contemptuously to "come and take them."

He never did, and, as the explorer Kinglake remarked, her home in the heart of the Druse country was the one spot "throughout Syria and Palestine in which the will of Mehmet Ali and his fierce lieutenant was not the law . . . Mehmet Ali used to say . . . that the Englishwoman had given him more trouble than all the insurgent people of Syria and Palestine."

By this time all her resources had been squandered on her political activities and on giving protection to the war refugees who fled to her stronghold year after year.

She was growing old, her health was shattered, and the friends of her youth were dead or had forgotten her. Her last gesture towards England was the contemptuous letter she wrote to Queen Victoria, arrogantly resigning her pension, when complaints were made by the Government about her astronomical debts.

After news of her youngest brother's death she never stirred from her house again, spending her days and nights in a darkened room, in her white robes, immersed in her dreams and her studies of the occult.

Many thought she was mad, and it was rumored in the bazaars that she believed herself to be the bride of the Messiah who was yet to come.

She was alone when the end came, for Meryon had gone back to England to try to get financial help for her. Poverty and tuberculosis killed her and she died in June, 1839, with none but the ignorant Syrian peasants who had worshipped her almost as a goddess to mourn her eccentric spirit.

Wrapped in the British flag she had rejected, she was buried after some days by the British consul she hated and the missionary she despised, in her garden at Djoun, leaving nothing but a legend of boundless pride and unconquerable courage.

● Books about Lady Hester Stanhope include Joan Haslip's biography, Alexander Kinglake's "Eothen," "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope," published by the Duchess of Cleveland, and Dr. Charles Meryon's "Travels" and "Memoirs."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 19, 1950

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HOW TO DRESS TO PLEASE YOUR MAN



TO HOLD HIS ATTENTION. For informal Saturday evening party at home Anne wears ballerina frock of pale pink chiffon and adds black velvet jacket. She has John literally "at her feet."



PICNIC. John and Anne spend winter's day out-of-doors. No squealing by Anne when waves lap her feet, as she wears thick crepe-soled boots.

★ Here are six ways to win the man of your life with simple, yet feminine, clothes that flatter your youthfulness and are right for the occasion.

Steer clear of tight sweaters, stilt heels, sophisticated hair styles—any startling fashions that add years to your appearance, but detract from you.

Depend rather on good grooming, a careful color scheme, and clothes with a good line to hold his attention.



FIRST DATE. Bouffant skirt of Anne's white broderie anglaise formal evening gown whirls in the air as she greets John when he calls for her.



LOVE ALL. And John will love Anne if she wears trim tennis frock. Confident of her grooming Anne can give all her attention to play.

MEETING MOTHER. Anne takes small posy of flowers to present to John's mother when she is taken to his home for first time. She is careful to appear simply dressed and chooses dress-maker suit with smart but tailored beret.

SUNDAY WALK. Rufus, Anne's dog, is no gooseberry when she and John walk in the sunshine on a Sunday afternoon. John approves of Anne's casual skirt and sweater, flatties, and gay scarf.



Princess has mother's fashion sense

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

☆ Though Princess Alexandra is only 13, it is obvious that she has inherited from her mother, the Duchess of Kent, an enviable flair for dressing. Still a schoolgirl, Sandra, as she is known in the Royal Family and to her friends, will shortly step into the role of teenage fashion leader just vacated by her cousin, Princess Margaret, who will be twenty on August 21.

ALEXANDRA will soon be her mother's companion in public life, as she is in her sheltered home life. In preparation for that time, the Duchess is fostering her daughter's budding sense of taste.

One day recently mother and daughter slipped quietly into the milliners to choose hats for a coming wedding. Madame Vernier was to make the young Princess her first grown-up hat.

Choosing a hat for the Duchess took a few minutes only. For the Duchess has perfect taste and knows exactly what she wants. Pictures of her newest hats appear in color on the opposite page.

Choosing a hat for the Princess took considerably longer, for Alexandra has a mind of her own too, and reconciling her schoolgirl fancies to the Duchess of Kent's taste was as important a part of Alexandra's training as having just the right hat.

No mother could be more delighted with her daughter than the Duchess is with Alexandra. Ever since her sudden and tragic bereavement when the Duke of Kent was killed and the Duchess was left a widow to bring up her three fatherless children, she has grown closer and closer to the daughter who has inherited so much of the Duke's charm, and whose smile reminds everyone immediately of his boyish ways.

Though the Duchess is meticulous about fulfilling public engagements, her main task, as she sees it, is to provide a happy home for her family.

Alexandra has her mother's coloring, her mother's sophistication, and her father's smile. To the Duchess' joy she has inherited her own love of horses, and rides as though born to the saddle.

At their pleasant country home, Coppins, where Alexandra spends her week-ends from school, the Duchess' talent for producing a happy atmosphere is most marked.

Here Alexandra meets and mixes easily with her mother's friends. Many are artists, some famous actors, dancers, relatives, and foreign royalty.

It is a world of talented people in which Sandra moves with ease. Though still given to blushes if singled out for attention, she already has a Royal social sense, and is grown-up for her age.

Her girlish ambition is to be a ballet dancer—"Like Markova," she says.

Princess Alexandra is good at languages, for conversation at Coppins flows easily in French, changes to one or other of the Balkan tongues, might easily switch to Russian.

Home life at Coppins is, however, essentially English.

Sandra loves music—as did the Duke — and is an accomplished pianist.

But she is tomboyish too, and induced the Duchess to take up cycling again, so that at week-ends the Duchess, her daughter Sandra, and, if he is home from Eton, the Duke of Kent, and little Prince Michael may be seen cycling round the country lanes in Berkshire.

Though the Duchess is considered a model of majesty, and the Princess has the same royal dignity, both Marina, when young, could, and Sandra does, get out of hand.

There is, therefore, some firm discipline at Coppins, and the Duchess wisely decided to send Sandra off to boarding school to live exactly the same life as other English schoolgirls.

The Duchess herself was at a small boarding school in Paris, set up by Russian emigres. Her two sisters were grown up and "out" before the Greek Royal Family was exiled, and Marina found at school the companionship Sandra finds at school.

This hundred-guineas-a-term girls' school, "Heathfield," at Ascot, has only 34 boarders.

There are amateur theatricals and Sandra loves this as much as her mother loved acting and dressing up in Greece, in company with the four daughters of Prince Andrew, elder sisters of our Duke of Edinburgh.

Since she was a baby Alexandra has been watched by parents anxious to follow the Duchess of Kent's lead in bringing up her daughter.

Her hair styles, school clothes, sports, and pastimes set the fashion for schoolgirls.

DIAPHANOUS frock with billowing skirt and softly drooping hat were worn by the Duchess of Kent at Ascot this year.

BIG PRO-
GRAMME of
public en-
gagements
keeps the
Duchess of
Kent busy.
Here she at-
tends the Chel-
sea Flower
Show, elegant
in a wide-
brimmed hat
and striped
suit.



INFORMAL snapshot of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, when they were holidaying at Clymping, in Sussex. Mother and daughter share many interests.



LOVE OF HORSES is one of Princess Alexandra's characteristics. Like her mother she is an expert horsewoman. Here she is riding her pony, Trustful, at the International Horse Show.

Hats for a Duchess



● Some of the Duchess of Kent's hats, from the salon of Mme. Vernier, are seen on this page. Above is a crownless bonnet trimmed with chiffon.

● Close-fitting flower-trimmed beret shape, right, in green straw with a cornflower trim and attractive horsehair mesh veil, is unusual in its coloring.



● Velvet and chiffon are combined for the chic cocktail hat, left. Hats are posed by Australian Nola Rose

● Delightful summery hat made of linen, the wide becoming brim embroidered in a flower design, the crown finished with velvet ribbon.

Two outstanding originals . . . from Restell's new and versatile Spring-into-Summer fashion range . . . designed with unusual detail . . . clever styling . . . from wrinkle-shedding "High Note" fabric.



YOU LOOK SO WELL IN

Restell

MADE FROM
"High Note"
BY THE MAKERS OF "Sparva"
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 26

JEAN went barefoot as before; after some experiments she found that the easiest way to carry the baby was to perch him on her hip, as the Malay women did.

The baby, curiously, gave them the least anxiety of any of the children. They fed it on rice and gravy from the fish soup or stew, and it did well.

Once in the six weeks it had seemed to be developing dysentery and they had given it a tiny dose or two of salts, and it recovered. Mosquitoes never seemed to worry it, and it had not had fever.

The other children were less fortunate. Both had had dysentery from time to time, and though they seemed now to be free of it they had gone very thin.

They slept that night in the bungalow that had belonged to the manager of the Bakri tin mine, an Englishman. In the seven or eight weeks since he had abandoned it it had been occupied by troops of both sides and looted by the Malays; now little remained of it but the bare walls.

Marvellously, however, the bath was still in order though filthy dirty, and there was a store of cut wood for the furnace that heated water. The sergeant, true to his promise, allowed them a day of rest here, and they made the most of the hot water for washing their clothes and themselves.

With the small improvement in conditions their spirits revived.

"I should think there'd be hot water on the ship," said Mrs. Holland. "There usually is, isn't there?"

They marched again next day to a place called Dilit; this was mostly a day spent marching down cart tracks in the rubber plantations. The tracks were mostly in the shade of the trees and this made it pleasant for them, and even the older women found the day bearable.

They had some difficulty in finding the way. The sergeant spoke little Malay and had difficulty in understanding the Malay women latex tappers that he asked for directions from time to time.

Jean found that she could understand the answers that the women gave, and could converse with them, but having got the directions they required she had some difficulty in making the sergeant understand.

They reached an agreement by the end of the day that she should talk to the women, who talked to her less shyly in any case, and she developed a sign language which the sergeant understood. From that time onwards Jean was largely responsible for finding the shortest way for the party to go.

In the middle of the afternoon Ben Collard, the younger son of Mrs. Collard who had died, trod on something that bit him. He said that it looked like a big beetle; possibly it was a scorpion.

Mrs. Horsefall laid him on the ground and sucked the wound to draw the poison from it, but the foot swelled quickly, the inflammation travelled up the leg to the knee, and there was nothing to be done but carry him.

At Dilit there was no accommodation for them and no food. The place was a typical Malay village, the houses built of wood and palm thatch raised about four feet from the ground on posts, leaving a space beneath where dogs slept and fowls nested. They stood or sat wearily while the sergeant negotiated with the Malay headman: very soon he called for Jean, and she joined the tri-lingual discussion.

The village had rice and could prepare a meal for them, but the headman wanted payment, and was only with difficulty induced to agree to provide rice for so many on the word of the sergeant that they would be paid some day.

As regards accommodation he said flatly that there was none, and the party must sleep under the houses

with the dogs and poultry; later he agreed to move the people from one house, so that the thirty prisoners had a roof to sleep under on a floor about fifteen feet square.

Jean secured a corner for their party, and Eileen Holland settled in to it with the children and the baby. Jean presently wandered outside.

There was a sort of village kitchen, and here the Japanese private was superintending the activities of women of the village who were preparing rice. At a house nearby the headman was sitting at the head of the steps leading up to his house, squatting on his heels and smoking a long pipe: he was a grey-haired old man wearing a sarong and what once had been a khaki drill jacket.

Jean crossed to him and said rather shyly in Malay, "I am sorry we have been forced to come here, and have made trouble for you."

He stood up and bowed. "It is no trouble," he said. "We are sorry to see Mems in such a state. Have you come far?"

She said, "From Bakri to-day." He made her come up into the house; there was no chair and she sat with him on the floor at the doorless entrance. He asked their history, and she told him what had happened, and he grunted.

Jean said, "We are too weak to march each day. The Japanese allow us to rest a day between each day of marching. If we may stay here to-morrow it will help us a great deal. The sergeant says he can get money for the food."

"The Short Ones never pay for food," the headman said. "Nevertheless, you shall stay."

She said, "I can do nothing but thank you."

He raised his grey old head. "It is written in the Fourth Surah, 'Men's souls are naturally inclined to covetousness; but if ye be kind towards women and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do.'"

She sat with the old man till rice was ready; then she left him and went to her meal.

NEXT day the women rested, then they marched to Klang, three or four miles outside Port Swettenham. Here there was an empty schoolhouse; the sergeant put them into this and went off to a Japanese encampment near at hand, to report and to arrange rations for them.

Presently an officer arrived to inspect them, marching at the head of a guard of six soldiers. This officer, whom they came to know as Major Nemu, spoke good English. He said, "Who are you people? What do you want here?"

They stared at him. Mrs. Horsefall said, "We are prisoners, from Panong. We are on our way to the prisoner-of-war camp in Singapore. Captain Yoniata in Panong sent us here under guard, to be put on a ship to Singapore."

"There are no ships here," he said. "You should have stayed in Panong."

It was no good arguing, nor had they the energy. "We were sent here," she repeated dully.

The rest remained silent, in blank despair. Mrs. Horsefall summoned up her flagging energy again. "May we see a doctor?" she asked. "Some of us are very ill—one child especially. One woman died upon the way."

"What did she die of?" he asked quickly. "Plague?"

"Nothing infectious. She died of exhaustion."

"I will send a doctor to examine you all. You will stay here for tonight, but you cannot stay for long. I have not got sufficient rations for my own command, let alone feeding prisoners." He turned and walked back to the camp.

To be continued

Interesting People



MISS OLWEN WOOSTER

... signal communications

SUPERVISOR of Ground Communications at T.A.A.'s Head Office in Melbourne, Miss Olwen Wooster controls all telephone, wireless, and teletype ground communications throughout Australia. Her qualifications include a first-class commercial wireless operator's ticket, and wartime work with W.A.A.F. Signals, in which she was a Flight Officer. Controlling a staff of more than 100, she takes flying trips to all States, checking and supervising installation of signal equipment.



MR. HAROLD WHITE

... library award

COMMONWEALTH National Librarian Mr. Harold White leaves shortly for America, where he will spend three months as guest of the U.S. Government under the Smith-Mundt Act, which provides for exchange of scholars between the U.S. and other countries. He plans to confer with leaders in fields of administration, research, and Government archives. An M.A. of Melbourne University, he hopes to survey American use of printed works, films, radio, and television.



MRS. BEATRICE HASTINGS

... aborigines

FIRST woman to become a Native Welfare Inspector is Mrs. Beatrice Hastings, of Perth. Driving her car she goes to camps, making friends with native women and children, who are usually very shy. Then she advises them on welfare matters, and appears in the Children's Court with the native children. A Queenslander by birth, she spent seven years of married life on a rubber plantation in Papua, and after her husband's death took up this work for aborigines.

LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!

Bring out the full beauty of your hair with **NEW**

Vaseline LIQUID SHAMPOO

TRADE MARK



Ordinary shampoos, even the most expensive, leave a veil of 'soap' film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It gives your hair a thrilling new silken sheen.

Here is a new *kind* of Liquid Shampoo with a new *kind* of lather, "WONDER-FOAM." "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo bursts into millions of tiny bubbles which penetrate to the roots of your hair . . . so thoroughly . . . so gently. Now you can really clean away every speck of dirt and dandruff from your *scalp* as well as your hair.

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Hair sets easier . . . curls last longer After using "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo your hair sets easier, feels softer and "springier." You find curls last longer than before, while every hair gleams with a bright new silken sheen. Try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo right away. Once you do, you'll never want to use any other method . . . or want any other shampoo. Get a bottle from your local chemist or store—NOW.

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your first shampoo, look in the mirror and you'll see your hair gleaming with a thrilling new silken sheen. Run your fingers through your hair and you'll *feel* the difference . . . so much softer, 'springier' . . . so full of life again after "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo.

Eyes are bright



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For sleep and energy

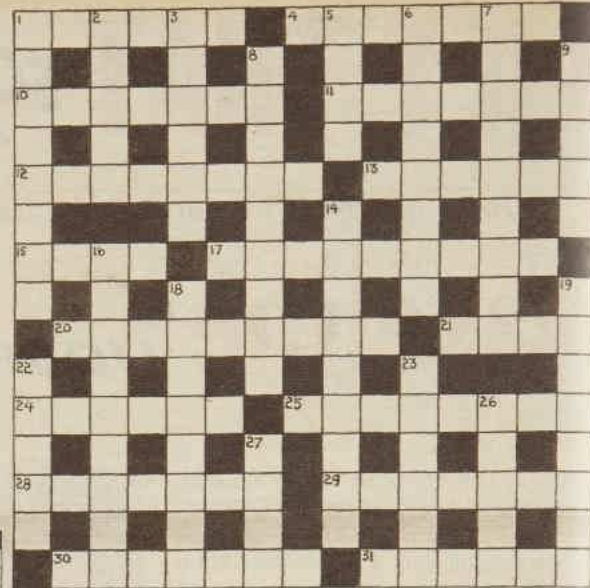
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- European river saint and the French back belongs to the mail (6).
- Adore you and you or vessel (7).
- Devour greedily in French narrow opening between hills (7).
- Curve (7).
- Victorian airport (8).
- Such spirit is connected with the stars (8).
- Throw a reprobate without a way (4).
- Rain greed (Anagr. 9).
- Tea in sawbones are sources of caviar (9).
- Unit of force and not an order to have a meal (4).
- Inhabitants of West Indian Islands (6).
- Undying member of the French Academy (8).
- A medico in mixed flexible protector of finger tips (7).
- Ungratified mixed in count (7).
- The French in tenant's payments yields to companion (7).
- Tea in donkeys produces goods for discharging debts (6).

Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Osteogation about ten hundred in the middle (8).
- Wise people grow old in steamship (5).
- You can make them out of a parson for a dean or a bishop (5).
- Leave out (4).
- I feed ass (Anagr. 4, 4).
- Habit of drunkenness (9).
- Country's collective means about fountain-heads (8).
- Holy sick silent (5).
- Ma's union and you mixed without contradiction (9).
- Of sluggish gloomy temperament made of the last day of the week, yet it ends not in a day but nine (8).
- Lately for the not quite correctly spelt tower of Shinar (8).
- This French dish is in the roofs of rooms (8).
- Sharp is a shrewd (5).
- Powers starting loud and ending in a mixed score (8).
- Inferior stuff in it state after tea (5).
- Be still concerning short street (4).

UP

came Grampa's dirty fist in a clean uppercut. William was too late with his own . . .

At three that afternoon William decided he had simply made a fool of himself. It was the hour, of course. No man was himself at five a.m.

But at four-thirty he was sitting in front of his record player, with his head in his hands, alternately playing two records over and over. One was the Bell Song, from the opera Lakme, as recorded by one of the finest sopranos in opera. The other was Loretta Golightly's recording of Chime Bells.

Yes, Loretta had recorded the yodeling song! William felt foolish, asking the clerk for it. He felt still more foolish on learning that her Chime Bells outsold the star's Bell Song eight and a half to one.

He shut off the player and dialled Hal Gray's number.

"Nice to catch you in," he said affably. "I wonder if you'd give me the name of the agent who represents that Golightly act?"

"You, too?" Hal said. "Loretta wouldn't look at you."

But he gave William the agency's name. It was too late to go there to-day, of course.

The next morning he got her home address, despite the agency's rules.

The Golightly home was a huge, old-fashioned yellow one that needed new screens and a coat of paint.

Loretta was the first thing William noticed, however. She was in a green sweater and shorts, kneeling under a giant avocado tree and brushing the rich coat of a mahogany-and-white collie.

Loretta took one look at him and marched straight into the house by the back door.

"Miss Golightly!" he called. He went to the door with some determination.

It was Grampa who answered his knock—Grampa minus the gun, but with a stronger reek of gin.

"Howdy, George. How's Clyde and Myrtle?" he asked. "Set down. Reminds me of the time I run Vince Klinger out of Sevelna."

My Love Is No Lady

Continued from page 5

William looked at him with distaste. "I'm not George," he said. "I came to see Loretta."

"She ain't here. Set down, George, I said!"

William sat down. Well, let the old bore unlimber his lying tale! Grampa was a type, a fictitious character invented by the movies and kept alive by consumers with depraved tastes. But his convivial invitation gave William an excuse to stay.

"This Vince," Grampa said, "his dad was Ben Klinger that owned the Triple Y—this Vince was all right when he was sober—"

William heard Loretta ask someone inside the house for the car keys.

"But when he taken a drink," Grampa said, "he was a bad one!"

Grampa was no artist, but as a talker he had endurance. The story was hoary. It abounded with characters who drew their guns with the slightest provocation. Grampa, it seemed, had been elected marshal of Sapulpa because he required no provocation at all.

Loretta came out shortly after Ben Klinger killed Ray Cathcart in a quarrel over the Schute girl.

"I didn't want to kill Vince. So when he reach for his gun, I hauled off and notched his ear for him, deep. He stood there aollerin' and—"

"I'm going out, Grampa," Loretta said. "Don't wait supper for me."

Grampa's strong arm, Grampa's gin-laden, untempered anecdote, held William in pillory. He watched her get into a battered sedan and drive away.

Every gun that had ever been fired in Indian Territory blazed again. It was dark before he escaped.

Loretta drove up just as William, alias George, was leaving. It was then he realised that his interest in her was not just academic.

"I am infatuated, apparently, with an unlearned peasant girl with a prevaricating, unclean old grandfather," he said to himself, "and what's more,

she won't have anything to do with me."

He traced her, through the agency, to a place called the South Side Corral. It seemed to be a night-club devoted to Western music and square-dance fans.

William found an empty table near the door and sat down.

He sipped his beer and watched the dancers, who seemed to be having a good time. Loretta was not in sight.

Then suddenly Loretta appeared through a little door in the back of the bandstand. The crowd cheered. She wore a dinky little cowgirl skirt that barely reached her knees, a boyish shirt and a little white vest.

William stood up, spilling his beer. Their eyes met.

Her smile disappeared. She turned and ran through the door back to the bandstand. William dashed out the front door, and caught her as she was getting into the old sedan.

"Listen, please, Miss Golightly, I only wanted to apologise to you," he said.

She laughed and tossed her head. "For what? Do you think I want your apologies, you glorified door-to-door salesman? You think my yodeling is corny. Well, maybe it is! But I'm the best there is at it, get that?"

She slammed the car door and backed out of the lot.

To the distinguished-looking but haggard man in his mirror that night, he said, "You have the greatest selling voice in the world, but you can't sell yourself to a girl who never went past the tenth grade. So what good are you to anyone, including yourself? If you cut your throat, you wouldn't bleed. Nothing but parts of speech would come out. She's right! You're just a larynx, an epiglottis."

Please turn to page 42

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



EXPLORERS — 1950. First white men to gaze at Australian Alps were explorers Hume and Hovell. In 1915, members of a Melbourne Walking Club reached the summit of Victoria's highest mountain, Mount Bogong. Since then, members from 42 Walking Clubs all over Australia have been testing their endurance against the challenge of mountaineering.



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E05

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Beauty in springtime



A CHANGE of lipstick color may be your greeting to spring weather. It is a happy thought, provided you also keep the skin groomed with foundation and powder that will carry the lipstick.

● It seems that the approach of spring each year confronts us with the job of reappraising cosmetics in the light of brighter skies and the current fashion picture.

A ROUTINE, but interesting cosmetic season is now beginning. For spring, 1950, below the equator, pink make-ups are again the centre of interest, but pinks more brilliant in quality than we have worn in past seasons, with the bloom of the peony rather than pale rose pinks.

For the older woman there is promise of a new color—delicate red with a brown base, which is designed to give a touch of softness lacking in straight-out raspberry tonings.

Beauty authorities here say the most popular cosmetic colors for spring will be vibrant pinkish reds, coral reds, with a flash of orange, and the soft red-browns.

Experimenting with different make-up shades can be quite an expensive hobby when there are masses of colors from which to choose.

A woman looking them over at a cosmetic counter is apt to be confused. If that happens, remember that the good stand-by color to wear day in and night out is clear red.

Lips belong in the true red (or conventional) lipstick department. It is a pickup color that is rejuvenating.

Where purplish and heavy brownish shades are ageing and often impart a muddy look to the complexion, a clear red has the effect of clearing the skin.

To the untrained eye all lipsticks are red, but only a few are true, clear red. Sometimes red means blue-red, as in raspberry, bluish-pink, fuchsia, American Beauty.

Coral, apricot, and peach pink, through to the henna shades, come within the orange or yellow-red range.

Your own coloring is very much in the picture in the choice of cosmetics. It is not true that all blondes need light rouge and all brunettes need dark rouge.

You get more natural and at the same time more striking effects by choosing make-up according to the color values in your skin.

In a general way, if your skin looks rosy pink, the eyes blue or grey, the lips blue-red, it is probable your best make-up colors are in the blue-red range. They may be light blush rosy-red, or fuchsia, or raspberry, but there should be no tinge of orange or brick in tone.

Beige to tan skin tones need the kind of emphasis that comes in the range of orange-red or brown-red cosmetics. It may be light, as in coral, or dark, as in deep russet red, but should certainly not be purplish in tone.

If the skin is what is loosely termed colorless, you have a wider choice of make-up, and will find becoming colors in both red ranges.

When clothes colors are neutral, as in black, white, grey, putty, then the clear red shades of rouge and lipstick are best.

You have heard women say, "I can't wear such and such a color—it doesn't seem to do anything for me."

To realise the full wizardry of color (as it applies to clothes colors), and prove just what different shades do for you, hold them in turn close up to your face before using make-up.

In this way you can get a clear picture of what shades lose their character or detract from your natural coloring, and which seem to deepen the color of your eyes and enhance the skin and hair.

It's a smart woman who realises the psychological effect of gay colors.

When blue Monday rolls around, the best way to give low spirits a lift is to get into bright colors.

Statistics show that nine times out of ten when a woman is mentally depressed or emotionally upset her choice of clothes and colors for the day reflects it.

But it's no effort to tab this mental state and set about correcting it as soon as one awakens.

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B ABOUT 57/-

C ABOUT 20/-

D ABOUT 30/-

E ABOUT 32/-

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FROCKS AND LINGERIE**

Styled right up to the stars . . . yet priced right down to your budget . . .
the sprightliest of spring designs, so lovely, so practical — so popular that
there just aren't ever enough to go round! Take that as a timely warning — go
straight to your favourite store for frocks and undies styled by Glorowin.

A. Cool, gay, color-fast florals on white grounds. New, frilled-edge pockets; velvet bow at neck; zipp placquet. In X.S.S.W.-W. sizes. About 90/-.

B. Loomknit runproof jersey, striped burgundy, grey, turquoise, red, blue, green, tan on white. X.S.S.W.-W. About 57/-.

C. Bed Jacket in dull loomknit. Blue, peach, white. S.S.W. to O.S. About 20/-.

D. Nightie; swami or dull-finish jersey, contrast trim. All pastels. S.S.W.-O.S. About 30/-.

E. Two-Piece Set: slip, scanten. Satin swami-finish; all lingerie shades. S.S.W. to W. The set — about 42/-.

F. Pyjamas; satin swami-finish jersey, contrast trim. All pastels. S.S.W.-O.S. About 32/-.

Creation of Gloria Mills, Melbourne

J29

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED AND SOLD BY ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Tracery of lace * * *

LACE is once again high fashion news. Of all the filmy materials being used this season to achieve the newest transparent look, lace is the loveliest and the easiest to use in a variety of ways. It lends itself particularly to the cocktail and short dining and dancing frock. American and French designers combine it skilfully with heavier fabrics such as linen or taffeta or else use it with nets and chiffons as light as itself.



● Nettie Rosenstein's strapless gown is of black-and-white delicately patterned hand-painted lace. It has a miniature matching bolero and mittens. Narrow belt is of black velvet.



● From Paris comes Paquin's white linen lace-trimmed evening gown, cut close to the figure and swirling from the knee.

● From Sophie, of Saks, New York, comes the formal evening gown, at left. Narrow in line with taffeta panels for fullness.



● White Chantilly lace, as fine as cobwebs, is used over pale pink taffeta to make Ceil Chapman's short evening dress. Leaves encrusted with lace make the shoulder strap.



● Flutings of white nylon net are placed in tiers by Jane Derby to make this frock with higher hemline in front, falling into a train. Leaves and gloves are of fine brown lace.

Gary H. Holman's



● Christian Dior's design with wide collar and low U neck is dramatic in black linen, with large pearl choker worn high at the throat. Schiaparelli's white bag has a novel crooked walking stick handle. The tiny hat from Albouy is of black linen.

● From Dior comes this practical and very chic suit with the new short cuffed sleeve. The belted jacket is a splendid foil to the slim skirt. The large red hat is the very new petal shape.

● Paquin's frock with back-swept fullness is superbly cut to give neatness in front. This silhouette is excellent in white.

● Fath designs, at right, in clear yellow linen, this suit with bell-shaped jacket, which has beaver cuffs and is cleverly slit to emphasise slowness of the skirt. It is worn here with a wide brown felt hat, but is equally good and new with a minute hat.

Paris Notes



● Paquin sweeps fullness to the front in this coat-frock, this time keeping the slim line at the back. It is worn with a hat from Achille.

● For the perfect, conservative, lasting suit, Dior designed this beige gabardine. It is worn with a stiffly starched white waistcoat, white gloves, and a Maud Roser small hat with a cock's feather sweeping to the chin.

● For the young girl what could be more becoming and cool looking than the rose silk pleated frock, again from Dior. Sleeves must be short this season and gloves long. The silhouette must be kept neat. The Maud et Nano hat of cut towelling, with a black band and bow, is an amusing change from straw.

● Piguet's ideal frock is of pink silk or marocain, and has a loose becoming sleeve, and the slim line of the skirt with fullness for the hips. The hat from Patou has good balance for this elegant frock.

Christina Johnston

Time for a Capstan

CAPSTAN

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THE telephone awakened him by painful stages. He propped one eye open, saw the cold grey dawn, and had that eerie feeling of having been through this once before, to his sorrow.

"Hello, William?" It was Hal Gray again, sober this time, and somehow uneasily respectful. "I wonder if you'd be kind enough to take the Farm Reveille for me again this morning?"

"I don't see why not, old man," William heard himself saying. "Glad to accommodate you. I'll go right down."

"Drunk!" he heard Hal wailing as he hung up. "Just when I want a favor, he goes on his first binge." He took time for a shower and an extra smooth shave. He even tried to whistle as he confronted the haggard man in the mirror.

"I am reduced to the point where I am happy just to see her and let her sneer at me," he admitted. "Well, maybe I am just an epiglottis. But I'm the best epiglottis in the world."

Grampa, once more garnished with his revolver, snored peacefully beside his mike, the guitar recumbent on his lap. Loretta was chatting with the engineer through the speaker system. She turned swiftly when he came in. They stood looking at each other.

William gulped and took a step toward her. Grampa stirred. William stopped and bowed politely and formally.

"Good morning, Miss Golightly. Are you ready?"

"Good morning, Mr. Delbert. Yes." She was equally formal.

He studied the commercials, avoiding her eyes. An overhead speaker hissed as the engineer threw a switch. "Stand by. Forty-five seconds," came the voice from the glass booth.

He watched the second hand tick away. Grampa awakened as William snapped into the opening announcement.

There was nothing of the charging fullback in William's work this morning. Rather, he read with the masterful detachment of the virtuoso.

He was aware of Loretta's livid scorn as he pushed out the richly dripping adjectives. He poured it on, playing his magnificent larynx like a pipe organ.

Reaching the end, he nodded and stepped back. Loretta did not bother to introduce herself. She simply sang. Not Chime Bells, but a mournful song, a song with a wail in it, and a simple musical figure that was repeated over and over.

It was a long hour, one of the longest William had ever experienced. The copy writer must have known his stuff would be read by the master this morning. As he read, William was aware of Loretta's coldly disdainful smile.

He got through it at last, smoothly, like the virtuoso he was. Now it was Grampa's turn to sing. Grampa stepped to the microphone. He turned and looked William straight in the eye.

"Timph!" he said, and William thought, Well, I don't have to let this old windbag patronise me.

He snapped the switch of his mike. "And now," he said, "we present the old Indian fighter—

My Love Is No Lady

Continued from page 36

fights nothing but old Indians. I give you, and you can keep him, Grampa Golightly, who shot Vince Klinger's ear off and almost talked mine off."

Grampa forgot all about the great unseen radio audience. His bushy eyebrows shot up. He dropped the guitar. "I remember you now!" he roared. "Your name ain't George at all! You're the skunk that made my baby cry all night! All right, cutie, let's see how y'a look with a notch in each ear!"

With horror, William saw him draw the gun. An orange cone of flame leaped across the tiny studio. Something parted his hair without touching it.

It was incredible, but the old fool was shooting real bullets! Nothing like it had ever happened in radio before, a cowboy minstrel actually firing his pistol. Amusement, which came before terror, kept William rooted by his mike for a moment.

"I'll get the range directly!" Grampa whooped. "Stand still."

Either the studio was too dark or Grampa's aim had failed somewhat since 1898, or his charge of gun was defective. The second slug touched William's ear, drawing blood but not quite notching it. The third drove the engineer from his booth as William launched himself under the piano, showered by plate glass.

From somewhere, William remembered a legend that guns like Grampa's were called six-guns. The man who had announced his way through an earthquake counted the shots

in for you? What's the matter—mike fright?"

Loretta sang, and Chime Bells had never been sung so well before.

Then the song ended. William opened his mike and talked badly, ad-libbing without a script. Twenty seconds. Ten, he talked on.

A white-faced engineer returned to his booth and with two seconds to spare twirled his knobs and gave William the all-off signal.

Loretta waited until she knew the mikes were cold before dropping to her knees beside Grampa, who was snoring peacefully.

"I hate you," she screamed at William. "I don't care what you do to me, but why do you have to make fun of Grampa? You thought he was a phony like you, didn't you? Well, he's not! He's in the history books and everything! And if you had to stay up until two o'clock in the morning and lead a band to support a lot of orphaned grandchildren, you'd drink gin, too."

"But . . ." said William. "Poor Grampa," she crooned. "Seventy-seven and never been licked, and now he has to be knocked out by an announcer."

William went over and knelt beside her.

"Just a minute," he said. "I've made a terrible mistake. You're real people, both of you. Wonderful people, in fact. And I've been a patronising ass. But where would you and Grampa be to-day if it wasn't for us epiglottises? There are no more Vince Klingers to be run out of town. The six-gun has been replaced by the guitar . . ."

"Let me finish. Where does the money come from that pays you? From the agency. Where does the agency get it? From the sponsor. Where does the sponsor get it? From the sale of his products. Who makes it possible for people like you and Grampa to go on the air and bring happiness to countless thousands, newly awakening to a bright dawn all over this great golden West?"

He took a deep breath. "Yes, Loretta, there would be no radio to-day, except for the men who read the commercials. Aren't you being something of a snob yourself?"

"Who, me?" she said, when she could get a word in edgewise.

"Yes, you! Radio, to-day, would be a toy, a gadget, a scientific marvel known only in the laboratory, its blessing as well as its curse denied to the great, teeming, unseen . . ."

Loretta was staring at him.

Grampa had opened his eyes. He recognised William and tried to struggle to his feet. She held him down.

"Please, Grampa! Don't! Y'all had a nasty bump, and you better lay still a while yet. All he's doing now is talk, talk, talk."

Grampa glared up at William, but he suffered himself to be forced back with his head in Loretta's lap.

"Everything goes wrong," he complained sleepily. "I don't know why you had to ask for this here announcer, nohow. The old one was plenty good enough for me."

"Grampa!" Loretta cried.

She would not look at William, but he got an eyewitness glance at the deep, embarrassed flush that spread over her cheeks before she could avert her face. For once in his life he was speechless.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





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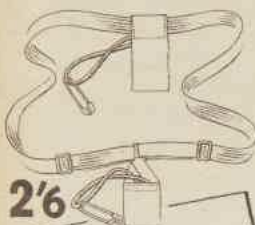


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More Women buy
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COWBOY — AGE 2



At two years of age, Kenneth Rice of Boondall, Queensland, already has a way with animals, and is never happier than when helping with horses. Apart from horses, his two main interests are the calf shown above and Vegemite. His mother says, "Kenneth starts the day with a Vegemite sandwich and takes one to his father as well. Since he was six months old, Kenneth has enjoyed Vegemite every day." Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts, and contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier, too, and more economical.

Y05

STILL hanging on to her little bag, she appeared in the hallway, walked down it, brazenly exploring, until she came to the pet room of Brody Stokes, the New York broker. She went at once to the side window, from which there was a view of the big mountains to the west, and stood there motionless and unspeaking for at least a full minute.

"The mountains . . . they are so beautiful," she murmured at last. And with deep wistfulness in her tone: "They remind me of my home . . . what was once my home. And of my parents."

After a pause she stated calmly and casually: "This is the room I must have."

"Sorry," said Dot gently, "but I'm afraid you can't. It's reserved for a man who has been coming to us for years."

"I shall be glad to pay whatever is necessary for me to have this room."

Dot shook her coppery head. "Whatever is necessary," repeated Trude Schmidt, with her little lip sticking out.

"Sorry," repeated Dot, firmly this time. And it looked like a deadlock. Rather tartly, Dot added, "Our accommodations are not for sale in that way."

For a little while Trude Schmidt gazed at her. The lip receded. She said quietly, "I have been told and told that Americans would always do anything for sufficient money. It is good to find that that is not so."

A respectful child walked obediently back towards the room she had been first shown.

From that day until the first skiable snow we didn't see a great deal of our little guest. She ate breakfast in silence, stowing away an amazing amount of food for the size of her, and, unless the weather was really wicked, took a trail lunch and disappeared until dinner time.

Most evenings she spent alone in her room reading books that she bought in the village shop or sent away for. About half of them were on skiing, the other half surprisingly solid stuff on politics, economics, international relations, and the like.

Occasionally she would join us in some of our evening games. But just in the games, and with that childlike seriousness, not in the spirit of fun and banter that went along with the games for the rest of us. First thing in the morning and last at night, if we listened intently, we could hear her religiously doing her ski conditioning exercises.

The first day the slope was fit, Dot and I sailed out early, got the tow going and fiddled around until Trude Schmidt appeared. Filled with great expectancy we found her first trip most disappointing. Ignoring the tow she herringboned precisely up the edge of the slope and came down in a series of wide, slow turns.

"Nuts!" muttered Dot. "I feel as though I'd fallen on my face in a drift."

But on the next round Trude Schmidt rode the tow, her turns were a little shorter, the pace a little faster. And for the rest of the day it was up and down, up and down, methodically, persistently, tirelessly advancing on through her review of the fundamentals until, by sunset, she was darting like a swallow. And we could tell that we had indeed a little potential champion with us.

The real snows had come, the base was down, the winter season was with us. We had a houseful of guests. And a problem person in our midst. Among the rest of our people, friendly, congenial, flowing along in warm camaraderie, like a rock right in the middle of a sunny slope, stood our little Trude Schmidt. Men cracked up on her, one after another. Girls soon learned to make wide detours around her.

Some of our young men took one look at that sweet, grave, childish

The Devil Behind Her

Continued from page 9

face, and melted down. The other type took one look at that firm, lithe figure, and fired up. All of them, after they had seen her on a slope, just pointed their emotional skis downhill . . . and went over a cliff.

As long as a man just skied with her and stuck to his skiing and ski talk, Trude Schmidt was a grand little companion. None better. But the moment he showed the least romantic interest in her, the temperature dropped to twenty below, everything was locked up tight, and she moved off into the dim distance. And if a boy made a pass she simply, and quite literally, blew up in his face.

More than one brash lad wore strange, unaccountable welts on his countenance for several days.

"These girls," said Trude Schmidt with her lip sticking out, "they do not take their skiing really seriously." Sin above all other sins. "And they do not love the mountains really deeply." Sin Number Two.

"What do they do? They spend all their time thinking and talking and planning about men. They are very silly. And it is very sickening." She treated them accordingly. And the girls, of course, soon dished that right back to her.

Dot and I, of course, knew the score well enough. But by now, bit by bit, we had been learning Trude Schmidt's history, and knowing her history, we could pretty well understand why she was the way she was. And understanding that, we wouldn't have kicked her out for anything.

She would never deliberately talk about herself, or her past, and every time we tried to draw her out, she'd do that smooth little freeze-up-and-move-away act. But things came out, of course, in unguarded moments. They were bound to.

ONCE, when I had complimented her on her splendid form, she shrugged and said, "It is in my blood that I should ski well. My mother was a very fine skier, an Englishwoman of much spirit. My father was one of the very best in our country."

Then after a pause, with her voice getting lower and lower until I could scarcely hear the last sentence, "He would have made me even better than I am. But I was only a child when I last saw him. He did not like the Nazis. He fought against their taking over our country. They sent him to Dachau."

And another time, when we were talking of avalanches, "Yes, one must be very careful on the high, steep slopes. Even so good a mountaineer as my mother lost her life in an avalanche." Then an added murmur, with the childish frown and the little lip sticking out, "Though I have always wondered if with her it was not perhaps on purpose."

From remarks about her father we learned about Trude's money, too. He had apparently belonged to a noble and very wealthy family, and had seen the writing on the wall in time to create a trust for her in a New York bank.

And one day as Trude and I stood alone at the top of the slope, gazing out across the valley, sun-bright under the deep blue sky, immaculate as a world new-formed overnight, she said, "The mountains are so pure and peaceful. The snow is so clean and cool and beautiful. It is all so different from the hot, filthy messes men make of things."

"It's plain enough what ails the poor child," summarised Dot, after we'd got a few vivid glimpses like those. "She was so terribly hurt and hounded while she was growing up that she's developed about six inches of armor plate all around her. Now she can't get out, and nobody else can get in. Her ski-ing, I ex-

pect, is a sort of safety valve that has saved her health and sanity."

As soon as we understood, Dot and I did our best trying to mother and father her some, but our attempts slid off smooth ice.

"You know," said Dot in one of her penetrating observations, "it's her pride that's the main obstacle. If she wasn't such an uncompromising, unyielding little critter, she could spill out some of her old grief and bitterness and make room for a little sweetness and warmth."

And then came the Christmas holidays, and with them came Sam Stewart, who was in his last year at Harvard after having served with the 10th Mounted Division. And as soon as Dot and I laid eyes on Sam, we both had the same idea. And we both started hoping and praying that Sam would take an interest. And on the second night after his arrival our prayers were answered.

We were in our little semi-private living-room making up a supply list when Sam's lanky form, which really wasn't so lanky as he somehow made it seem, appeared in the doorway; his engaging grin and easy drawl requested admission with "Hi, folks. Busy?"

Dot and I promptly forgot all about the task in hand, and welcomed him with eager anticipation. And Sam, who, though he moved slowly—except on skis—always moved straight, came right to his subject.

"I came," said he, "to get the real dope on this Schmidt job. There seems to be something queer. It looks like such a beautiful run to me, but the boys tell me it's full of hidden rocks. Could you give me a few useful tips?"

"Sit down, Sam," I responded. "We'll write you a book."

Dot and I, taking turns, gave him the whole story, past, present, as we knew it. When we finally ran down, Sam regarded us quizzically and observed, "I couldn't have been getting a kind of sales talk, could I?"

Dot smiled and admitted frankly, "That's about it, Sammy." She went on earnestly, "Nick and I stay awake thinking about that poor child. You're our white hope. And take my word for it, if you could just break through there you'd find a very wonderful reward."

Sam nodded gravely. "That's exactly what I figure."

"But it's going to take some doing," Dot warned him.

The holidays were almost over. Then, with only two days to go, we got a definite report, discouraged and discouraging.

"Y'know," began Sam, "I guess this thing is going to take a little more time than I figured on. Here's my vacation about over, and I swear I don't know whether I've gained an inch or not."

An unhappy silence settled around us until Dot broke it with an abrupt, vigorous exhortation, "Don't you give up, Sam! Don't you dare give up!"

Sam glared at Dot, grinned, and assumed a businesslike air. "I'd like a reservation for every week-end from now on. And I'll make it up here sometimes during the week, too."

"That's the spirit!" commented Dot. After a pause, she went on earnestly: "Listen, Sam. There's something I want to tell you about Trude. We've been thinking of her all along as a person who—well, who lives in an armored car. Who shoots down anybody who tries to get in there with her. Or to get her out. But lately I've begun to get a brand-new idea about her."

Please turn to page 66



Pork asks for MUSTARD



Roast pork, with crisply baked crackling; bacon fried to a turn; pork in every form needs that golden dab of Keen's Mustard to put a true edge on your enjoyment. Good cooks and gourmets know that the richer the food, the more essential the mustard. When you serve pork, add mustard for flavour, and be sure the mustard is Keen's.



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TEENA

By
HILDA
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My night-cap when STOMACH'S upset



Like thousands of other sufferers who used to toss and turn sleeplessly, this chap has wisely woken up to the sure way of settling his disturbed stomach for the night. A spoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder before retiring is his secret—and sound refreshing sleep is the result.

There is a scientific explanation behind the rapid and unflinching action of this famous family standby. Among its seven carefully balanced ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts the excess acid in the stomach which is nearly always the cause of the trouble. Other ingredients spread a soothing and protective layer over the delicate and inflamed stomach lining. This

gives Nature time to treat the trouble, even while the normal process of sound digestion continues.

This unflinching action is a feature of De Witt's Antacid Powder and explains the confidence with which people all over the world recommend it to their friends and families.

This unrivalled reputation has been built on results—real and lasting; so get yourself a canister to-day and banish the spectre of stomach trouble from the meal table; eat and enjoy your supper to-night and wake refreshed and ready for whatever the day may bring. Ask for the giant 4/6 economy size and get two and a half times the quantity contained in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

your immediate problems before the week-end, for now is the time for active initiative in all things. From late August 20 to August 22 use discretion.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A week that starts well, but deteriorates after the week-end. Don't undertake too much, or try out new ventures. Bide your time, for your birthday month brings your big opportunities.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A lucky week for new romance, interesting friends, or the realisation of a wish if you avoid giving way to impulse on August 22. Feelings and emotions are apt to run high this day, with a tendency towards increased expenditure.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): August 16 starts a good day for your prestige, social and business prospects, and you should be able to make things brisk and profitable. However, don't let extravagance or over-optimism spoil the early part of the week.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Good aspects on August 16 and 19 for anything relating to travel, moves, law, education, or Government affairs. Speculation could be quite good, provided you don't overestimate, or become too venturesome.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A beneficial week where your plans touch finance or interests shared. Someone has your welfare at heart so expect some lucky days from August 16. However, watch expenses and safeguard income as you near August 22.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A good week for personal favors. Go right ahead with any plans that need the co-operation or goodwill of others. Wednesday is particularly bright, but a little care may be needed as you enter next week.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Use August 16 and 19 for matters which need expansion and growth. Get busy with plans relating to your vocational field, and take every opportunity to extend your present activities.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Your brightest days this week are August 16 and 19. New enterprise, speculation, personal and social affairs should be lucky. You may need to curb extravagance on August 22.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Progressive and happy days until the week-end. Nearing August 22 you may be too impulsive, and should avoid over-generosity or extremes of feeling, which could upset domestic affairs and result in disappointments.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Choose this week to visit or entertain. You have the opportunity to expand your mental horizon through contact with interesting people. A new book or a new idea could start you on a train of activity.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): August 16 should open some wider opportunities whereby you could improve your material assets, earn a bonus, start a new bank account, or strike a lucky bargain. Use care on August 17, 21, and 22.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Good aspects on August 16, but the rest of the week rather slow. Tackle

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Escape from the land of Flora, ruled by **DR. FLOREL:** And reach the State of Mechana, with which Flora is at war. The capital city of

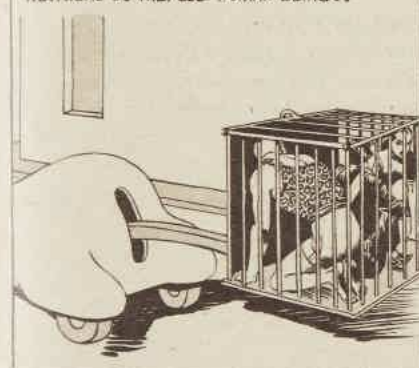
Mechana appears to have no population, and machines do all the work. A "warrior" machine with whirling blades follows, preventing them taking one direction, and edging them in another.

NOW READ ON:

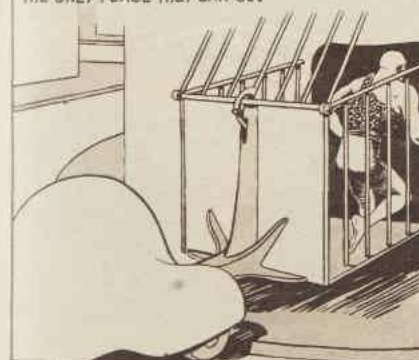
TRAPPED AGAINST A WALL, THEY HEAR A RUMBLE, THEN SEE A HUGE DERRICKLIKE MACHINE COMING TOWARDS THEM—ITS CAGELIKE "SHOVEL" REACHING AT THEM...



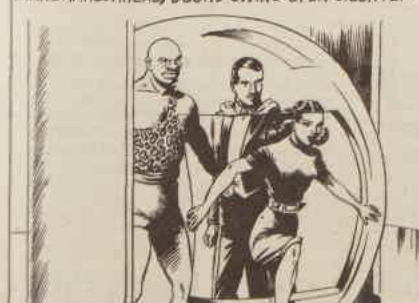
THE DERRICKLIKE MACHINE CARRIES THEM ALONG THE STREETS OF THE VAST METAL CITY. NOWHERE DO THEY SEE HUMAN BEINGS!



THE MACHINE STOPS SUDDENLY AT THE BASE OF THE HIGHEST TOWER. THE CAGE OPENS. THEY CLIMB OUT QUICKLY INTO THE ENTRANCE OF THE TOWER—THE ONLY PLACE THEY CAN GO.



THE LIFT STOPS SUDDENLY. DIZZY FROM THE SWIFT ASCENT, THEY STEP OUT. "WHERE ARE WE?" ASKS NARDA, WEAKLY. "ON TOP OF THE TOWER," SAYS MANDRAKE. AHEAD, DOORS SWING OPEN SILENTLY—



TO AVOID BEING CRUSHED THEY CAN DO ONLY ONE THING—JUMP INTO THE CAGE, WHICH SNAPS AROUND THEM! "WE'RE PRISONERS," CRIES NARDA. "BUT WHOSE? THIS MACHINE'S?"



"WHERE IS IT TAKING US?" CRIES NARDA. "ARE WE TO BE CAPTURED, JUDGED, AND EXECUTED BY MACHINES? ARE THERE NO PEOPLE HERE?"



THE ENTRANCE SHUTS AFTER THEM—AND THEY SUDDENLY SHOOT UPWARDS RAPIDLY—IN A TRANSPARENT BALL! "THIS IS A LIFT," CRIES MANDRAKE. "NO CABLES! WE ARE BEING PULLED UP BY MAGNETISM!"

THEY SEE A MAN WHO APPEARS TO BE EXERCISING! "HELLO," HE SAYS. "I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU." NARDA CRIES WITH RELIEF. "AFTER ALL THOSE MACHINES—THANK GOODNESS, AT LAST, A MAN!"



TO BE CONTINUED



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TABLETS



BEST FOR VALUE TOO!

That clear, smooth PEARS skin



Babies have it

She's taken her first steps to beauty already — just look at that clear, smooth Pears skin! No ordinary soap is so mild... so kind to a baby-fine skin as gentle, pure Pears!



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How they love to kiss Grandma's soft cheek — satin-smooth from a lifetime of Pears! For when Grandma was belle of the ball — as today — lovely women used nothing but Pears, the traditional soap.



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On that day of all days — the inward glow of a radiant heart, the outward glow of a clear, smooth skin — a skin kept naturally lovely by pure Pears soap.

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See how quickly your own skin responds to Pears delicate care! Hold a Pears tablet up to the light — it's so pure you can look right into its amber heart. Smell the mildness you cannot mistake... feel the silky awakening caress of the gentlest of soaps.

MRS. PETER MERRETT
(nee Miss Valma Tait)
of East Kew, Melbourne.
Portrait by Nell Wilson



Pears

100 GUINEAS FOR LOVELY PEARS BRIDES

Send details of your approaching marriage, enclosing a snapshot (which we will return) to "Pears Brides", Box 1590 G.P.O., Sydney. If you are selected as one of the ten Pears Brides of the Year, you will receive 10 guineas to help defray the cost of your wedding photographs.

From clear, pure Pears Soap... a clear smooth Pears skin



Interesting film PERSONALITIES

● **VIVECA LINDFORS**, Warners (above), plays leading roles in a succession of films, including "Night Unto Night," with Ronald Reagan and Broderick Crawford, and "Backfire," with Dane Clark. The charming Swedish actress also appears in "This Side of the Law," with Kent Smith.

● **JANE WYATT**, Warners (top right), distinguished recruit from the New York stage to the screen, co-stars with Gary Cooper, the fighting naval officer of "Task Force," a celluloid history of the United States Naval Air Force. Miss Wyatt plays the widow of a naval friend.

● **DOROTHY MALONE**, Warners (right), plays an unsympathetic part in "Colorado Territory," a Western starring Joel McCrea, but reverts to the pretty, romantic type of role in "One Sunday Afternoon," a remake of "Strawberry Blonde." In the latter film, Dorothy plays Olivia de Havilland's original characterisation.



They all lived
happily ever after . . .

THE bed-time story is ended and soon the sleepy little fellow is tucked safely into bed. Then with a final "Goo'night, Mummy and Daddy", he'll close his eyes and go to sleep. As you stand beside his cot do you ever wonder what the future holds for him? Do you hope he will achieve all the things you hoped to do, but somehow never did? Do you picture him making a greater success of his life than you have made of yours?

To turn such hopes into happy realities, much will depend on you, and how wisely you plan his life. It will depend also on whether you save the money necessary to give him a good start in life and to protect him from financial emergencies. Hundreds of thousands of wise parents throughout Australia are safeguarding the future of their children by making regular deposits to Commonwealth Savings Bank accounts.

If you are not doing this, call at the nearest Branch or Agency to-day. Open an account so that YOUR child may have the opportunity to succeed.

COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

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which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



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Don't let these eyes . . .



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For office workers in particular, nervous health depends on the care of the eyes. Rest them adequately. Seek professional advice as soon as you suspect serious trouble. Use Optrex to keep your eyes clean and fresh—and especially if you notice signs of styes, Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, inflammation—or just plain tiredness after a hard day.

Optrex
the EYE LOTION

O.14-6

Dirk Bogarde starred in first picture

By cable from BILL STRUTTON,
in London.

Not every leading man can tell a good story, or even a coherent one, about how he became a film star. Dirk Bogarde can.

He was passing London's tiny "Q" Theatre in a bus, and on an impulse hopped off, looked in, and asked for a job. They were so surprised backstage that they gave him a job boiling glue and making tea.

RECENTLY "So Long at the Fair," in which Dirk Bogarde co-starred opposite Jean Simmons, was released in London.

"And if that isn't the choicest assignment a man could wish for, you can put me back to boiling glue!" said Dirk.

Dirk is dark, bright-eyed, and lively. You can't become a star quicker than he did. He made it in his first-ever motion picture role, when a producer called Ian Dalrymple surprised the film world by casting him opposite Kathleen Ryan in "Esther Waters."

"Anybody who has just taken up golf and holed straightway in one will know how I feel about getting star billing in my first picture," he said.

Audience of actors

"ONLY two years ago I was one among hundreds of ex-service actors trying to make a come-back at the Reunion Theatre. I remember at my first audition how surprised I was to find an audience in the stalls and the circle—until I realised that they were all down for the audition, too. There were only three one-act plays being cast, and my luck was in."

"Soon after that I was chosen for a very showy part in a play called 'Power Without Glory' as a schizophrenic younger son. When the play was transferred from the outskirts to the West End of London I was plucked from it by Dalrymple, the producer, and set down, shivering in my boots, in front of the cameras at Pinewood."

"Only then did I find out how much there was to being a film star; how much more than just having your name printed over the title of the film."

"Seeing my first film 'rushes' gave me the horrors! When I confided all my fears to the director he just laughed and said that all newcomers were the same—they expect the camera to flatter their profiles."

"But it wasn't my profile that worried me. I was just plain bad. I honestly wanted to go back and learn the job of film acting in small parts. But it was too late. I was a star in spite of myself, and I just had to pick up what I could as I went along."

"I did a lot of mad over-acting and under-acting before I found from studying my 'rushes' of the day's filming what 'came over' well on the screen. I thought it was enough to sort of 'think' your part, to be natural, not to 'project' yourself over as you do on the stage. It wasn't. One must act a bit, even on the screen."

"My second film, 'Quartet,' wasn't such an ordeal, because the part was smaller and there were lots of big names in it to relieve me of the awful responsibility of stardom. But I still missed theatre audiences and



DIRK BOGARDE and Jean Simmons, who have long been firm friends, co-star in "So Long at the Fair," recently released in London. Here they are photographed attending a film premiere together.

the way you could 'feel' your way along in your parts, sensing their reactions.

"I was very glad of a chance to go back to the stage for a short while after filming in 'Once a Jolly Swagman,' the speedway film I made. The people at the 'Q,' where I got my first job boiling glue and calling 'quarters,' offered me a lead. It was the first time I had ever played comedy, and it helped me with 'Dear Mr. Prohack.'"

Varied roles

"NOW all the glory of my 'hole-in-one-stardom' is over I believe I'm settling down to learn film acting in the only dependable way. I'm doing plenty of it in a wide variety of parts."

"They gave me a holiday from romantic leads for a while with the role of a low and crafty Borstal reformatory boy in 'Boys in Brown,' and the part of a criminal who murders a policeman in Ealing's 'The Blue Lamp.'"

"When I'm not acting I try to profit by the experience of others—so I go off each week to the local cinema and watch the top stars doing their stuff. I am enraptured and awestruck. I don't watch out for the passion or the big emotional scenes."

"I want to know how they handle those little moments on the screen that matter—the crossing of a room in a long shot, taking off a pair of gloves."

"It's in commonplaces like these that they reveal a technique born only of experience and knowledge."

They prove you can't really be a star just like that—you have to work."

Life itself has equipped lanky Dirk Bogarde strangely well for a wide variety of roles.

His father is art editor of "The Times." His mother was an actress. Dirk spent a nomadic childhood, mostly on the Continent, then came to England and went through university studying painting, sculpture, languages, literature. At one time it seemed he might go into the Diplomatic Corps. He studied stage and film decor in Chelsea.

In the war Bogarde was an officer in Intelligence. When he landed in Normandy on D-Day he took along a box of water colors to paint the scenery. Two of his sketches—one on blotting-paper—have since been purchased by the British Museum.

Just when Major Bogarde was thinking about coming back to London and the stage, they packed him off to Burma to become A.D.C. to a general commanding a division. He filled in time by being editor of a Forces newspaper and chief British announcer for Java radio network.

But there's a lot more to 29-year-old Dirk Bogarde even than that. And it all equipped him to grab at his star without fumbling and dropping it when his sudden chance came.

Though he's modest—even uneasy about being a star, Bogarde is as excited as a schoolboy over some of the gifts that stardom has brought him—his new, sleek sports car, for instance, which he packs with as many studio workers as he can cram in on his way to work.

Highlight on the "Kangaroo" Service to London

ROME



SPEND HOURS OR DAYS IN THE "ETERNAL CITY"...
Enjoy many "extras" at no expense on this Sterling Route

WORLD famed centre of art and religion, storehouse of the world's cultural treasures, Rome, with its countless sights of natural and historical interest is yours to enjoy en route by the "Kangaroo" Service to England.

Here, in this city of the Seven Hills, are centuries-old monuments of the past . . . magnificent cathedrals, museums, hotels. See the wonders of Rome as our guest on a conducted tour. Or stop over for a while here, or at other ports-of-call, at no extra fare.

You can fly "express" in four days to London via the colourful East in air-conditioned comfort on this, the only Constellation route — and you have three restful night stops with first-class hotel accommodation included in your fare.

Enjoy expense-free conducted tours of Singapore and Cairo too. No currency problems, no change of aircraft. Superlative food — traditionally good service, aloft and aground.

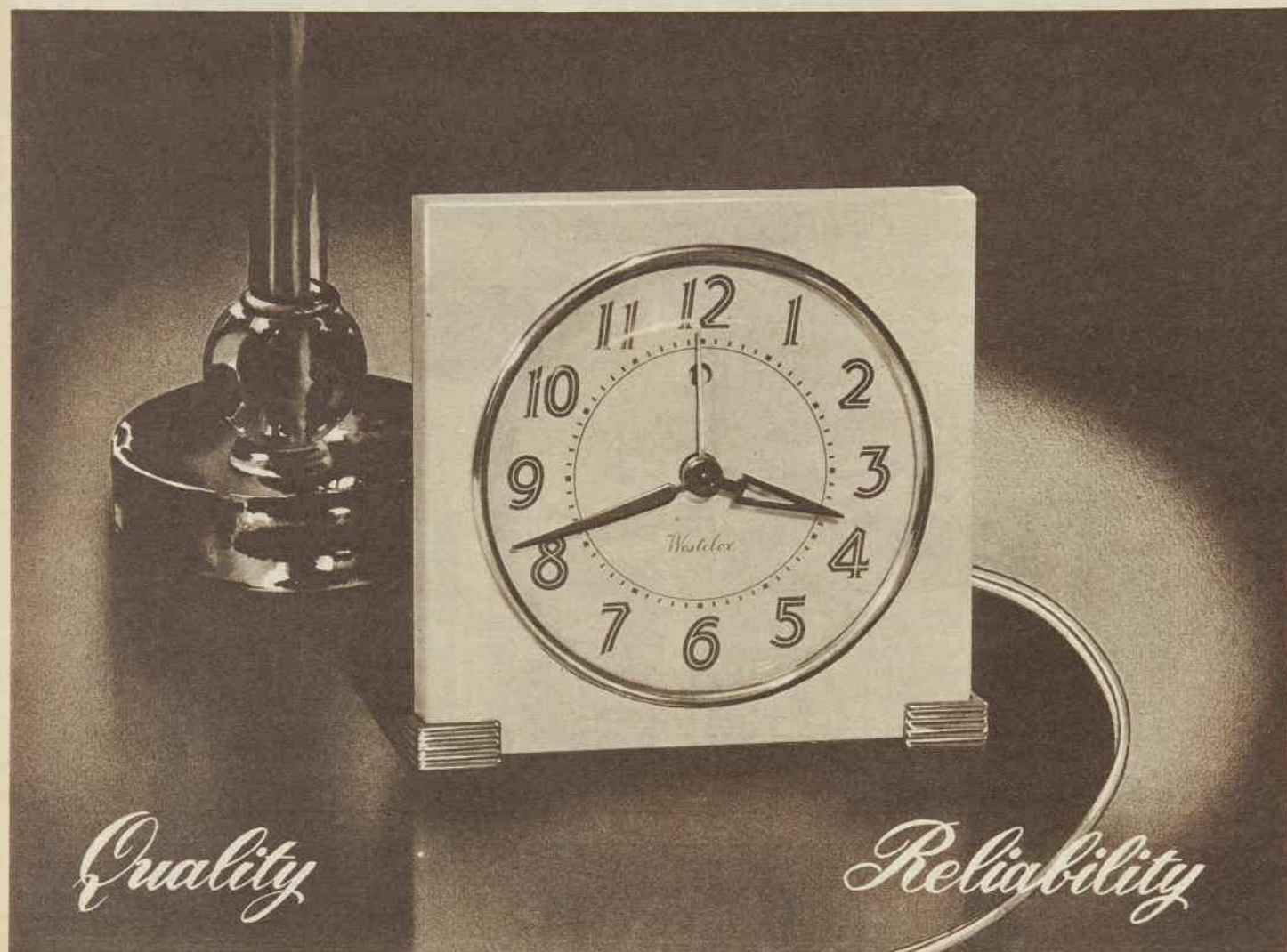
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Ivory and cream, £4/15/-. Ask to see this new Westclox electric alarm. At all good stores throughout Australia.



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CHARLIE CHAPLIN, the man, as he looks to-day, photographed with his wife, Oona, at New York's famous Stork Club, which is their favorite nightclub there. Paying his respects to the maestro is Charles Boyer.

Television brings Chaplin to new generation of fans

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Silver-haired, quietly-spoken Charles Spencer Chaplin has discovered the world still loves him. If he has made up his mind to make another picture, as now seems likely, television will be responsible in no small measure for his decision to do so.

Television outlet of NBC in Los Angeles, Station KNBH, one of half-a-dozen television stations serving Southern California, will be responsible for the comeback.

NOT long ago Charles Chaplin was given the unique opportunity of seeing himself on the screen of the television set in the library of his famous mansion at 1085 Summit Drive, Beverly Hills.

He was among thousands who saw the old Chaplin one-and-two-reelers, but while others wrote to programme director Robert Brown, he didn't.

The letters encouraged Brown to continue with his series of old Chaplin films.

All told, about forty old pictures were rented for television, none younger than a quarter century, and none older than thirty years. An old Chaplin fan, Brown got the idea as he was thinking of something "new" for a children's hour.

Hoping to get more, he launched the series rather recklessly, showing one and occasionally two on Mondays and Fridays.

The "funny man with the moustache," as some of the tots were soon to call him, would come on at 6.25, and hold the stage until 6.45.

More old Chaplin films were never located, and the 40 on station KNBH are about done with. But they have done their deed.

They have brought about a "discovery" of Chaplin by teenagers and small children who were born after his time, producing a flood of letters of appreciation.

The news of the phenomenon of Chaplin's television debut has spread, with the result that right now prints of these same Chaplin comedies are on the way to a dozen or so television stations throughout the country.

At this moment Chaplin is doing his antics, so funny and so sad, in a dozen American cities.

The other event which served to speed Chaplin's return to movie-

making was an experiment undertaken with a certain anxiety.

Early this year Chaplin ordered the re-issue of his old film "City Lights," and, since he is still one of the big-shots at United Artists, the picture duly reached Broadway and opened at the Globe Theatre on Times Square.

Eight weeks later the twenty-year-old film, having earned an estimated 160,000 dollars, moved into the ultra-modern Paris Theatre on Fifth Avenue for a prolonged stay.

"City Lights" success

THE outstanding success of the film, the acclaim it received from critics and public alike, the prospect of a possibly unlimited engagement at the second house, specialising in marathon runs, must have given Chaplin the proof he was after—that America willingly accepts him as the great actor he is. "City Lights" will be released in

Australia by United Artists this year.

"Footlights" is the picture Chaplin is supposed to make, but the important point is . . . when?

He planned to start shooting last spring, but every month following brought some sort of postponement.

It is the classic story of the clown who had lost the gift of provoking laughter, and if the story has been told many times by life itself around the circus the world over it has rarely been presented to an audience.

In a way, "Footlights" is going to be a crowning masterpiece, and possibly Charles Chaplin's swan song.

Joseph Cotten, a fanatical admirer of the world's clowns, who has acquired a deep knowledge and understanding of the circus, told me the other day that Chaplin's picture will be it. The greatest of them all.

How does he know?

"Because," he replied, "Chaplin has painstakingly studied the technique of every known clown of the present and the past of two continents. He can imitate Groucho or the Fratellini brothers, and the rest to perfection."

One day Cotten watched Chaplin interpret the art of each of the clowns he has studied.

"When he was through," Cotten says, "it was as though I had just seen and felt all these men through time and space, and then returned to reality from a world of magic. It was uncanny."



A NEW GENERATION meets, and acclimates, Charlie Chaplin, its television discovery. Chaplin's film televised over station KNBH when this photo was taken was "Property Man," a 30-year-old one-reeler.

Does your bath
gleam
like this?



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THAT'S *fast! easy! safe!*

Don't blame yourself if your bath doesn't sparkle—even after you've scrubbed and scrubbed. Blame your cleanser! Then try grit-free Bon Ami—it really cleans—and polishes as it cleans. Leaves no dulling scratches to hold on to dirt. It's safe for hands, too. Test Bon Ami Powder or Cake on your bath and sink—and see the difference it makes!

BON AMI

"hasn't scratched yet!"



Warm with lovely colour and shining like satin . . . your lips are tantalizing when your lipstick is by Cashmere Bouquet! From the lovely creamy texture of Cashmere Bouquet, your lips take on a silken-smoothness, as irresistibly fresh as the dew on a flower. Super-indelible Cashmere Bouquet lipstick makes a lover, kissable you! Ask a man!

Dream Rose • Medium
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Rouge to match each colour

Lipstick: Large 3/4"
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Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetics also include Face Powder, Cake Make-Up, Talcum, Conditioning Lotion, Powder Nose & Beauty Creams with the fragrances you love.

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Vital health and new astounding energy can be yours with a daily dose of R.U.R. R.U.R. stimulates the system, awakens every cell of the human organism which says your energy. Start yourself on the way to REAL HEALTH. Buy a 2 1/2" packet of ready-to-take R.U.R. from your chemist to-day. "TAKE R.U.R. AND BEAT YOUR AGE."

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* Bare Shoulder "bra"
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by moonlight... by sunlight
you're so much lovelier with a
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* "Youthlyne" foundation
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Lucky you, beautiful you—with spring in your heart and a "Youthlyne" by Berlei in your favourite shop!

Your "Youthlyne" will mould you gently but firmly into a new springtime loveliness—accentuating graceful lines and finding young curves you had almost forgotten. With your "Youthlyne" a Berlei Bra of course—for the new sweetly-revealing frocks, a Berlei "Bare Shoulder" Bra as shown here. Yes, Berlei and spring go hand in hand.

At all good stores everywhere.

"Youthlyne" by Berlei

ALWAYS ASK FOR A PERSONAL FITTING



1 INTERVIEW with producer about screenplay goes awry for Joe Gillis (William Holden). A reader, Betty Schaefer (Nancy Olson), tells Joe his story is unsuitable.



2 ENTERING grandiose house he believes empty to escape pursuing debt collectors, Joe meets owner Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson), once-famous silent film star now become real neurotic.



3 SCRIPT written by Norma Joe finds hopeless, but he hasn't heart to tell her. Living in house, she dominates him.

SUNSET BOULEVARD

PARAMOUNT'S "Sunset Boulevard" is a modern-day drama of the frustrations, the ambitions, the romances, and the tragedies of a small group of people living in Hollywood.

It concerns a young, disillusioned and broke screenwriter; the fiftyish one-time screen queen who falls in love with him and dreams of a come-back; a former famed director who is the ex-star's devoted servant; and a bright-eyed studio story analyst who also loves the writer.

The story opens in a morgue, tells in one long flashback why and how these tangled lives led to murder.

The large supporting cast includes such interesting personalities as Cecil B. DeMille, Buster Keaton, H. B. Warner, and Anna Q. Nilsson.



4 HORRIFIED to discover Norma loves him, Joe tells Max (Erich von Stroheim) plan to move to friend's house.



5 SUICIDE attempt by Norma makes Joe cancel plans to work with Betty. He returns to apathetic life. Then Norma is politely brushed off by studio.



6 MEETINGS with Betty to collaborate on possible story bring hysterical reproaches when Norma finds out. Young couple recognise mutual love and interests, but Joe feels trapped by whole unsatisfactory situation.



7 FRENZIED by realisation that Joe is leaving her after a showdown in which he brings Betty to the house and reveals true story, Norma kills him as he walks to gate.



8 POSTURING actress, now quite demented, takes arresting policeman and reporters for fans and walks down staircase to face newsreel cameras convinced she is about to begin scene with DeMille.

Water Baby Grows Up



Lovely Ann Sauter, daughter of famous swimmers Alex and Alma, is now a registered swimming coach herself—the youngest in Victoria! In again, out again, all the year round—but no goosepimples for Ann. Here's what she says: "I don't give the cold a chance to creep up on me. After a session in the pool, I know there's a steaming hot cup of Bonox waiting in the dressing-room. It keeps me going even in the chilliest weather." Keep the cold out with the concentrated goodness of beef-rich Bonox. There's nothing like it for chasing the shivers. Keep your head above the "flu line. Eat and drink Bonox for a 1-1-1-1."

808

Especially in Winter

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Smooth, velvety Nivea puts back into the skin vital elements dried out by cold, wind and water... keeps it soft, supple, youthful. The only creme containing "Eucerite," a substance closely resembling the skin's natural oils, it nourishes, protects, beautifies. Get Nivea to-day—use it every day.

Soothes chapped, rough skin
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"Nivea" and "Eucerite" are regd. trade marks. In the familiar blue-and-white tin, 2/4, at all chemists and stores—and in handy tubes, 1/3.

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"Who is she?"

She can be YOU. Because that's what men and women so often ask about the girl who uses new Sta-Blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than give her hair amazing richness and depth of colour (even to the dullest shades) they make it MORE SHINY, RADIANT—and her GLAMOROUS. You, too, can be a "hit" personality.

Won't you just try Sta-blond if you're fair or Brunitex if you're dark? Do it tonight—see what your friends say tomorrow!



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FOR FAIR HAIR FOR DARK HAIR
make you prettier

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Colour Harmonies

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How wonderful they are...

Pelaco

Pastel Tones

You'll waltz with an air of personal pride in one of these classic "Pastel Tone" shirts by Pelaco. Striking a new theme in clothes-harmony, these handsome shirts echo the same fine quality that is the keynote of every product of Pelaco.

'It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!'



ACTIVITIES of FAITH HOLMES, leader of a powerful feminist movement, become a menace to ERIC OSTBERGH, oil magnate, his wife, CHRISTINE, and their associates, HOMER SWEET, advertising agent, and HARVEY JESSUP. They plan to blackmail her on the grounds of a report that Sweet has compiled about her.

In the course of this, Faith's earlier life is revealed in flashback . . .

A child of humble origin, she forms an early friendship with MARK HOLMES, grandson of wealthy EBEN HOLMES.

After a brilliant school career, Faith works for VREST MACKLIN, editor of the local paper, "The Observer." Others in her life include WINONA KRAUS, a schoolmate, and STEVE PRINGLE, also of "The Observer."

She and Mark plan to marry, and because her mother bitterly opposes this they elope, causing her mother a mental breakdown. The marriage is happy, but as time goes on Faith finds increasing differences between Mark and herself. She is puzzled by his intense annoyance over her association with MADELINE TROUT, wife of the big industrialist, LEWIS TROUT.

Now read on—

PART 2

SHORTLY before Thanksgiving, Mark and Faith had a surprise visit from Phillip Latham, a friend of Mark's student days in Paris.

"I'm Phillip Latham, an old pal of Mark's," he introduced himself casually to Faith. Then he whistled: "And you're the bride. Mark once described you, but I realise now how limited his vocabulary was."

Phillip didn't need to be coaxed to make himself at home. "I like it here," he said disarmingly. "I like you both, my friends."

Phillip considered sleep a sorry waste of time. His day was a series of Scotchies or martinis, yet Faith never saw him really drunk.

"Have you ever really stayed completely sober?" she asked curiously. "Being on the wagon violates all rules of etiquette," he said, shuddering, "like being caught nekkid in public."

Phillip couldn't understand why Mark buried himself in the gloomy ancient office.

Hear This Woman!

"Do you like it, Mark?"

"No!"

"Then for Pete's sake, why do it?" Mark shrugged. "To please my grandfather."

"You're too noble."

Sitting with Faith before the sitting-room fire one afternoon, Phillip said: "Faith, you know you're really two people. Yourself—and the girl Mark wants you to be."

She lifted her brows.

"I'm not kidding. Mark has set up the image of his dream girl—and you're making yourself over to fit the mould. Or maybe he's making you over. I can't quite decide."

She wouldn't discuss Mark even with his friend.

"Let's not talk about Mark and me," she said restlessly. "It's your turn . . ."

He put his arm carelessly at the back of the Chippendale sofa. "Now, you're about to tell me I can make some nice girl very happy."

"What's wrong with that?"

He lit a cigarette, with a quick, impatient gesture.

"Same thing that's wrong with marriage. You tell me how two people can stand up at an altar and promise to be faithful forever? How the heck can they see what's around the corner?" A spark of genuine interest illuminated his face.

"Okay, a guy falls for a cute little blonde number. He swears to love her all his life. At that moment, he means it! But can he help it if after a couple of years he sees the dark roots in her hair . . ."

"Phillip, you're horrid."

"Nuts. I'm just honest. If nature means you to be faithful, why does she put temptation in your path?" He got up indolently. "That calls for a drink. Where's the Scotch?"

He was grave the morning of his departure from St. Croix; grave, for the first time. He stared intently at Faith and Mark, coming into the great hall, their arms linked.

"You kids have got something," he said. "I think it's bound to last."

The day after Christmas, Faith received another call from Madeline Trout. Madeline said quite firmly, as if she and Faith were old friends, "My dear, you and your husband cannot go into retirement for life! You've been married a year—and you haven't stepped out. Everyone's anxious to meet you. I'm giving a party in your honor. At the Country Club. On New Year's Eve. I've already invited dozens of people, so you cannot refuse, my dear."

"You're very kind," Faith said helplessly. "I'm not sure . . ."

"But it's all settled!"

She refrained from telling Mark as long as she could, and when finally she related the conversation to him, Mark said, just as she had feared, "Well, I'm glad you didn't accept."

"But I did, darling. I couldn't help it. I was on a spot—she'd already asked the others."

"She might have consulted us first." He switched on the new radio and she waited unhappily for his

decision. "I suppose we'll have to go. But we really have nothing in common with that crowd."

"Mrs. Trout is eager to be friendly."

Mark was frowning. He said dryly, "It's not because of your personality, I'm afraid. Most likely because of grandfather. They're awful snobs."

Faith listened, but his words made no real impression. She was determined to go to the party, to meet the town's social set.

New Year's Eve, she dressed painstakingly in the new frock Mark had chosen for her; a white crepe sheath so simple she considered it too plain. She replaced her mother's tarnished gold locket with the magnificent string of pearls once belonging to Mark's grandmother, which Eben had given her at Christmas.

"Do I look all right?" she asked nervously.

"Stunning."

"I hope the others think so."

"Does it matter what others think? I like you."

She sighed and put her hands to the pearls. "These should fortify my morale. I'm scared silly."

Mark looked sorry for her.

"Faith," he said, "you're better than the best of them. And don't you ever forget it, funny face!"

A half hour later she wondered what she had been nervous about. They entered the warm, crowded foyer, and were directed to the Circus Room, where Mrs. Trout rushed at them.

"Keep back!" the policeman ordered as Faith tried to force her way through to the burning building.

"My dears, how perfectly sweet of you; Mr. Holmes—I'm going to call you Mark—we're all very informal here—I'm going to take your beautiful wife and introduce her to everyone."

Madeline Trout was a small, animated woman in her early thirties. Her hennaed hair lay in a feather bob on her heavy skull.

She turned, seizing her husband by the arm. "Faith, my dear, this is the Better Half. I should warn you, he is crazy for brides!"

Lewis Trout greeted Faith so enthusiastically that she looked around, embarrassed, hoping Mark wouldn't notice. Fortunately he was nowhere in sight.

Trout took her possessively by the arm and led her over to the smart young socialites of St. Croix, huddled at one long table: The Alexis Jenkins', of the Midwest Auto Body Company, two thin, intense young people; the John Norcrofts, of Norcroft Gypsum; and several others.

"You're sitting at my table," Trout said with relish. "We don't allow husbands and wives to sit together—Club Rule. Now, honey, you take a martini and relax. Don't worry about friend hubby. If I know the gals, he'll be well taken care of!"

Faith accepted a cocktail and looked about for Mark. Finally she spied him at Mrs. Trout's table.

She tried valiantly to enter into the spirit of the festivities. After all, the party was being given for her. Yet she felt uneasy, and as she and Lewis Trout presently danced past Mark's table, she made a move toward him.

Lewis snatched her away. "No, no," he chided. "No car do."

They danced a few more steps, then Mr. Jenkins cut in.

"Look," Faith said desperately, "I have a husband here. If you don't mind, I'd like to dance with him."

"It isn't done," Mr. Jenkins said, shocked. "The ideas you have, Mrs. Holmes!"

By BEN and ANN PINCHOT

Please turn to page 58

Page 57



Dental Research Indicates You Can Help
**Prevent
 Tooth Decay**
 With **COLGATE**
**Ammoniated
 Tooth Powder**

Colgate's New Dentifrice Gets Teeth
 Remarkably Clean . . . Has a Delightful
 Minty Flavour Children Love!

- 3 Definite Benefits
 To Help Prevent
 Tooth Decay
1. Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder helps neutralize destructive mouth acids, considered by many dental authorities a leading cause of tooth decay.
 2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, Leucococcus Acidophilus, in the mouth.
 3. It helps dissolve and remove from teeth gritty film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

COLGATE
Ammoniated Tooth Powder
 With a Flavour the Whole Family Enjoy
 BIG TIN ONLY 3/-

Woman, aged 98, praises Potter's Fematone

Read what Mrs. E.R. has to say:—
 "After a severe illness recently I was advised to try Potter's Fematone as a tonic. It has proved most effective in restoring energy and stimulating appetite. I am 98 years of age and can heartily recommend Potter's Fematone to older people who are feeling run down."
 (Sgd.) Mrs. E.R.*

A MODERN TONIC FOR WOMEN ONLY

Potter's Fematone is for all women—not just the old or the young, but for women of all ages.
 Potter's Fematone is new—developed by scientists whose lifework has been the study of Woman. Potter's Fematone contains 28 important ingredients—including vitamins, liver extract, iron—is splendid for run-down, nervy conditions, for anaemia and convalescence after operations. It is the one tonic that has regard for a woman's special needs. Many women are deriving great benefit from Potter's Fematone; undoubtedly it will help you, too.

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POTTER'S
fematone
 THE MODERN TONIC FOR WOMEN OF ALL AGES

6/6 PER BOTTLE
 OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS



*Out of consideration for the writers, the Distributors of Potter's Fematone do not publish names and addresses of those who write testimonials, but the originals can readily be inspected at the Head Office.
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IN a moment Lewis Trout was beside Faith again demanding his turn. Desperately she signalled to Mark. Why didn't he come to her rescue?

But Mark was unresponsive. Sitting in a corner, he reflected he had been to plenty of parties, but never to a brawl like this. He was conscious of a babble of voices . . .

Come on out to my car, I've got some real stuff there. . . . Swell joint in New York. Fifty-second Street. Bar's an aquarium. . . . Honey, let's get outa here. Okay, but what about your wife? . . . This man Coolidge may be a sourpuss, but he's sure pepped up the country. Prosperity's here to stay. . . . So they bought a castle in Germany for the price of a mink . . .

Mark spent the next hour in the deserted billiard room, smoking one cigarette after another. From behind the closed door, he heard the muted laughter of the merry-makers. What am I doing here, he wondered. He looked at the watch strapped to his wrist. At midnight he meant to find Faith. It would be just a year that they'd pledged their love. Thinking of it, he felt better. With a faint smile on his lips, he returned to the Circus Room.

As he approached Faith's table, he saw Lewis Trout lift his glass in a toast. "Let's drink to the beautiful Mrs. Holmes—a most welcome addition to our little circle!"

The lights went out. After the first hush, there was a burst of hysterical laughter. When the chandelier bulbs flicked on again, Mark saw Lewis Trout ostentatiously move away from Faith. Suddenly he was filled with a cold deadly anger.

"Faith, get your things!" he ordered brusquely. "We're leaving."

"But, Mark . . ."

The others stared, outraged. A wet blanket, a sportsport, running out just as the fun was beginning! He made no answer. He turned and strode out. Faith flushed, but without hesitation she picked up her bag and followed him. As they plunged into the darkness, the poignant strains of "Auld Lang Syne" followed them.

The inside of the roadster was black. Mark said nothing and her spirits were thoroughly dampened by his grim silence. She turned her head. "Mark."

He kept his gaze on the dark road ahead.

"Mark, why are you cross? You know those people mean nothing to me. It was all in the spirit of good fun. Lewis and his wife . . ."

"They're nothing but a couple of alley cats! It made me sick to see how you fell for them!"

"I didn't fall for them!" she cried, thinking. He should be pleased at the fuss they made over me. "Mark, I believe you're jealous."

"Is that all you can see about this whole business?"

"Yes, darling. Because it looks to me as if you're making a big fuss over nothing at all."

Suddenly, the thought made her nervous. For she realised that although she and Mark loved each other, they were two different entities. This revelation disturbed her profoundly, and it was dawn before she fell asleep.

"New Year's Day," Faith turned her head from the pillow and met Mark's glance.

"Oh, darling," she cried, "I'm sorry I was such a fool last night!"

He grinned. "Forget it."

They went down to breakfast in their robes. Sitting opposite him Faith traced his features with a surge of renewed affection. She sighed contentedly. "You're such a nice husband."

"You didn't think so last night."

"Oh, that." She shrugged it off, hoping he would forget about it.

"Faith," he persisted, "did you like the party?"

She was suddenly wary, afraid that her honest reply would infuriate him. Yet she could not deny the party

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 57

had made an impression on her. For the first time since their marriage, she measured the confines of their life and found them stifling.

"Mark, what do we do now?" He yawned. "I'm going back to bed."

"I was talking about the Trouts, darling." She was too impatient for tact. "Shouldn't we ask them for dinner? To return their kindness?" Mark finished his coffee. "If we never see those people again, it'll be too soon for me."

She didn't dare tell him that the Trouts had asked them to join the Country Club. She knew what his answer would be.

The change crept up imperceptibly, insidiously, like the mists over the lake which obliterated the cliffs and yet left the general conformation.

Faith was now the young mistress of the house. She learned to do the marketing, she went over the weekly menus with Mrs. Hanrahan, she checked the accounts, and generally acquitted herself well. Eben was pleased with her.

But she was young, energetic, ambitious, and she had too much leisure on her hands. And Mark was away all day.

"Mark, do you mind if I join several of the women's organisations?" she asked.

"You're apt to get pretty bored."

"Not any more than I get staying at home," she said. "I'd like to do something. I get so restless."

She needs children, Mark thought again. There was still no sign of a pregnancy, and although Faith fretted, Dr. Savage did not seem too disturbed.

"By all means, find some new interests," he said.

EARLY in the spring, under the sponsorship of Mrs. Alexis Jenkins and Mrs. Lewis Trout, Faith was initiated into the fashionable Book and Garden Club, whose members were the wives of the young business executives of St. Croix. Most of the women were in their late twenties and early thirties.

Just as Mark had prophesied, Faith found the meetings dull, but she refused stubbornly to admit it. However, she made a friend in Mrs. Alexis Jenkins, a slim, dark, hard young woman with a tart tongue and a contemptuous estimation of her clubmates.

"All that Holmes dough," she said to Faith, "and you don't take advantage of it. I wish I were in your boots, baby. I'd show the world how to have fun!"

Recently, Faith had got in the habit of having a martini before dinner with Mark and smoking a cigarette with her coffee. At Mrs. Jenkins' suggestion, she took to wearing black, which was not a becoming color, and she interspersed her conversation with the current catch phrases that were fashionable among the Book and Garden Club members until Mark started teasing her about it.

"And what have you," he would repeat. "Faith, I'd rather you stuck to your old habit of not finishing a sentence than to hear you end every one with 'or what have you.'"

After a while, Faith learned to be diplomatic. Knowing how bored he was with the Trouts, the Jenkins', the Wiltons, she entertained them only at luncheons or cocktails.

Unlike Mark, old Eben Holmes encouraged her new interests.

"You can't stifle her," he said to Mark. "An energetic girl like Faith must have some outlets."

In July, Mr. Pauley, general manager of the Holmes Lumber Company, was rushed to the hospital for a serious abdominal operation. His recovery was slow, and the bulk of his duties fell on Mark's unwilling shoulders.

Since it was Eben Holmes' wish that his grandson ultimately take over the business, he saw to it that Mark's training was thorough. Nevertheless, after two years' apprenticeship, Mark detested more than ever the musty offices and the obsolete procedure with which Pauley, and his assistants, Feenan and Gibbs, serviced the organisation.

Recently at a luncheon at the Lake Shore Grill, which he attended at Pauley's request, he met the new engineer for Wolverine Motors.

Allan Griswold was a small, slight young man with sad brown eyes, a vague, shy manner, and a brilliant brain. In a brief, halting speech, he visualised the future of the aeroplane and stressed the importance of its engine.

Mark was so impressed that afterwards he went to Griswold.

"I was very much interested in your talk," he said. "And I wondered if perhaps we couldn't lunch together some time."

"I'd be delighted." They met the following week for an agreeable and stimulating hour during which Mark learned that Griswold had been graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with highest honors. He had been working for a Detroit automobile firm, when Zeb Whiting, president of Wolverine, made him a better offer.

"A project I'm really hepped up about," he added, "is an engine I've been tinkering with. An aeroplane engine."

"I'd like to hear about it," Mark said.

Allan Griswold was living at the Lake Shore while he hunted for a suitable house so his wife, Joyce, could join him the following month.

Returning to the Holmes office, Mark thought enviously. What a fortunate fellow Griswold is—to know where he's bound for, and to go about his journey so expeditiously. . . .

Late one afternoon in mid-August Winona Kraus approached the iron gates of the Holmes place.

Since Faith's marriage, Winona hadn't seen her more than three or four times, and then by accident—at the Fashion Shop, in Burnside's Drugstore, at the band concert in Holmes Park. Each time Faith had been cordial enough, but it was apparent to Winona she was ducking her old friends.

But when Faith came into the room the pert greeting she had planned died on Winona's childish lips. Was this the girl she had known, or a stranger born to these surroundings?

"It's good to see you, Winnie." Even the way she spoke antagonised Winona, and she decided it wouldn't be such a bad idea to remind Faith of her antecedents.

"My mother was speaking of your folks this morning, Faith. She wondered how your mother is getting along?"

"About the same," Faith said tonelessly.

"Gosh, that's tough on you!" And then, having delivered her barb, Winona abruptly changed the subject. "I just had to come and tell you my good news, Faith. You know, I've been taking voice lessons with a new teacher in Great Falls. Well, he says with my voice and my looks, I should get into the musical-comedy field without any trouble. Can you imagine?"

"That's wonderful, Winnie," Faith said.

"You haven't heard the most exciting part. My teacher used to live in New York—and he'd send his star pupils to John Murray Anderson. For his Greenwich Village Folies. So I'm going to New York with a letter to Mr. Anderson."

She already saw her name in lights. "I've got my stage name picked out, too, Winnie Cross."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 19, 1950

MARK came in then from the office, and Winona related the entire story again. "If a girl gets a job with Mr. Anderson," she said happily, "there's no telling how far she can go."

She lingered, hoping to be asked for dinner. But finally she just had to get up. "Mark," she said, not without malice, "it's really to your credit that Faith has settled down. I always figured that when I lit out for the big city, Faith would be right alongside of me."

Mark smiled. "I sometimes thought so myself," he said.

As they dressed for dinner that night, Faith said, "I never thought of you and her words trailed off."

"Finish your sentence," Mark grinned. "What didn't you think?"

"That Winnie would finally make it. I suppose New York is the dream of every small-town girl."

"Including yourself? Faith, do you miss your job at 'The Observer'?"

"Darling," she said, "it isn't that I love 'The Observer' less, but you a lot more."

That should have satisfied Mark. But somehow it didn't.

That autumn, Faith and Mark saw a good deal of the Griswolds. Since a strong friendship had developed between the men, the wives were inevitably thrown together. Joyce was not the companion she would have chosen, but Faith was pleasant to her for Mark's sake.

Joyce Griswold was of medium height and frame, but in contrast to Allan's slightness she seemed overpowering. It was impossible for her to join in an intelligent conversation, and while the rest of them talked and argued, she found refuge in knitting. Her smug display of wifely virtue irritated Faith.

"After all," she exploded to Mark, "Joyce isn't the only woman so devoted to her husband." She smiled. "I'm not doing so badly myself."

For on their third anniversary, she found she was pregnant.

CONTINUATION OF HOMER SWEET'S REPORT ON FAITH HOLMES

Fourth Year of Marriage. Sudden return to Vrest Macklin's paper, "The Observer." Reason. Her disappoint-

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 58

ment in Eben Holmes' will, which left bulk of fortune to town. Persuaded Mark Holmes to dispose of family lumber business, and embark on fresh venture.

Here first indication of her talent for mischief. Tried to break up his friendship with young inventor, Allan Griswold.

(Source. Joyce Griswold, wife of Mark Holmes' partner in the now flourishing Holmes-Griswold plant, part of Wolverine Motors.)

Note: Important angle on rabble-rousing. First indications of her potentialities as rabble-rouser. Used minor accident in Trout Celluloid plant as means.

Important. Lewis Trout willing to be of help to us, any time. Charmed ageing Vrest Macklin into sponsoring her newspaper column. Beginnings also of her talent for attacking reputable institutions and respectable people—for personal publicity.

Mark Holmes broke, ill, on the verge of despondency when she deserted him for greener pastures.

Her affair with Phillip Latham, heir to Latham Flour Mills, started at this time. Latham, Mark Holmes' best friend. Double cross.

Special Note: Use her behaviour with Mark Holmes in campaign against her.

Early New York Years. Met Corrigan at Democratic convention. Used him mercilessly to get ahead in New York.

(Source. Steve Pringle, who was with them at convention.)

First job in New York with magazine. Fired.

Returned broke to St. Croix. Discovered Mark Holmes in the money again. Tried to make him. Failed. (Source. Joyce Griswold.)

Second job with "Alliance for the Advancement of Women in Politics." Fired.

Testimony of Mrs. Reynolds, president of organisation: "We refused to become the front for her lust for power."

Wangled a trip to the Palm Beach home of the Lathams.

(Important. What happened there prior to Phillip Latham's death?)

The news was a tonic for Eben's failing strength.

"A great-grandson," he mused. "What more can any man hope for?"

The following months were among the most perfect of their married life. Mark was almost comically devoted, Eben equally solicitous.

They talked about how they would bring up their child. He would be part of them. He would never suffer the indignities which had plagued their childhood. He would be loved, understood, wanted.

LATE in March, Miss Smith of "The Observer" telephoned.

"Faith, Steve Pringle's leaving us to work for the Rentschler Syndicate in Detroit. The staff's giving him a farewell party. He asked especially that you come. Do bring your husband, too."

Listening to Miss Smith's warm friendly voice, Faith was back in the dusty cluttered office, the smell of printer's ink perfume in her nostrils, the thud of the linotype machine music in her ears.

"Of course we'll come. I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

She couldn't wait to tell Mark. "It'll be a change for me, darling," she said.

"Where's it going to be?" he asked, shedding his heavy blue coat.

"At the Fishery. To-morrow night. You don't mind, darling? I mean, this isn't like going out with the Trouts."

"I'll be glad to go if it makes you happy, Faith."

She hugged him. "I'm really looking forward to it."

Rain fell all the next day, a cold nasty rain. She hoped it would let up, for Mark would never consent to her going out in such beastly weather. By late afternoon, the clouds did lift, the sky shone bright and clear, and a wind came up. She put on a warm light-blue woolen frock, and waited impatiently for Mark's arrival.

Mark kissed her. "How's Little Puck to-day?"

"Couldn't be better!"

She tagged upstairs after him.

"Let's not stay too late," he suggested casually.

"Of course not, darling, I'll be in bed by eleven."

The evening turned out to be pleasant enough, even for Mark. Vrest Macklin was missing from the festivities, but the rest of the staff were there and effusively pleased to see Faith again.

"The place hasn't been the same without you," Steve Pringle said sorrowfully. "No shoulder to lean on, no chum to share a hamburger with. That's why I'm getting out, honey. Some guys rush off to Africa to get over an unrequited love. Me, I go to Rentschler."

"Steve, be serious for a moment. Are you sure you're doing the right thing?"

"Positive." His handsome face, crowned with bushy red hair, was suddenly scornful and vindictive. "I'll be making twice as much dough for one thing. And I won't have to take any more of the Great Humanitarian's contempt!"

Steve hated his boss. She had never realised it before. This was his means of retaliation. For to lose an employee to Rentschler was a great blow to Vrest's principles.

There was much wine with the dinner, much laughter and many toasts, in which Faith joined enthusiastically. But by ten o'clock, the shadows of fatigue darkened her glowing eyes, and Mark said quite firmly they must leave. Politely they shook hands with Steve, who was a little drunk now, and went out to the car.

"Tired?" Mark asked.

"Not a bit. It was fun," she added, as he tucked a lap robe over her. "Really, darling, we should be seeing more people."

He drove along the unlighted dock with extra caution, to avoid the slippery car tracks. "This glare ice is tricky," he worried.

AS he turned at the Ferry Slip Mark was forced to swerve in order to miss a switch. The car skidded wildly over the frozen rut, struck a stanchion with a jolting impact, lurched, and stalled.

In a daze, Faith saw Mark had flung out his arm to protect her from the windshield.

"Faith! Faith—are you all right?"

She stared at him blankly. His words seemed to be coming from a great distance.

"What a scare!" he said, taking her hand in his. "You sure you're okay, Faith?"

She roused herself. "Of course, darling. Don't be upset. I was just confused for the moment."

Fortunately he was able to start the car again. By the time they reached home, Faith appeared, to his relief, perfectly normal. He watched over her anxiously until she fell asleep. What an escape, he reflected. At four in the morning, she awakened suddenly.

"Mark." She clutched him arm. "Mark!"

He was instantly awake.

"Call the doctor," she whispered. "Something's terribly wrong."

Mark and the doctor were standing in the white corridor of the hospital, just outside her door. Three days had passed since she had been rushed to the operating room, but Mark was still in a highly emotional state of mind. He had almost lost Faith.

The thought of it brought icy terror to his heart. The realisation that she was finally out of danger compensated for the loss of the child.

"It has been a great blow to her," Dr. Savage said. "But she'll get over it in time. She's an intelligent girl."

Mark longed to believe him. She'd get over it—if she didn't wear herself into a nervous breakdown in the meantime.

"If I hadn't insisted on going," she had moaned, when she came out of the ether. "If Steve weren't going away, if the streets weren't slippery. If..."

Please turn to page 60



"COME IN Aunt Jenny

... and see what a boon Velvet is in my home!"

greeted Mrs. G. Boland, charming young mother of three, when Aunt Jenny visited her at her home at 37 Halley Street, Fivedock. Mrs. Boland declared that Velvet was invaluable in the house for any young housewife.

(Original letter on our files)

"Just to show you how Velvet keeps precious things, this lovely handmade blouse—a treasured gift—is over 50 years old! See how dainty it is. If Velvet can look after it like that all these years, no wonder it's the kindest soap to your hands."

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer



"Have you really had this snowy white pillow case since your marriage?" exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes," replies Mrs. Boland proudly. "And these sheets, too. Velvet's proved to be really economical for me!"



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with alkali, inferior lather. And look how these weary, willy wavs leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed, yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes too!



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MARK begged despairingly, "No recriminations, Faith. This is the way it had to be." Tears filled her eyes. She turned her head away. "But we waited so long! Three years!"

He wanted to console her, to say, "My darling, we will have other children." But remembering the odd expression on the doctor's face, he was silent.

Faith was still very weak when she went home from hospital, and very listless in the ensuing weeks.

Spring came. The lilac hedges were weighed down with blossoms ripe as clusters of grapes. The earth was preening under the advances of the sun.

There was no spring in Faith's heart.

Summer came, and dragged on monotonously. Gradually, her health was returning. She and Mark took long walks, went swimming, read to each other, listened to new recordings. But her old sparkle was missing.

Mark, acutely sensitive to her moods, recognised the deep-seated turmoil. He took her in his arms and said, "Faith, you mustn't forget that we're two against the world. Together, we can lick any problem." But she smiled evasively and turned away.

Neither of them mentioned the hope uppermost in their minds. Another child . . .

Then one afternoon Faith paid a visit to Dr. Savage. When she returned home she went directly to her room and locked the door. By the time she came down to dinner she was composed once more, and she even managed to smile and joke a little. But both Mark and old Eben sensed a change in her.

In July, when Joyce Griswold smugly announced that she was pregnant, Faith went to the drawer in the mahogany chest and took out the expensive and unused layette.

After the last visit of Dr. Savage she knew she would not be needing it again. Ever.

In August Eben Holmes suffered a stroke. His power of speech was stricken, the right side of his body paralysed. He lay immobile in his old-fashioned walnut bed in the cool, darkened room, unable to communi-

cate with the world, but keenly aware of all activity about him—Dr. Savage, the nurses, Mark and Faith. Faith spent all her time with Eben, relieving the nurses, giving them extra time off. She read to him from the books he loved, *Thorou* and *Emerson* and *Carlyle*. She had the vicrolite brought in, and she played his favorite Bach fugues.

She saw to it that the vases by his bedside were filled with fresh asters and chrysanthemums from the cutting garden. By means of a pencil and pad and some sign language, she worked out a way of communicating with him.

She prayed fervently that his life would be spared. For he was the durable link in her life with Mark.

"He is improving," she assured Mark, when he returned home from the office one day. "He seems to show more interest. I can tell."

Following a custom they had now established, Faith and Mark had their dinner at a small table in Eben's bedroom. He was propped up against the pillows, watching them, his gaze lucid and content. Impulsively, Faith jumped up and kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"You're looking very handsome to-night, grandfather," she said.

His deep-set eyes, so much like Mark's, flickered in response. With an effort he motioned her back to the table lest her food grow cold. As they talked to each other he watched them intently. The muscles of his throat ached with the effort to form words. Suddenly his pad dropped to the floor. He gasped, a faint guttural sound.

They rushed to his side. Mark's arm steadied his drooping shoulders. His eyes were still open, a benign and peaceful expression on his face. But his heart had stopped.

In the months after Eben Holmes' death a subtle change came over the great house. A vagrant phantom skittered through the rooms, infecting the very air with loneliness and sorrow.

"With grandfather gone," Mark said sombrely, "it doesn't feel like home any more."

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 59

On the fifteenth of December they gathered in the board room of the Lumberman's Bank to hear the reading of the will. Eben's lawyer, Mr. Sinclair, was present, as well as Mr. Pauley and two directors of the bank who were also concerned with the Holmes Endowment Foundation, and Faith and Mark.

The document was simple and concise. To his son Richard, who was still living abroad, a life annuity; to Mrs. Hanrahan and Jacob, outright sums; to Mark and Faith jointly, the house and its furnishings, except for the works of art, which after their lifetime would revert to the Holmes Foundation.

He bequeathed them also the summer camp, a hundred thousand dollars in gilt-edge securities, and to Mark fifty-one per cent of the Lumber Company, the balance to be divided among Pauley, Fernan, Gibbs, and other employees.

FOLLOWING

those bequests there came the surprise of the will: The bulk of Eben Holmes' great fortune went to the Endowment Foundation for the benefit of the people of St. Croix.

Eben Holmes had been an eminently just man. He was returning to the town that which he had taken from it.

The following days were bleak and dismal as the winter blasts. Mrs. Hanrahan, suffering from arthritis, decided to move to Florida with her only niece. Another link with the past was broken.

Faith hired a new cook, and they went through the holidays perfunctorily. An air of depression settled down on them. Intuitively they both felt they must get out of the house.

"We should get some land," Mark suggested, "and build a house. Something to our own taste."

Faith smiled at him. Since Eben's death the bonds between them had strengthened, as they found solace in each other.

"I'd love it! On the Heights perhaps. And a modern house."

AFTER a search Faith and Mark found just the site they wanted for their home; five acres on a hilltop overlooking the lake.

As they drove home after a consultation with an architect, Mark said lightly, "I wish I could build a new business as easily as a house."

He had discovered quickly enough that having control of the business did not necessarily mean having control of its operation. The Holmes Lumber Company was going on just as before.

"I wish grandfather hadn't left me stock in the business," he said. "I'll never like it."

"Then for heaven's sake get out," Faith suggested. "Find work that'll be more agreeable. This is the time."

He brightened. "I've had a couple of interesting talks with Allan Griswold. In his spare time he's been working on the plans for a new engine."

"Dad says they have a great respect for Griswold at Wolverine. He's considered an engineering wizard."

"Faith, I've been thinking—I'm now in the position to finance the development of this engine. As long as he's tied to Wolverine, Allan will never have the time or money to finish it."

"Well, darling, this looks like your big chance."

In May, Pauley and his associates were pleased to buy out Mark's holdings. They had been waiting for this opportunity a long time.

Everybody was making money in 1929—although much of the spectacular profit was on paper only. The new brokerage office on Town Square was a beehive, men and women swarming before the board, growing more and more excited as their stocks soared skyward. Speculation was no longer only the rich man's prerogative.

The Hoover prosperity had come!

New housing developments mushroomed on the Heights. A car blossomed in every garage. Lewis Trout enlarged his celluloid plant and imported negro help from Georgia to replace the arrogant white laborers. His wife Madeline sported the first Russian sable coat in St. Croix.

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They used to call me "CRY BABY" ...but I'm a good girl now!

THOSE BAD COLDS of mine used to make me cough and sneeze something awful! I couldn't sleep either. And cry? Of course I cried! Especially when they made me swallow some bad-tasting medicine that only made me feel worse . . .



BUT ONE DAY dear Grandma came to my rescue. "Look," she said to Mummy, "Isn't it time you tried Vicks VapoRub? Children love it, you know. And Vicks VapoRub ends colds faster. I thought every young mother knew that!"



SO MOTHER RUBBED Vicks VapoRub on my chest, throat and back at bedtime. My, it felt good! Right then and there I started to feel better, with those wonderful vapours clearing my nose, and that lovely warm feeling in my chest.



NEXT MORNING, after a sound sleep, I woke up feeling fine. I could hear Mom say to Dad: "Look, Jim, our little cry-baby looks like a smile-baby now! And next time any one of us catches a cold, we'll know just what to do!"

PROVED BEST FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

—OVER 40 MILLION TIMES A YEAR!

IN 71 COUNTRIES, over 40 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used every year. So, don't take chances with untried remedies! VapoRub's direct, double action is home-proved and time-tested:

1. LIKE A WARMING POULTICE, VapoRub gently "draws out" achy chest tightness and congestion. And, at the same time—
2. ITS MEDICINAL VAPOURS are inhaled with every breath—and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and calm coughing. Try it!



IN the midst of this yeasty industrial expansion, Mark thought optimistically, I can't miss!

He brought Allan Griswold to the bank, where they met Mr. Sinclair, Eben's lawyer, and Mr. Everett, president of the bank, to outline the proposed new venture. Mark would put up the capital to build a shop for further experiments on Allan's engine, provide the necessary staff and equipment.

If things went according to schedule, they hoped to be in production within a year.

Both Sinclair and Everett approved of the project. After the meeting, Everett asked Mark to wait.

"What are you doing with the stocks your grandfather left you?" he inquired.

"Why, I've just been holding on to them. They're good, aren't they? Railroads and utilities..."

"Yes, they're good. Very good indeed. But you are not getting enough return on your investment. You'll be needing money for your business, too. I know of a very good thing..."

Mark promised to consult Faith, and if she were agreeable, trade the stocks for a block of Insull Utilities Investments Corporation.

Everett was pleased. "Smart move," he said. "You won't regret it."

They decided to postpone the building of their own home until Mark had the arrangements for the plant under way. And again, this summer, Faith saw little of him.

But she saw plenty of Joyce Griswold.

In the evenings, while Mark and Allan pored over blueprints, Joyce brought the baby over and made herself comfortable for the duration of the conferences. Since the formation of the partnership between Mark and her husband, some of her original awe and admiration for Faith had been transformed into a rather cloying intimacy.

"I do hope this contraption of Allan's makes us the fortune he promised me," she said.

Mark was paying Allan the same salary he had drawn at Wolverine; besides this, he was to share fifty-five in the profits. But Joyce felt Allan should be getting more money now.

Occasionally, when she had an appointment at Marie's Beauty Shoppe for a shampoo and blond rinse, she asked Faith to mind Junior.

"You're the only one I'd trust him with," she said, as if this were an accolade.

Although Faith would never have admitted it to Joyce, who was, heaven knew, smug and superior as it was, she looked forward to taking care of the child. He was lumpy and ungainly. He had no personality. But the joy of holding him in her arms was almost more than she could bear.

This is what I have missed, she thought, as they played in the cool garden one afternoon. She had spread a blanket on the grass under the maple. Junior, in shirt and diapers, was lying on his stomach, kicking his plump little legs and cooing like a dove. He was so sweet!

She closed her eyes and tried to picture what Mark's child would have been. Dark, probably, with a long narrow body, grey eyes and black lashes. Sensitive, like his father; shy, quick to hide his emotions. She tried to stifle the agonising pain. There would be no children, dark, intense, sensitive, like Mark. There would be no children.

Dr. Savage had had to repeat it before she would believe him. Before she could make herself face it.

"You're sensible and intelligent," Dr. Savage had said. "You must learn to make a life for yourself without your own children. After

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 60

all, you and Mark have a most unusual relationship."

Was that enough? Enough for a normal young woman, who had been expecting babies as her birth-right? I must make it suffice, she thought. If I show any signs of unhappiness, it will only hurt Mark.

If only she had some absorbing work! Her household chores took up only a small part of her day and left her with time to brood, especially about her mother. She was not in the least interested in returning to her old social routine. So there was no outlet for her abundant energies.

"Mark, isn't there something I can do to help you in your business?"

"I'm afraid not," regretfully. She sighed. "I do wish I had some kind of a job."

Mark studied her thoughtfully a moment.

"Faith, why don't you go back to 'The Observer'? I'm sure Vrest will find a place for you."

Marklin greeted Faith cordially. Since Eben Holmes' fatal illness, he had seen little of her and Mark. The past year has made a great change in her, he thought. Two tragic blows have taken their bitter toll. She was only twenty-three, but already some of the bloom was gone from her radiant personality.

"Are you serious about a job, Faith? Or is to be merely another stopgap?"

"I have no idea, Vrest." She was honest. "But I must keep busy. And I was so happy here in the old days!"

"What does Mark say to your taking a job?"

"Oh, he suggested it. I wouldn't have come without his approval."

Vrest sucked on his corn-cob pipe. "You're hired," he said.

Faith began work the following Monday. And she loved every minute of it. "The Observer" had grown with the town, and its influence stretched far beyond it. The simplicity and logic of Vrest's editorials cut through sham and false ideologies like an acid knife.

Faith knew she was fortunate to be working with him again. This time she created a place for herself. With Vrest's blessing, she turned roving reporter, interviewing newsworthy visitors, hunting out human interest in the daily events of the town.

Mark was delighted with her absorbing interest in her job, and relieved, too. Since he could spend so little time with her, it was a source of considerable satisfaction to know she was busy and happy. She needed an outlet for her pent-up energies. Particularly now.

At Christmas, Faith covered the party given annually for underprivileged children by a group of St. Croix businessmen, who had banded themselves together in an organisation they called the Order of Good Fellowship.

Faith typed the story, handed it to Vrest Macklin and went over to the hot-plate to brew some coffee. How different this Christmas was from the ones when Eben was alive. He had always made it the occasion for true festivity.

Mark was working late to-night. I've got the blues, she thought.

Vrest Macklin pushed up the spectacles that had slipped down his short blunt nose, and re-read Faith's copy. It was good. It was honest, passionate, and exhorting. It packed a wallop.

She slanted it through the eyes of Micky Sermalino, aged seven. His father made twenty dollars a week, and there were eight hungry Sermalino mouths to fill. But the cold, hunger, suffering, and rheumatic fever were forgotten on Christmas Eve, when the good kind people of St. Croix gave Micky and

his brothers a party. When the kids gazed at the star on the tree...

This wasn't the Rentschler brand of sob stuff, Vrest realised. This shows up a society that lets children go hungry and sick all year, then turns paternalistic for one day, and basks in its own benevolence for the other three hundred and sixty-four days.

He relit the corn-cob pipe and sucked at the stem reflectively. He'd have to talk to Faith.

"Vrest, is the story okay?"

He looked up, still enmeshed in his thoughts. "It's pretty strong meat, Faith."

"It's meant to be."

"You won't change anything by it. And you may offend a lot of well-meaning people."

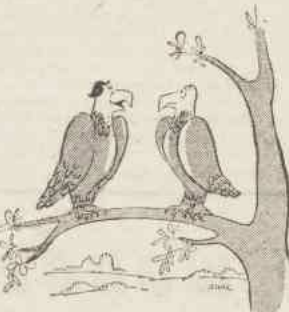
"But it's the truth!" Her eyes flashed. "And if the well-meaning people can't take it, they should do something for the kids with rickets, adenoids, bad teeth every day of the year—instead of once. It makes me sick to think of it."

"I expect it does. But there's much more in the world that's sickening."

"Then why isn't something done about it?"

"Faith, as you get older, you'll find that shouting from the house-tops does absolutely no good. No good at all. You've got to attack injustice in a more subtle way."

Her contempt for his words was



"I just got fed up with being called a bald eagle."

obvious. "I suppose that means you won't use the story."

He pulled off his spectacles, without which his heavy face was defenceless and weary.

"Of course I'll use it. We'll let the brickbats fall where they may."

Faith's story appeared Christmas Day on the front page of "The Observer." There were immediate repercussions. The pleasure of the Order of Good Fellowship in having its generosity publicised turned quickly to fury.

Mr. Carpenter, their Grand Master, reflected the general reactions when he said tartly, "You do your best—and that's the thanks you get!"

He scowled indignantly. "I'd like to give that woman a piece of my mind," he growled to his wife over their hearty Christmas dinner. He had already telephoned Vrest Macklin and told him plenty. "You and your Socialist ideas! I'll see that you don't get another line of advertising from any member of our lodge!"

Filled with his righteous indignation, he made his way to the Holmes' house after dinner. Faith greeted him quietly: "I'm so glad you're here, Mr. Carpenter. I do want to talk to you. Come in and meet my husband."

Her cordiality disarmed him. He followed her into the sitting-room, feeling his anger slipping away. Mark Holmes shook hands with him, then excused himself. Faith filled a silver mug for him from the bowl of eggnog on the low table and cut a slice of fruit-cake.

"Mr. Carpenter," she asked earnestly, "do you have children?"

He cleared his throat. "Yes. Two girls and a boy." Then he remembered the reason for his call. "I didn't come to talk about my family."

"I know, Mr. Carpenter. But I'm sure your children have had all the milk, vitamins, and food to make them healthy adults."

He made an effort to interrupt, but she continued smoothly. "I'm sure your original motive was most commendable, Mr. Carpenter. But it takes more than a turkey dinner one day of the year to put flesh on those undernourished kids. What you should do is underwrite a milk fund. Such an act would give your organisation tremendous prestige. And think what it would mean to the children, each to receive a pint of milk a day..."

"Sounds like a pretty good idea, Mrs. Holmes. I'll be glad to speak of it at our next meeting..."

"May I be the first to subscribe?" she said impulsively. "I'd like to give you my check for a hundred dollars."

"Thank you. I've an idea it'll go through." He decided that if his lodge members raised any objections, he'd ask Faith Holmes to talk to them!

Later in the afternoon, when Vrest Macklin dropped in, Faith related triumphantly the results of Mr. Carpenter's visit.

"It's still cold charity," Vrest said, brushing a crumb of fruit-cake from his spotted vest. "No wrong has been righted."

"But it's a step in the right direction," she retorted. "Another step forward—instead of one going back!"

On New Year's Eve Faith invited Vrest and the Griswolds over for the evening. As the maid showed Vrest into the drawing-room, he saw Mark and Faith standing together by the fireplace, and it was an impression which would stay with him for many years: Mark, tall and lean, his shoulders a little stooped, his face alert and intelligent.

And Faith, almost as tall in those absurd French heels, her expression lively but not quite as vivacious as in the old days; the two of them together, safe within the charmed circle that excluded any intruders. Yes, it was a successful marriage; decidedly so. Much better, Vrest mused, than we had dared hope for.

"Hello, Mark," he said warmly. "How are things going?"

"Couldn't be better!" optimistically. "By the time we get into production, I think the stock market will have righted itself. Everett is positive of it."

"I hope you're both right," Vrest answered.

The Griswolds arrived soon after, Allan luging Junior, swathed in a heavy blue bunting.

"We'll put him on your bed," Joyce announced, to Faith, who led the way upstairs. "He'll go right to sleep."

"He's a good baby," Faith said approvingly.

Joyce slipped out of her white fur jacket with a distasteful gesture.

"Next year at this time, I'll be wearing ermine instead of bunny. Allan promised me."

Faith was staring at the placid sleeping child. "How nice," she said absently.

Dinner was excellent, the roast beef rare, the Yorkshire pudding light, the wines full-bodied, the talk inspired, especially by Vrest Macklin, who was Mark often said, everyman's intelligent guide to a stimulating evening. Afterwards, they had coffee in the drawing-room.

Mark switched on the radio. "Folks," the announcer began, "in another hour it will be midnight. A new year will be born, 1930!"

"The end of the Cockeyed Twenties," Mark said, not without regret.

VREST put down the crystal champagne glass and filled his cornish pipe with pungent tobacco.

"Quite right," he said. "We've reached the end of a hectic decade in which we hitched our wagon to the Almighty Dollar. It's been running away with us in a mad race to perdition. We Americans are pretty sick now—and we need a purge!"

Inwardly, Joyce groaned. That old windbag. Why do the Holmes' bother with him?

Allan Griswold spoke up suddenly. "It's the women who have gone on a rampage during this decade! Bobbed hair, short skirts, loose morals..."

"Why, Allan Griswold!" his wife exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you dare make any cracks about us poor women!"

Mark grinned. "He was discussing the ladies in general, Joyce. I think he'd like them to return to the sensible ways of the pre-war era."

"It's too late for that!" Faith retorted, and found to her surprise she was very much more in earnest than the others. "Women have really come of age, you know. I don't mean in the matter of the vote alone. In general, they are now emancipated."

"Yeh!" Allan jeered good-humoredly. "Emancipation! What's it got them? They fought like wildcats for the privilege of voting—and what have they done with it?"

Vrest Macklin leaned forward, his chubby face flushed with wine.

"I rather doubt if political equality means nearly as much to the individual woman as the fact that she's become man's equal. The fact truly important to her is the freedom of her sex—the right to stand at a bar, or sit in an office, side by side with men. I think this is purely an aftermath of the war, and has little to do with her gaining the vote..."

"But, Vrest," Faith interrupted, "you do feel women should have the vote?"

"Certainly! They should have had it years ago."

Joyce yawned. "Why all the fuss? Personally, I think this business of women voting is terribly unfeminine. After all, it is a man's world!"

Mark replenished the champagne. "Women are entitled to their new-found freedom—if they don't go overboard in their enthusiasm."

"Mark," Joyce began sententiously, "how would you act if Faith were a really modern woman—with a career and moral standards of her own?"

Mark sent Faith a faint wink.

"I'd turn her over my knee," he announced firmly. "And show her who's boss."

Happy New Year! Ring out the old year, ring in the new! Farewell to the gaudy rihald 'twenties! Hail to sanity, to hope of a Brave New World!

Lying beside Mark, aware of his easy regular breathing and the comforting warmth of his body, Faith was filled with a sense of tenderness and gratitude to him. Still, her mind persisted in mulling over the evening's talk.

Was Vrest right? Did the privilege of being man's equal socially and morally gratify women more than the satisfaction of gaining the franchise? Why hadn't women done more with their latent political powers? Vrest's words stung. Yet she knew he was not likely to have made an unfair accusation.

She fell asleep, having solved nothing.

Elisha Jones was a Georgia negro, born and raised in a weather-beaten hovel in a patch of pine woods.

At eighteen he went to work in the turpentine mill. When the white man came from the north, somewhere in Michigan, it was to round up men for work in a celluloid factory. Elisha cocked his ear.

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GOOD pay, the white man said. Fifteen bucks a week. A house, the white man said, swell house, all to yourself. Black boy, you'll be sittin' on top o' the world. Right up there in front!

With his wife, Lily, Elisha came to work for Lewis Trout in 1928.

In the beginning, fifteen bucks a week looked like a lot of dough, even though he had to pay Mr. Trout ten for the house they lived in. St. Croix had no Darkytown on the other side of the tracks, which made him and Lily feel real good, until they found out the Darkytown existed right round Mr. Trout's plant.

But Lily still declared resolutely, "I like it fine."

The celluloid factory was a long building, part weather-beaten clapboard, part brick. Most of its windows were barred. Elisha worked in a room with five boys from Mississippi. They used to kid each other about getting roasted—on account of the flash fires.

One of the fellows said, "This joint ain't run right. They oughta break it up in small buildings with fire doors. Like the place I worked at in Delaware. An' they oughta git their own fire department . . ."

The signs read: No Smoking. Danger. But they sneaked out for a drag plenty of times. Finally the old white man who checked them in and out snatched. The order came down from the office: five minutes for the toilet morning and afternoon.

The boss ordered a watchman stationed in the corridor outside their door, which was locked until he opened it for the five-minute breather. Might as well be in the chain gang, the fellows grumbled.

Elisha never told Lily about it. No use upsetting her, with the second baby coming soon. He worked hard and stoically. Colored boys didn't complain.

At three minutes to ten on the morning of January 19, 1930, the boy from Mississippi leaped from his

vat with a frightened shout. There was a spontaneous flash of flame. And instantly the room was ablaze. "The door!" Elisha screamed. "Open the door!"

They pounded on the heavy door. Ten fists beating hysterically.

Where was the watchman who was supposed to guard them? Why didn't he unlock the door?

They groped through the smoke to the windows. They splintered the glass with their bare hands.

"Fire!" they shrieked. "Help, help!"

The siren started its piercing wail. Smoke and fumes billowed from the room. Elisha thrust his bleeding hands through the jagged glass. People were rushing to the building, but they were still far away. Too far away. He strained towards them with all his might. The smoke gagged him but he struggled frantically.

The bars held him back. At the office of "The Observer," Vrest Macklin was slouched at his desk when the call came in. He called to Don Adams, "Fire at Trout's!"

Faith pricked her ears. "Wait a minute, Don. I'm coming with you!" She snatched her tweed coat and rushed out to the car, jumping into the front seat beside him.

Flames were leaping high in the air when they ran towards the burning building.

"Stand back!" a policeman shouted brusquely. Adams held out his Press card, and they were allowed through. Faith rubbed her smarting eyes with the knuckles of her hand. Firemen were working frantically, hacking away at the brick sills of the ground-floor windows.

She stared, paralysed with horror. "Don!" she called hoarsely. "Do you see what I do? Those windows—they're barred!"

Men were struggling wildly to get

out, their arms spreadeagled against the bars, their hands clawing madly, their bulging eyes glazed with terror. The firemen backed away, the black smoke poured deadly fumes in the men's lungs.

Faith lost all sense of reason. Heedless of the mob, she elbowed her way towards the flaming building.

A policeman grabbed her roughly. "You mad, lady?" A strident voice yelled, "Get outa here!"

The screaming grew weaker. Died away. When finally she dared to look back, the window was a blackened hole.

Adams found her, finally, huddled in the car. The eerie light cast green shadows over her stricken face.

"I'll never forget this," she whispered. "I'll never forget it as long as I live."

AS soon as Faith faced Vrest Macklin again, he realised she was not the same girl who had left the office two hours ago. She had been baptised. Cruelly.

"I saw men die to-day," she said. "And there was no excuse for their dying." Abruptly her forced calm broke, and she was sobbing. "Oh, Vrest, it was horrible . . ."

Presently she controlled herself with an effort and told him about it graphically. "I only hope Trout gets what is coming to him," she ended.

"In a factory like his," Vrest said, "spontaneous combustion does occur often. It's one of the hazards of the business. However, there is no question that the workers should have been safeguarded."

"Vrest," she began ominously, "did you know Lewis Trout locked the men in—and put them under guard—so he could get the maximum amount of work out of them?"

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"No. Not specifically. But I've suspected it. The average white man won't work for him."

"And yet you never spoke up?" she continued relentlessly. "How do you differ from the Rentschler papers for whom you have such contempt?"

Passionately she demanded, "Is this going to end as merely another headline: SIX NEGROES DIE IN FIRE? Vrest, aren't you going to do anything about it?"

Vrest thought unhappily, I must be growing old. I had almost forgotten how deeply hurt I was at her age. How loudly I protested against injustice in the world. I, too, made each stranger's hurt my own. I, too, gloried in my suffering, and dedicated myself to the hopeless fight . . .

He rose clumsily from his chair and went over to where she was sitting, bewildered and desolate.

"Open your eyes slowly, Faith. The birth of the spirit is every bit as agonising as the birth of the flesh. Each day, somewhere, there's a martyr dying! The woman crucified by gossip—the little guy kicked out of his job for his political thinking—they're forgotten causes, too. By to-morrow our negroes will be past history, not even an item on the back page, buried among the ads."

He added bitterly, "Man learns so slowly—and forgets so very easily."

There was silence in the room.

She said soberly, "I suppose these are my growing pains." Then on an impulse, she turned to Vrest and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you," she said. "But all the same I'm going to see Lewis Trout."

She telephoned immediately for an appointment. Her mood was belligerent and resolute as she made her way to the Trout celluloid plant next day.

LEWIS TROUT, impeccably dressed, stood up, smiling at Faith. "I'm delighted to see you, honey. Sit down. Cigarette?"

"No thanks." Faith remained standing.

He slipped the thin platinum case in his pocket. Behind the bland smile he was watching her shrewdly.

"I gather you're here because of yesterday's unfortunate accident? Well, you can quote me as saying I am deeply shocked. And grieved. But such things do happen in spite of all our precautions. The human element." He shrugged eloquently. "We'll take care of the families, of course."

"Why were all exits barred?" Her eyes blazed. "Why did you watch those men like prisoners? And why was the guard away from his station?"

"Where did you hear this?" She made no answer.

Trout's eyes were cold and dangerous.

"I mean to make this perfectly clear to you, Faith. That accident need not have happened. It was the result of plain carelessness on the part of these men. We do our best to warn them. 'No Smoking' signs all over the place. But one fool sneaks a cigarette—and we get the blame."

"Six men burned to death."

Trout made an impatient gesture. "Look, Faith. You're a swell kid—I've always liked you. So I'm going out of my way to put you wise to the facts. You barge in here—mad as hops—intimating I'm all kinds of a heel. That's beside the point . . ."

He sat on the edge of his desk, very sure of himself.

"What does matter is this: There's no room for sentiment in my business or in my way of life. Right now, the town's seething with talk of locked doors and guards off duty!"

Please turn to page 63

Ford Pills are wonderful for all your family

This grateful mother writes:

There used to be one or another of my kiddies sick or out of sorts. Their stomach troubles used to last for days. Now, at the first sign of crankiness, stomach trouble or loss of appetite, I give them a Ford Pill and they are right again in a few hours. Baby, who is just 10 months, gets half a Ford Pill crushed in honey. We've never been so well and I think Ford Pills are wonderful.

Ford Pills will keep your children free from constipation and stomach trouble—the usual causes of crankiness and loss of appetite. Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative—best for all your family.

Give Ford Pills this way:



Children, 10 months to 2 years:

Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Older children:

Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Adults:

1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.

Ford Pills will give your family cheery good health.

GET FORD PILLS IN PLASTIC TUBES 2/6 EVERYWHERE



FORD PILLS

THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY

FOR an impressive moment Trout paused. Then he went on, his voice cold and hard. "I can promise you it'll remain just talk—and nothing else. Too many of the influential people in this town owe me favors and more!"

"I wouldn't boast of such contemptible power. Vrest Macklin won't let you get away with this!"

"Oh, Macklin." He shrugged scornfully. "He's never touched me. And he never will."

"I used to think injustice was an abstract word," she said angrily, "but you're injustice, Lewis. Men like you poison humanity with your corrupt stomach!"

He touched the buzzer on his desk. "As a reporter for 'The Observer,' you're not welcome here again."

Going home, Faith was conscious of a bitter elation. She wrote the story of the fire. Not as a straight news feature, nor as an emotional editorial. Instead, she wrote a factual interview with Lily Jones, Eliza's wife.

Her stark, simple story had repercussions. There was talk of an investigation. There was talk of revising the fire laws. There was talk . . .

That's what it remained. Talk.

Just as Lewis Trout had prophesied. But a change had come over Faith. Up to this time she had been fighting with her intellect. Now her heart was in it. And intuitively, she knew she had begun a climb which promised neither rest nor success nor inner happiness until the very pinnacle came into sight.

In April, Mr. Slavery, the contractor, began work on the new home. He was less busy this year. People weren't putting up any more expensive houses just now.

Somewhere, during the summer of '30, Faith didn't mind living in the old Holmes house as much as she had feared. For she was working hard, and Mark also was engrossed in his business. The factory was finished and in the process of being equipped with machinery and tools. He expected to be in production before long.

Getting this far had drained the entire sum he had realised from the sale of the lumber company. But once Holmes-Griswold was turning out engines, the bank would give him a loan.

He had asked Tod Andrews to leave Wolverine and come in with him.

"I like having your dad with me," he told Faith.

Ted was proud of his new affiliation.

"Dad, what's your opinion of the new engine?" Faith asked him confidentially.

Ted rubbed his out-jutting nose reflectively. "It looks good to me, pumpkin. But like any new motor, it's got to go through a testing period. Don't worry though. Mark knows what he's doing."

Her father's confidence reassured any doubts she might suffer.

Faith was working hard herself on a new project of her own. She was revamping the Woman's Page, the only section of "The Observer" to which Vrest was indifferent.

Idea had begun to crystallise in her mind. She'd write a column. A column for women; a column to be called "As the Woman Sees It." I know just where to start, she thought excitedly.

And on August 17, 1930, "The Observer" carried her first column.

"Your name is Mary Smith or Susan Meggs or Penelope Van Deusen. Your birth certificate may carry a date that marks you sixteen or sixty. But in either case, it lies. For you have just come of age. And age, I hope, rarin' to go!"

You're determined at last to take your rightful place in the world. You know the going will be hard. No man's going to help you in the fight. Not when he's kept you enslaved so long.

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 62

"Come out of the Kitchen' should be more than a mere musical comedy title. Let's make it our slogan for going places and doing things—for the betterment of women!"

The feminine readers were delighted with her article. Even Vrest admitted it had possibilities. It was honest and stimulating.

After the first column she never sermonised again so obviously. Like the description of the Christmas party for the underprivileged children, she let the cold facts speak for themselves.

As a result, hotel lunches were served to school children at cost; a Visiting Nurses' Association was formed; playgrounds were kept open all summer and supervised. And the women in town became conscious of themselves as a united force for good.

Vrest Macklin said she was the best mouthpiece the women of St. Croix had.

Since she read stories coming in, she had a realistic picture of the business slump. But Mark was not too pessimistic.

"If you have a good product," he repeated stubbornly, "you can always sell it."

Their new house, a modern white-washed brick, was completed in September, and they made plans to move on October 1. The old house would be closed and boarded up.

The final night of their stay on Manistee Drive, she said thoughtfully, "I'm afraid I'm going to miss the old place."

"Habit or sentiment?" he asked.

But she knew he was even more deeply touched, for his roots were here, and it was not easy to say good-bye.

Late the following afternoon they drove to the Heights, and when at last they saw their new home silhouetted against the brilliant sunset they were filled with great pride. It was their very own, and their furniture would lend it personality and character.

Mark put his arm around her shoulders. "Happy?"

"Unbelievably so."

Yet as the year progressed Faith wondered why dreams were always so much sweeter than reality.

For one thing, she found herself disturbed by the change in Mark's attitude. She would come on him, sitting in his easy chair, utterly preoccupied. He spoke little of his plans these days, and even less of the future.

There had been setbacks, she knew. The completed engine had been approved nine months later than they had anticipated. And now that they were all set for production, new problems loomed up. Mark needed money. Mr. Everett, president of the bank, hedged. Business was bad.

Mark went to New York, seeking to interest aviation plants in the motor. Everywhere he received the same answer. "We've heard of your engine. It sounds okay. But right now we're retrenching. When business picks up, get in touch with us."

He tried to dispose of the old Holmes place, but there wasn't even a nibble. Finally he said, "Faith, I'm going to have to sell our Insull stock."

"But, Mark—our nest egg!"

This was the first time she'd ever questioned his decisions.

"I've got to keep the plant running until conditions improve."

"What about the northern camp? The timberland must have some value."

"Not these days. But I'll try. I'm supposed to see Everett again in December."

Under such unhappy circumstances, the new house was a burden. And she felt curiously cheated.

The news that Wolverine Motors was laying off men came on the morning Mark was due at the bank to see the board about the new loan. He drove downtown with

considerable misgivings, but to his intense relief, the loan was granted. He did not know that it had been touch and go, with Lewis Trout, chairman of the board, violently opposing the proposition.

The next day, Mark turned in the Insull stock as collateral. The loan gave him a breather. He cut his personal expenses to the bone, and reduced the force at the plant to a skeleton crew. It was a matter of hanging on. All over the country, they were pleading, Don't sell America short!

No wild festivities ushered in the new year of 1932.

The unemployed of Wolverine Motors, Lane-Crandall, Trout Celluloid flung their last pennies on cheap gin that would bring momentary surcease. At the Country Club, they drank out of sheer bravado, out of hysterical need to recapture the Good Old Days—only three years past—when life was a rich gaudy merry-go-round.

Main Street was still jammed Saturday nights. But it was crowded weekdays as well; flowing over with the Unpossessed, men not accustomed to leisure, baffled by it; frightened by empty pockets, shamed by the mute look in their wives' eyes.

"I heard they were takin' men at the cannery, but I got there too

Threw the first pie in movie history

WHO invented the custard-pie-throwing that made the Mack Sennett comedies during the first World War a milestone in movie history?

No, it wasn't Sennett. "I should be glad of the honor," he says, "since a pie in the face of authority—such as a cop or a mother-in-law—represents a fine universal idea."

"But the credit isn't mine. It belongs to Mabel Normand, one of the few really funny girls in films."

"Ben Turpin, a cross-eyed comic, had to stick his head through a door, but although he giggled his moustache, glared, and implored the heavens, he wasn't funny."

"Late in the afternoon when he was still trying to raise a laugh, Mabel Normand found a pie in her hand."

"She threw the pie into Turpin's unexpected face, and made movie history."

You can read about the glories of the pie era in Sennett's own reminiscences. They're in A.M. for August, now on sale. Price is 1/-.

late . . . Midwest Auto Body's folding . . . Kraus won't carry me any longer . . .

That man Hoover.

The hunger, the frustration, the bewilderment, the fear all found a scapegoat in one man—the man with a mild plump face, so easy to caricature, who had made the mistake of promising them a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage. The Bon Ton advertised a slashing clearance. The fashionable Chatterbox Cafe announced: All You Can Eat for 75 cents!

The Odeon offered an Early Bird Matinee, a dime before noon. And it was jammed by the men who escaped reality to its comforting darkness.

Alexis Jenkins, head of the Midwest Auto Body, used his expensive hunting rifle on himself.

For the first time in her marriage, Faith was plagued now by money problems. She taxed her ingenuity for ways in which to earn extra money. She wrote an article, "Can Love Survive in Our Time?" and sent it off to a New York magazine, which returned it promptly. Discouraged, she nevertheless mailed it out again.

Their social life was limited these days to an occasional visit from the Griswolds. Joyce was always petulant and grumbling. Allan had promised her the moon, but she was still chained to an awful house on Sycamore Street. Privately, she con-

fided to Faith her doubts about Allan's invention.

"It'll never amount to anything!" she wailed, "and neither will Allan. I should have known when I married him . . ."

"Don't blame Allan," Faith said. "We're in the midst of the worst depression in history."

During these difficult months, her own work was going extraordinarily well. Her column, As the Woman Sees It, had developed into one of the most popular features of the paper. There was plenty to write about, and she wrote with passion and simplicity. But no matter how extravagant the praise she received at the office, she lost her air of happiness whenever she returned to her home.

Mark was so moody and taciturn.

"Darling," she would say tactfully, "don't let this get you down. Please! After all, the depression can't last forever."

"Neither can we," Mark answered with grim humor.

The vast plant, lying idle, demanding every dollar he could lay his hands on, was a cruel octopus, slowly crushing his body and spirit. But he refused to give in. His steadfastness was the only thing left him.

"I wish there were a way you could wipe the slate clean—and start over again," she said.

"With what? Every cent I had is tied up in the plant. And it isn't the money alone . . ." He stood up, so gaunt and worn that her heart ached for him.

"I sink or swim by this project," he said resolutely.

Although his attitude exasperated her, she was wise enough to hold her tongue. She only hoped the article she had written, in which she stressed the fact that the economic factors of the country determine the success or failure of its people's marriages, would not, ironically enough, apply to her and Mark.

In April, Samuel Insull's financial pyramid collapsed. The Lumberman's Bank immediately called for new collateral on Mark's loan.

"I've offered them grandfather's house," he told Faith worriedly, "but they say at to-day's values it's almost worthless."

Without a word she went into their bedroom. When she returned, a small white satin box rested in her hand. She opened it and took out the pearls.

"These should help, darling. They must be worth a good deal."

He was too moved to speak. He shook his head. They belonged to Faith and he would never touch them.

"But what will you do, Mark?"

"I don't know," he cried despairingly. "I don't know!"

She wanted to help him. If only she could borrow some money. Vrest was the only person she could turn to. But things were not going well for "The Observer," either, although no one had ever seen Vrest down-hearted or heard him complain. Both advertising and circulation had dropped off sharply, and Vrest had been forced to cut the salaries of all the staff.

Faith heard Rentschler had made Vrest an offer. Rentschler had seized in his tentacles a number of small newspapers unlucky enough to be pushed against the wall.

"Rentschler's turned enough papers into rubber stamps," Vrest said bitterly. "He's not getting mine. He'll never get it!"

Then the bank put a lien on the new house and all its valuable furnishings. The Holmes' were given sixty days to vacate it. The town buzzed with the news. The Holmes aura hadn't saved Mark. No one was immune.

Vrest commiserated with Faith, and she smiled impishly. "From rags to riches — and right back again."

"You're a good sport, Faith."

"It's the fashion these days." She smiled again, wryly.

NEAR the end of June Vrest sent Faith to Chicago to cover the Democratic Convention.

"Do it your own way," he suggested. "Lots of human interest. Give our readers a peek behind the scenes—how our Presidents are chosen." He smiled wryly. "You may find it an eye-opener yourself."

She was eager to go; the change would do her good. The business of closing the new house, storing the packing-cases, and then setting in order two small rooms at the Lake Shore Hotel which would now be their home had proved a great strain on her.

Then, too, she was deeply concerned about Mark. In March he had caught a severe cold and couldn't throw it off. His normally healthy brown skin was pallid. He coughed a good deal at night.

When she suggested he see Dr. Savage for a check-up, he retorted there was nothing wrong with him. He was abrupt, absent-minded, indifferent. Their relations grew more strained, and Faith found herself in a groove of depression. The trip was something of a release.

At the convention in the sweltering Chicago Stadium she ran into Steve Pringle.

"Well, bless my heart! If it isn't Faith Holmes!"

"Hello, Steve."

"What're you doing here? Delegate from Michigan?"

She smiled. "I'm covering the convention for 'The Observer.'"

"Don't tell me! Working and married?"

"Why not?"

It was through Steve that Faith met Corrigan, the political reporter of the New York "Record." Corrigan was a tall, cadaverous individual, no more than thirty, with a long head crowned with a shock of coarse black hair.

During the gruelling all-night session on June 30 he was the only reporter to remain calm and unperturbed, as if the spectacle were nothing but a gigantic puppet show.

Sitting beside him in the Press box, Faith found his acidulous comments, shouted above the incessant clicking of the typewriters, a relief from the monotonous tension.

Steve wandered in with a half-dozen bottles of Coca-Cola.

"Some fun, eh, kids? Shouldn't be long now."

At last dawn straggled in. Everyone was hot, exhausted, irritable.

"It's about time the bigwigs made up their minds," Corrigan said impatiently. "Mrs. Holmes, have you ever attended a shindig like this before?"

"This is my first."

He lit a cigarette and held it negligently between his stained fingers. His long angular jaw was in need of a shave.

"This is merely window dressing. Backstage, the horse-traders are bartering. They're a shrewd gang. They know how to crack the whip—and no one is giving up anything without getting something in return. And this Roosevelt . . ."

Faith yawned shamelessly. "I've got about all the human-interest stuff I need. Personally, I don't even feel human any more. I'm off to bed."

Steve Pringle watched her departure with obvious regret. "Attractive number, eh?"

Corrigan snuffed out his cigarette and stood up, stretching. "She's nothing in my life."

On her return to St. Croix, Faith and Mark settled into their new routine. Compared with the old Holmes place and their new modern house, the hotel quarters were appallingly cramped. They brought with them only their clothes, a few cherished books, the old victrola and records.

Please turn to page 64

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DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 7. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 7 EXTERIOR DULUX PAINT WON'T FADE, ITS LIGHT (AND TRIMMING) SHADES ARE MADE FOR OUTSIDE PAINTING EVERYWHERE, (Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet. The award for this jingle will be announced over 50 Radio Stations in "Jack Davy Star-maker," commencing August 2. Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than August 30, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition. Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4290, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by August 30.

Outdoor or indoor sports

Whatever your physical recreation, it calls for efficient muscular performance, for high energy output with minimum fatigue, for stamina . . . if you are to keep any sort of place in the lead. But unless there is plenty of vitamin B in your diet, your physical condition won't—can't—measure up to standard. Bemax is the richest natural source of the B vitamins and proteins and minerals, and is the best dietary supplement for all those who are keen to keep themselves physically "at concert pitch." So . . .

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IN the Bon Ton basement, Faith purchased an electric hot-plate on which she cooked their simple breakfasts. They ate dinner in the Grill, and she invariably ordered the cheapest plate on the menu.

"I'm not very hungry," she would say. "I had a substantial lunch."

That backfired, for Mark, too, ordered little, and she suspected he often did without lunch, as well. She brought in milk and fruit for a bedtime snack, but Mark had no appetite.

She tried to hide her concern over his health. Recently, he had begun to resent her solicitude. I mustn't act like mother, she warned herself. I mustn't nag at him.

Even when he ordered the storage firm to sell for a pittance some of Eben's fine possessions in order to settle their hotel bill and share with Allan Griswold, she schooled herself to keep quiet. For she knew any words of hers might start another misunderstanding.

They quarrelled so often and so bitterly these days! And over such inconsequential matters. One word led to another; trivial, insignificant remarks touched off the fuse of another explosion. Once, in the midst of such a violent denunciation, she left the room abruptly.

We wounded exactly like my own parents, she thought, horrified. Like dad and mother, screaming at each other hatefully. Are we following in their footsteps? Where is this leading to . . . ?

One night she was aroused by a strange sound. She sat up. Mark was missing from his bed. There was no light in the adjoining room. Then she heard it again. The awful sound of a man sobbing.

She found him huddled in a chair, asleep. He was having a nightmare.

"Darling," she shook his arm. "Darling, wake up!"

She sat with him, holding him like a child, until the first muddy streaks of dawn filtered through the windows.

In the morning, he told her Wolverine Motors was suing him and Allan, claiming that the latter had been in their employ when he first conceived the idea of this new motor.

"They're getting an injunction," he said bitterly. "But they have no real case—and they know it!"

However the lawsuit had nuisance value, since it would involve the services of lawyers, and additional money to fight the case.

Mark reminded her of a fighter down for the last count, but stubbornly refusing to concede the knockout. How much can a human being take, she wondered sorrowfully.

That night, without consulting him, she sent to various New York magazines copies of her column, together with letters of application.

Towards the end of the month she received a reply to one of her letters. It came from "Feminine Appeal," the magazine which, earlier in the year, had purchased her article, "Can Love Survive in Our Time?" The editor, Jeff Lundquist, was sufficiently impressed by her column; As the Woman Sees It, to make her an offer as assistant to the back-of-the-book editor.

Salary to start: seventy-five a week.

With considerable trepidation and a vestige of hope, she showed Lundquist's letter to Mark. He read it and handed it back to her without comment. But she would not allow herself to be rebuffed. This was too crucial a moment for them both.

"Mark, this is really a break! With one of us assured of a job, there's no reason why we can't strike out for New York."

Then, aware of the stormy shadows on his face, she added swiftly, "I know we've been over this before, darling! But this offer puts a different light on everything! Mark, I do admire your loyalty and dogged-

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 63

ness. But it's been so woefully misplaced! You've got to be big enough—and wise enough—to admit the venture was a flop and write it off as such."

Mark shook his head.

"I haven't lost faith in our product. I've told you before, Faith, I've got to make good here. Don't you see—if I give up and start over again I'll be jinxed right from the beginning? I'll never believe in myself!"

"Mark, an offer like this isn't likely to come our way again."

"I won't stand in your way."

"What do you mean?"

He said with great weariness, "This is a decision for you to make, just as it is your opportunity." His grey eyes mirrored his icy contempt.

She said recklessly, "Then I'd better take it. It's about time somebody in this family showed a little gumption!"

The words were out; she couldn't retract them. Mark withdrew again into a shell, where she could not reach him. She busied herself with small tasks. She sorted her clothes, packing those she would need, the simple tailored frocks and suits still in good condition.

She retained the small tarnished locket of her childhood, but insisted that Mark put the pearls in the vault. She had a long, earnest talk with Vest Macklin and she said good-bye to the staff, her dad, and Mrs. Hussar. And all the while she was waiting expectantly . . .

Surely he would say it. "I'm coming with you, Faith. Under any circumstances you and I belong together. Your words have shown me the way."

But he remained silent.

"FEMININE APPEAL"

was a popular magazine, dedicated to Woman in all her ages and phases. Jeff Lundquist, the editor, was a spare, scholarly man with a perpetually haunted expression on his sensitive face. He had a great fear of meeting strangers.

Faith's work was to consist of a one-page article in the back of the book, sandwiched between the food and beauty pages, and she projected all her fervor into her first article, which she called "Fair-Weather Wives," and in which she lashed out at the women who in adversity bit the hand that had pampered them in prosperity.

Lundquist decided to run it, with some editing, despite the united protests of his other female assistants.

"You'll get hundreds of indignant letters," they warned him. "And cancellations."

But the article, it transpired, was far more a stimulant than a liability.

The first week was most difficult for Faith. She could lose herself in work, but the hours afterwards were a sore trial. Yet she was determined to hold on, convinced that eventually Mark would come to her. For their united good, she must be strong.

She sent half of her first pay to Mark. The money was returned three days later, accompanied by a brusque note assuring her he could manage without her help.

After she had been in New York a fortnight, she looked up Winona Kraus, who was now living in Sunnyside. Winnie was almost tearfully pleased to hear from her, and invited her out the following Sunday.

When she arrived at the shabby house, Winnie hugged her extravagantly.

"Gosh, Faith, am I glad to see you!" There were tears in her pale blue eyes. "And do you look wonderful!"

Winnie herself was not looking well. Her formerly silky hair was

coarse and touched up with peroxide; there were shadows under her thickly mascaraed eyelids; her once willowy body, strained at the seams of the short black crepe dress.

"Welcome to my penthouse!" she cried, and then added wistfully, "I did have one, you know. Not so long ago."

In the living-room, curled up on the sofa with a martini, Winnie gave Faith a resume of her life in New York.

"I didn't have much luck with my voice. But everybody loved my legs—I really did look wonderful in the front row! So I had me some fun."

She was down on her luck now. She had married, and her husband was a flop as a meal ticket.

"Can't you get back on the stage?" Faith asked.

Winnie shrugged.

They spent the afternoon together, and then Winnie invited her to dinner at a steak house down the block, adding candidly, "You're going to be stuck with the bill, dear. Henry left me with two nickels and a thin dime."

Afterwards, walking Faith to the subway, she said impulsively, "Look Faith, why don't you move in with us? We're just a half-hour from your office. And it'd be a lot cheaper than your hotel."

In the end, Faith agreed, despite her inner reluctance. Even Winnie was better than a bleak hotel room, and every penny counted.

When she had been living in Sunnyside for several weeks, Faith met Corrigan, quite by accident. She was lunching alone, and when he spied her, his long door face lightened, and he loped over.

"Did you ever find out who was finally nominated?" he asked solemnly.

She laughed. "By the time they came up with Roosevelt, I was sound asleep."

He took the seat beside her, and his sad brown eyes scrutinized her.

"What're you doing so far from home?"

"Didn't you once tell me New York was the only place for an ambitious young woman?"

"Not if she's happily married."

She was silent. He brushed back the coarse black hair from his deeply lined forehead with a nervous gesture.

"Where are you working, Faith? I'll call you soon."

Her growing friendship with Corrigan compensated for the emptiness of her leisure.

Right from the beginning she was completely at ease with him. He never mentioned her marriage again, he never probed; nor did he make any overtures to her. He was honestable to an almost prudish degree, and she loved him for it. He was her only true friend.

She wrote Mark regularly, but his answers left her frustrated. They were brief to the point of curtness, and never mentioned his affairs. He had not flown to New York, as she had hoped. And she realised that as time progressed the chances of his coming lessened.

The business venture had won out, she thought bitterly. It was stronger than his love for her.

Still, she was determined to resolve this misunderstanding between them before it dragged out and proved disastrous. If she were to come home, if he saw her again and held her in his arms . . . Yes, that was the answer.

A week before Christmas she wired she would be home for the holidays.

To be continued

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The Australian Women's Weekly — August 19, 1950

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KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum oil over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

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Cuticura SOAP

PAUSING for a minute, Dot handed Sam an ash-tray, then went on, "You know how she loves the mountains, winter, snow — all that. Well, I wonder if it isn't something even more than love. I mean a kind of — of identification. She's a lot like a — a nice, fresh powder, cool, smooth, untracked." Breaking off, she eyed Sam anxiously. "Do I sound too mushy?"

"You sound good," said Sam. "It makes music to me, play me some more."

Reassured, Dot went on, "And I've got a feeling she's going to be like our snow in — in thawing. You know how it is in the mountains, the days get longer, the sun gets hotter, but the snow stays right with us until, all of a sudden, bingo, it goes in a big rush. And spring's here. If you can just hang on, and be very patient —"

Sam got up. "Don't worry. I'll be right there when the bluebirds come."

Day after day, unrelentingly, Trude Schmidt trained. On our little slope, on the bigger slopes, on the Headwall, and the hottest mountain trails. She had herself coached by the best instructors. And she soon became the biggest little question mark of the whole area.

Nobody knew, nobody seemed able to find out, if she'd had any competitive record abroad. And Trude Schmidt didn't tell. She was a complete dark horse.

It was a fine day and the courses were in fair condition. A couple of inches of fresh powder would have been a help, but by race time the surface had softened enough for good control, and all was well.

Trude Schmidt had drawn a spot about half-way down the list in the slalom, so we had a chance to compare her time with those before her. But we hardly needed to look at our stop-watches after she'd made her run. Just seeing the way she came down through those turn and flushes was enough.

It was a beautiful and thrilling sight to behold. It was a ballet, a melody of flashing emotion.

"If anybody can beat that," said Sam Stewart exultantly, "I'll swallow my ski poles."

"Well," I asked Hans, Trude's instructor, when at the end we learned that Trude's time was almost two seconds ahead of the next girl, "what do you think?"

Squinting far up the steep shoulder of the mountain, up towards where the breckneck downhill would begin, he replied, "The real test is still to come, Nick. On the slalom there are continual artificial controls. One must ski under full control. It is on the downhill that daring and over-daring come in. That is where your little Trude would be most likely to come to grief."

"Where shall we stand?" asked Dot, after we had migrated to the downhill course.

"I," said Sam Stewart, "am going to stand right here at the finish line . . . to congratulate our winner."

"I don't know," I muttered, still worried by Hans' last words. Then, urged by some vague impulse, I decided, "I think I'll go up to the Needle's Eye."

Dot gave me an uneasy look, licked her lips nervously, and said uncertainly, "I—I guess I'll stay here with Sam."

The Needle's Eye, which was not very far above the finishing line, was a tricky place—a wicked little crook with a narrow neck between two tongues of spruce—sort of like a tilted hourglass—about a hundred yards below a steel hump that hurled you down into it.

There were three ways to take it. The safe way was to lessen speed and angle by putting a loop in between the hump and the eye. Or

The Devil Behind Her

Continued from page 44

you could run straight at it, but check sufficiently before you got there. Or if you were good enough and had the nerve, you could just tear through the place and go through with a couple of snappy flips.

But those flips had to be really snappy and just right. If they weren't, you'd fly off into the woods at forty miles an hour or more. There was no doubt, of course, which way Trude Schmidt would run it.

Before long the girls were coming down. Some put in the loop, some came straight down, but checked pretty well. One tried the fast way, and missed, but had the good luck to end up in a drift instead of around a tree. Another tried it and got through all right, but teetered around and lost a couple of unregainable seconds coming out.

Then I noticed that even those who were checking seemed to be having trouble. And I soon figured out what was happening. A cold wind had started flowing down through the Notch, and as the sun swung around, the lower edge of the Eye was becoming shaded. Because of those two factors, the turn was icing up.

Suddenly I was hot with apprehension. It must be, I was certain, very close to Trude's time to start. Zipping down through there, clipping corners even closer than the others, she would be on unscuffed crust and in plenty of trouble.

I knew when she was coming, even before I saw her, by a buzz of excitement rising from the spectators up on the hump. A little figure came shooting over the brow, silhouetted sharply against the sky for an instant, travelling so fast that it was literally flying. It pitched on down, utterly unchecked, into the Eye, brushing a little cloud of snow from the spruce tips of the upper tongue.

WITH a bob and a flex, Trude Schmidt threw her turn . . . and started to skid. Instantly she crouched, so low that she seemed almost to be sliding on the seat of her pants, and for a flash it looked as though she might be able to ride it out and still be able to worm her way through. Then, treacherously, the crust broke, and she shot into the woods.

My skin prickly with dread, I poled frantically across to her. But even before I got there she came struggling out of the lower edge of the trees back on to the course. She got up, but went down as her left leg buckled under her. When I came to her, she was loosening the binding on her left boot.

"Hey, take it easy, Trude!" I cautioned her. "Just relax! Let me do that!"

In a hard, preoccupied tone, she said, "Get away from me, Nick. Don't dare help me. It would disqualify me. Please get out of my way."

Her face was pale and there were little beads of perspiration on her brow, her lips were compressed, and her eyes, usually so round, were no more than narrow slits.

Before I could decide how to handle her, the ski was off, and she was up on one leg and sliding away down the hill. Touching her poles lightly on one side and then the other, she went all the way to the next turn before she skittered off out of control and crumpled at the edge of the trail.

When I got down there, she was half sitting in a pathetic heap, her left leg sticking out, with the foot twisted in an unnatural angle. And, like a wounded little animal snapping at a helping hand, she was slashing with her pole at anyone who came near, and crying angrily: "Go away! Oh, go away from me!"

Her harassed eyes discovering me, she pleaded, "Nick, will you please make them all go away?" And, her voice low and husky: "I have utterly disgraced myself. And I just wish to be left alone."

She lay there defeated. And, crushed by shame, her pride lay shattered about her.

Sam Stewart arrived on the scene. When he got close, she flared up again and gave him a crack. He paid no attention to the blow. I doubt if he even knew she had struck him. He knelt beside her and tried to get her into a more comfortable position. She fought against him.

Calm and cool, Sam looked up and requested: "Will some of you hold her down, please? Sit on her if necessary."

That threat worked. Quite suddenly she subsided, lay there unresisting, with her eyes squeezed tight, her mouth pressed into a thin line, her face a pale mask over tight muscles. It looked like the agony of a kind of death. And I suppose it was.

The ski-patrol boys, conspicuous in their rust-colored parkas, pulled in and took over with their trained, smooth efficiency.

"Look, kid," said Sam gently, "these big brutes will probably hurt you badly for a minute, but after they get that splint on, your leg will feel a lot better."

Trude's head made a barely perceptible nodding motion, as though to indicate she knew just what to expect. Her lips loosened and stuck out a little, and that familiar scrappy-looking little trick gave me a big boost.

The patrol boys went to work. Trude's lip curled back in between her teeth, her shoulders hunched up tensely, sweat ran off her face in little streams, but that was all. Not a writhing, not a whimper, not a tear.

"Baby," murmured Sam Stewart, still kneeling at her shoulder, "you've got the stuff. You've got what it takes." Reverently, he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

As though he had touched some secret spring, Trude's eyes flew wide open. She stared up at him with an expression of amazement and wonder, not the old, childish sort of wonder that we were used to, but a new softly flushing, dawning kind of wonder. Then all of a sudden her face screwed up, her lip popped out a mile, and she began to bawl.

And I mean bawl! She let go and yowled like a year-old baby. And it was a yowling that didn't seem to have a thing to do with breaking her leg or losing a race. It went a lot deeper and further back than that.

Poor Sam looked up at Dot, who was now beside him, with an appalled countenance that cried, "What have I done to her?"

Dot put her hand on his shoulder and said, "Spring floods, Sammy."

And Sam, after a blank moment, grasped her meaning and looked like a man who, having been caught in an avalanche, finds himself left on top in the sunlight instead of down underneath dying.

When they had slid Trude on the toboggan into the patrol waggon, Sam climbed in quickly and sat down on the floor close beside her. And just as they started to drive away, Dot and I saw a little sight that made us very happy.

We saw Trude's small, smooth brown hand work its way out from under the blankets and reach out in Sam's direction. And Sam didn't waste any time taking hold. He was indeed right there when the bluebirds came.

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butter and sugar to a cream. Beat in each egg separately, then stir in the flour, etc. gradually, lastly milk. Three-parts fill the tins with the mixture and bake in a fairly quick oven (390° F.) about 15 minutes or till elastic to the touch. Warm a little apricot jam and when the cakes are quite cold brush them all over holding them on a skewer. Roll in plenty of coconut. Stick in a piece of cherry and angelica on top of each.

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Storm in a Coffee Cup

Continued from page 7

GLORY'S other admirer was Ted Smith, nineteen, son of the milk-bar proprietor. Ted kept body together by working in the milk-bar, but his soul was nourished by his career as self-appointed stand-in for Chick Kupperman, drummer for Bill Hogarth's Gondoliers at the Nuttery around the corner.

Bill had put it this way when Ted had volunteered his services: "Okay, kid, if Chick ever breaks an arm, I'll give you a tryout."

Glory had favored Smith's milk-bar with her chocolate-malted custom for about a month now.

For Ted, Glory soon became a Woman of Mystery who was in Great Trouble.

In his leisure moments, when he wasn't working out some new breaks with a pair of spoons on top of the ice-cream cylinders, he gave free rein to this fantasy. He would imagine her the wife of a brutal drunkard, or the unwilling pawn of a gang of dope peddlers. There were many more, but each one accounted for Glory alone at night drinking a desultory malted, and each one ended with Glory, in the nick of time, in the strong, protective embrace of Ted Smith, the leader of the band.

It was this last item that irked Ted every time he saw the pallid but beaming face of Chick Kupperman enter the milk-bar and heard him demand a cup of coffee before starting his work on the drums at the Nuttery.

It chanced that at about the same time Glory was phoning Signor Carlos and Frank Dillingworth was grappling with his conscience, Ted Smith picked up a book called "Move Along, There," and dipped into a chapter which urged, "If You're Not Getting The Breaks, Make Them Yourself!" The message, to Ted was dynamic.

Suddenly, with the book still trembling in his hand, he knew what he had to do and the way he had to do it. In the back room when his father wasn't around he'd gather his materials and then, that very evening, he'd slip Chick a potent Mickey Finn in his cup of coffee.

At four-thirty that same afternoon Frank Dillingworth called, "Come in," to the knock at his door, and was at once transfixed by the vision of Glory bearing a dozen Talisman roses cradled in one arm and his brief in the other.

"I've brought you these," she said in a voice that sang.

He knew that this was a dream from which he never wanted to wake, but all too soon it was shattered as she spoke again: "They were sent to me by Signor di Fiencsi across the hall, but they give my aunt asthma so I thought you'd like to have them."

She laid the flowers reverently on his desk. "Do you want me to get some water for them?"

"Oh, no," he said, springing up. "No, don't bother, Miss Briggs. I'll get it myself!"

"As you wish, Mr. Dillingworth," she said sadly, and departed.

It was untrue that roses gave her Aunt Hester asthma, but Glory felt it would do no harm to let Mr. Dillingworth know that someone was sending her flowers. It wouldn't make him jealous, of course, but at least after this he might look at her.

Frank sat back at his desk shaken by the heave and thrust of his teeming emotions. A wave of hot jealousy for Signor Carlos gave way to a cathedral calm as he recalled how Glory had looked coming into his office, and then blind, cold terror swept in when he thought that he might never win her.

But he knew he could never abandon Glory. He would even defy the office code and get to know her. But how? It would be impossible

naturally to speak to her on matters of a personal nature in the office itself, but if he could discover where she lived he might, some Sunday, run into her as if by accident on the street and . . .

Glory was far too preoccupied with the coming engagement with Signor Carlos to notice Mr. Dillingworth fall in behind her as she headed toward the bus stop that evening. It was becoming more and more clear to her that while she might be an even match for the round little man in an elevator, he might be something else again in the confines of a taxi.

With this in mind, she entered Smith's milk-bar and asked Ted if he carried any old-fashioned ice picks.

Ted had only shortly before finished preparing Chick's knockout potion and had placed it in a coffee cup, where it would be ready and handy.

"An ice pick?" he asked, swallowing.

"It doesn't necessarily have to be an ice pick," Glory explained; "just anything that's got a good, strong, sharp point on it."

Ted's mind reeled. This, then, was it. She was in desperate danger and needed a weapon to defend herself from the fiend who had her in his power.

He leaned towards her across the counter. "I'll see what I can find," he whispered, and slipped away.

Glory found his manner unusual but she was not definitely startled until he returned carrying a carving knife with a vicious ten-inch blade.

"Oh, no," she said, stepping back. "No, I just wanted something to— to punch holes in a leather belt."

Ted's eyes narrowed. "I see."

"A hatpin will do, after all, I think."

"Very well," said Ted softly.

"Courage."

The poor boy must be wacky, she decided. "Thank you," she said, forcing a smile, and left.

DILLINGWORTH

with his collar up around his neck, was feigning interest in a window display of ladies' toilettries when she came out and passed him on the street. He swung in behind her, his pulse racing, and shortly afterwards she entered a block of flats.

He went across the street and gazed up at her building, hoping to see a light come on and to catch a glimpse of her in the window. For a half-hour he waited there, but she did not appear. Finally, conscious at last that he was hungry, he went along to Smith's milk-bar.

Three customers arrived simultaneously at ten minutes to six. They were Frank, who was hungry, Signor Carlos, barbered, caned, and anxious, and Chick Kupperman, intent only on the subject of food. There was some shuffling among them, but they entered in the order named and took their places at the fountain.

"Hello, Ted," said Chick. "How's things?"

"All right," Ted said nervously. "Coffee?"

Chick yawned and nodded.

Ted looked with relief at Frank.

"I'll have a cup of coffee, please."

Signor Carlos raised one manicured hand, inspected it critically, and shrugged. "So, coffee." He had some time to kill.

Ted placed Chick's loaded cup, along with two others, on the back counter. He poured them full, and then turned his attention to preparing the little pots of milk and placing them with spoons in front of his patrons. He went back to get the coffees, and gulped.

Please turn to page 69



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TED'S nervous Storm in a Coffee Cup

tension had increased with the revelation of Glory's dire plight. His power of concentration, never great, had obviously been sadly impaired. With horror he realised he couldn't now recall which cup belonged to Chick. Was it the one in the middle? The one on the left, maybe? Or did the one on the right look suspicious? Frozen, he studied them.

Several courses of action presented themselves to Ted, but, with the message from "Move Along There" still in his mind he chose to gamble. He placed the middle cup in front of Chick, the left in front of Frank, and the last one before Signor Carlos. He then stepped back fascinated, to see what happened.

The silence was broken only by an occasional satisfied grunt from Chick, a restrained sound of sipping from Frank, and the smacking of lips by Carlos. Ted passed a damp palm over a damp brow as each one tossed off the dregs and reached in his pocket for change.

It was at this moment that Glory arrived on the scene.

Signor Carlos sprang from his stool and bent cooing over her hand. "Lovely one," he murmured.

"Why," said Glory, looking over the top of his bald head, "hello, Mr. Dillingworth."

Frank rose slowly, bowed, said, "Good evening, Miss Briggs," and fell gracefully forward to the floor.

In the short, shocked silence that followed there came from behind the counter a muffled oath.

Carlos was the first to move. He nudged the body with a pointed toe, put an arm protectively around Glory, and said, "Come my dear, let us not bother ourselves with this little unpleasantness."

"But it's Mr. Dillingworth," she protested, slipping easily from his grasp and dropping to her knees beside Frank.

Mr. Smith, having finished his supper, arrived, at this juncture, to relieve his son. Glancing over the counter, he slapped a hand to his forehead and demanded to know what was happening.

Ted was beyond speech and it was Chick who explained: "The fellow came in, asked for coffee, drank it, and then folded."

He knelt down beside Glory, rolled Frank over, and felt his heart. "Still ticking."

"Ambulance, Ted. Quick!" Mr. Smith shouted.

A series of gruesome pictures flashed through Ted's mind: the arrival at the hospital, the pumping out of the stomach, the discovery of the drug, the tracing of it to him, the arrest, jail.

Completely unstrung, Ted pointed a finger at Carlos and said to Glory, "I did it to get you away from him!"

"Good gracious!" she said, getting up.

Carlos took the opportunity to replace his arm about her shoulder. "Let her alone, you villain!" Ted screamed.

He started over the counter, but Mr. Smith pulled him back.

"Take it easy," said Chick. "No one's molesting the girl."

"You!" said Ted. "You got the wrong coffee! You should be out instead of him!"

And then, brokenly, he sobbed out his sorry tale of error. Its full import was clear only to Chick, who slapped his thigh, convulsed by the humor of it. He looked at Ted, shaking his head in admiration.

Glory had been able to gather that this boy had been admiring her

from afar, and she was touched by it, but she was worried about Frank. "We've got to find out where he lives and take him home," she said to Carlos.

Di Fiensci, whose one idea had been to get Glory away from this crazy place, fell in readily with this scheme. Frank's wallet disclosed his address, and Ted and Chick carried him out to Carlos' waiting cab.

"Careful! it's slippery," Glory admonished the bearers, too late. Walking backward, Chick misjudged his footing, and there was a bad pile-up near the kerb.

Ted asked quickly, "Are you hurt, Chick?"

"No such luck," the drummer growled. "I've got a good mind to beat your head in for you."

"First we get him in the taxi, eh?" suggested Carlos.

Chick got up and, with a dark look at Ted, shoved Frank inside. Looking out the back window as they drove away, Glory saw Chick bearing down on Ted.

"Oh, dear," she said, as a passing truck blocked out her view.

"What an affair," Carlos sighed, reaching for her hand.

"Remember what I told you," said Glory, slapping him lightly.

Whether it was the silent presence of Frank or a change in tactics, Carlos restrained himself the rest

Continued from page 68

"I cannot help myself, lovely one," he said, also on his feet. "Your beauty enraptures me."

Glory backed away, but, in spite of his girth and years, Carlos was remarkably shifty on his feet. The noisy chase wound up with Glory backed up in a corner by a bookcase.

"I'll scream," she said, and did. "Charming," said Carlos, and Glory reached for her hatpin. She jabbed him in the hand.

"Mink," he said, and closed in again.

It was either Ted's unfamiliarity with the exact preparation of a Mickey Finn, his choice of coffee, a stimulant, as the disguising agent, the wet towel on Frank's head, or, perhaps, a combination of all three, that resulted in the victim's return to consciousness at Glory's scream.

Dillingworth staggered to his feet, lurched into the living-room, and beheld the incredible sight of Glory, in his own home, being held at bay by the rotter, di Fiensci.

As a boy, Frank had been tutored in the art of self-defence and it was but the work of a moment for him to bear down on Carlos, spin him around, and dispatch him with a right cross to the chin.

"Oh, Frank!" said Glory, as Carlos sank to the carpet at her feet. "I mean, I'm glad you're feeling better, Mr. Dillingworth."

The truth was that Frank, after his exertion, was feeling far from well. His head was ringing, lights danced before his eyes, and a sudden overwhelming dizziness sent him reeling to the floor beside Carlos.

At that instant the phone rang and, feeling a little dizzy herself, Glory went in search of the instrument.

"Hello," she said. "Hello, is this you? ... This is Ted Smith. I'm glad you're still there. Know what happened?"

"No," said Glory numbly.

"Chick broke his thumb. He took a punch at my jaw and missed. He hit me on the top of the head. So now I've got the job at the Nuttery, and I want you to come down and see me work."

"Well, that's sweet of you, Ted," she said, touched, but Ted was excited and hung up.

She recradled the phone and went into Frank's bedroom for the towel, which she placed once again on his head. This time he moaned slightly and opened his eyes.

"I love you," he said.

"But, Mr. Dillingworth," Glory said, dropping to her knees, "it's me—Miss Briggs—from the office."

"I love you," Frank repeated, fascinated by the phrase.

Unnoticed, Carlos had sat up and was rubbing his jaw. "Such foolishness," he said.

Frank heard him and turned his head. Suddenly the situation became clear to him, and he looked back at Glory. "I," he began, "I—but it's true, Miss Briggs. I do love you. I have for a long time."

"Oh, Mr. Dillingworth," Glory said.

"Oh, Glory, darling."

"Oh, Frank."

Slowly Carlos got to his feet.

"Such children," he muttered, with no rancor in his voice, but envy.

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Taking the sting out of rows

By HELEN COLTON

Many of us get mad at one another over such trivial causes. We get mad and stay mad for years with relatives, in-laws, neighbors, friends, co-workers.

Psychologists blame the speed and insecurities of modern living.

THEY warn that our "anger-ability" increases with years and is at its worst between 40 and 60. If this is so, the time for everyone to do something about angers is now.

To get over a "mad" at anyone, it helps to understand it.

Your doctor can confirm this: When you are angry your whole body is tensed to strike back at what has made you angry, and this is why you cannot make-up immediately after a quarrel. Your brain is ready to think of forgiveness only after a cooling-off period after anger, when your body has returned to what doctors term an expansive state with muscles, nerves, skin, and body joints relaxed.

Because of the physiological disturbance anger brings about, both doctors and psychiatrists have suggested that attempted reconciliation should be made in writing.

Few of us, they say, are so innately diplomatic, or think so well on our feet, that we can smooth a ruffled relationship verbally; also, the mere physical act of writing helps reasoning.

You may remember in the past trying to smooth over a quarrel verbally and winding up even angrier than before.

You may have quarrelled with your husband, and, indeed, you may have cooled off so well that the atmosphere in your home is positively frigid. You both walk round with studied politeness, pretending not to see each other.

Now, how to get out of this situation gracefully? It is a sound idea to write a note of reconciliation. Analyse the basic reason for your quarrel, and put it in your note.

Often two people who are both striving for the same goal quarrel. For instance, your husband may have had a fight with his co-chairman of the fund-raising drive for the local playground. It would be a comfortable way out of their quarrel if either wrote to the other and suggested they combine the better features of each one's ideas towards achieving their mutual objective.

This note written to a father by his teenage son scotched a grudge that could have developed between them:

Dear Dad,

I'm sorry you had occasion to get angry with me because I neglected to clean out the garage. The reason I didn't do it was that you told me to do it only when mother was around, so that she could tell me where to put the stuff stored there. Mother was not available, so you see I didn't go back on my promise to you, but was obeying your instructions.

Tom.

In getting over a "mad," people want more than anything else to be able to save face, and this is just how one family who had a party-line phone rid themselves of a constant irritation.

"Our party-liners were maddening," the wife reported to me. "Not only were they themselves very rude, but they let their child use the phone as a toy, which meant that friends calling us up would get the engaged signal for hours."

"Instead of complaining to them we wrote them this note:

"I'm sure that having to share a telephone line must be a source of annoyance to you, but as we must do this, why don't we make some plan that will be pleasant all round?"

"If you have an urgent call and we are on the phone, please do interrupt our conversation and tell us so."

"If you ever hear giggling on our line, would you please let us know? It may be that a child who is visiting us is playing with it."

"We often hear noises, like clicks, on our line. Do you? I am ringing complaints to report. Would you like the mechanic to call on you when he comes to fix ours?"

The note made no accusation, and the family had no further phone annoyance.



CONCILIATORY LETTER could evoke astonishment, amusement, delight; but whatever the reaction it is worth trying to preserve friendship or break a feud.

What husband having made a regretted statement in anger would not feel amused and relieved to receive a note from his wife which said, "I wonder if you would care to reconsider your decision not to talk to me? I am going shopping for dinner and would like to know if you're in the mood for lamb chops or liver-and-bacon?"

A man with in-law trouble was driven to distraction by the feuding between his wife and his mother until he wrote letters to both of them.

"We are going to be related for the rest of our lives," he wrote. "If I can expect complaints from one about the other for the thirty or forty years probably remaining to me, then my prospects for the happiness you both want for me don't look very good."

Both women admitted they had never seen their enmity in this lasting-a-lifetime perspective. They buried the hatchet.

It saves a lot of annoyance for everyone if adult tolerance is used for dealing with children's feuds.

You may have a mother living nearby who's ready to start civil war in the neighborhood every time her young son gets into a fight with another child. Try a note like this:

Dear Mrs. Thompson,

I'm so sorry you were upset to-day about Michael and my Bobby getting into a fight.

The first time Bobby came home crying because he'd been hit by some boy, my reaction was just like yours to-day. I was angry and rang up the boy's mother and told her what a nasty child she had. The result was we didn't speak for two years, and it was most embarrassing for both of us and our mutual friends.

Bobby and the other boy, of course, had forgotten their differences by the next day.

I determined, after that, not to let my child put me in this awkward position again, so I'm not going to be on bad terms with you, or with any other mother.

If you have a feud with someone, just think how many other feuds yours might cause.

It can give rise to situations awkward for other people. At parties, for instance, where you and your opponent have both been invited.

If you have a feud with your next-door neighbor it's a good idea to try to see it in its proper perspective. An impartial observer might regard it as "much ado about nothing."

Lasting hatred is not normal. The wish to say "I'm sorry, let's start over again," is part of the normal person's psychological make-up.

Those who carry feuds over minor irritants for years, who become increasingly vindictive and vengeful about those they have quarrelled with, whose memory of feuds remains ever fresh and green, are mal-adjusted and probably need psychiatric help.

You needn't feel you're crawling when you say "I'm sorry," and if such an occasion arises for you, try saying it in writing. It may save you estranged relationships or preserve a friendship.

new shades...
new finer
texture...
the magic of
TOP-TONE
shade control

Beautifully Yours

Because of exclusive "Top-Tone" Shade Control, fragrant Three Flowers Face Powder is unaffected by skin secretions . . . won't change colour, streak or cake whether your skin be oily or dry. One quick make-up gives you hours of satin-smooth complexion loveliness.

Pat on this finer-textured powder, see how it glorifies your own skin tonings, conceals tiny flaws, gives you new youthful radiance. Seven new fashion shades await your choice . . . Rachel, Dark Rachel, Tan Rachel, Naturelle, Peach, Cream Beige, Tropical.

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NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, SYDNEY.



TFR 82.50

Stuart Crystal



What could be more beautiful than modern English crystal such as this, with its sparkling purity, and lovely design hand-cut by craftsmen? Each piece bears the signature of Stuart—Australia's favourite table glass.



"They're well worn . . .
.. but they're worn well!"

—thanks to
KIWI
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BLACK • TAN • DARK TAN • MID-TAN • BROWN • MAHOGANY
OX BLOOD • BLUE • TRANSPARENT DRESSING



1040



TAFFETA cushions on the chaise longue match curtains in the main bedroom of the colorfully decorated penitentiary of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper, at Edgecliff.

COLOR CAN BE *Dramatic*



EFFECTIVE use of vivid color contrasts is shown in this other view of the spacious bedroom. (Below): The dining-room, as most of the other rooms, has furniture of limed and waxed oak.



The Australian Women's Weekly,
August 19, 1950 — Page 72

● Inspired by the interiors of modern homes they saw during a visit to America, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Cooper have decorated their penthouse at Edgecliff, N.S.W., in vivid color.

THE Coopers' spacious penthouse occupies the top floor of Brantwood Hall, at Edgecliff, and is the scene of much entertaining, for which it is ideally suited.

All the rooms are exceptionally large and the living-room and master bedroom both open with big double doors on to a delightful rooftop garden.

Mrs. Cooper stresses the point that she would not have attempted such dramatic use of color for her walls if she had been decorating a small flat or small home.

Simple furniture

AS light relief for the rich background, the Coopers planned to have good furniture of simple design.

A search through furniture shops did not yield what they wanted, so they made rough sketches of dressing tables, dining-room suite, lampshades, and various other pieces, and had these made in natural oak, limed and waxed.

Mr. Cooper's special pride in their furnishing scheme is an immense storage unit he had built in on one wall of the master bedroom.

This has hanging space for clothes, shelves for hats and shoes, and has special drawers for accessories.

The only picture decorating the walls is of their launch, Pegasus Star, on which they spend their week-ends.

Mrs. Cooper adores flowers, and has a flair for their arrangement, as you can see by the examples shown in the pictures on these pages.



SPACIOUS living-room (above) presents color in dramatic contrasts. This room opens out on to paved garden of penthouse.

By EVE GYE, Editor of
Our Homemaker
Department



BELOW: Flower arrangement is Mrs. Cooper's specialty. This bowl is in the hallway, where walls and carpet match the living-room.

COLOR is emphasised with flowers in the living-room, and (below) color in furnishings extends even to the penthouse garden, where flowers and shrubs grow in rockeries, tubs, and window boxes, and waterlilies float in the fishpond.



The Australian Women's Weekly,
August 19, 1950 — Page 72



So they say in California where this fine casual shirt was styled, but the craftsmanship and colourful variety of exclusive fabrics help more than a little. No wonder then it is the most copied shirt. So look for the label and insist on the genuine

It's guaranteed of course!

Country Club * **NEATLINE** Shirt

Tailored by Buckwalter

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA



For children, and their parents too

Gentle, efficient California Syrup of Figs is just as popular with adults as with children. Its delicious flavour appeals to children, and parents know that where a laxative is concerned, only the best is good enough. California Syrup of Figs is an elixir of senna flavoured with the juice of ripe figs—no synthetic cathartics, no harsh chemicals. So it's only natural that mothers for generations have relied on California Syrup of Figs to keep systems regular, dispositions sunny. Always ask for it by name and insist on having CALIFIG—

**CALIFORNIA
SYRUP OF FIGS
(CALIFIG)**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

Lacy cotton blouse for the spring

● This blouse in crisp white cotton is the ideal "useful" for the months ahead.

KNITTED in a pretty lacy pattern, it is right for wear with a two-piece suit, and yet is informal enough for casual wear with a skirt or, for young figures, with slacks.

While the blouse is equally becoming to small and large figures, the directions given here are for a large fitting.

Materials: 11oz. Astor "Knitty" or Astor "Snowy"; 1 pr. each Nos. 11, 12, and 14 needles; medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust, 42in.; length, 21in.

Tension: 7 sts. to lin. **IMPORT-ANT:** Be sure to check your tension carefully before commencing. Use smaller needles if you work too loosely and larger if too tightly.

BACK

Cast on 114 sts. Do not cast on too tightly. Thumb and one needle method is best. Work 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. k 2, p 2 rib basque with No. 14 needles. Inc. evenly along last row to 117 sts. Change to No. 11 needles and work in the following patt.:

Row 1: Purl.

Row 2: Knit.

Row 3: Purl.

Row 4: Knit.

Row 5: * P 3, (k 1, yf.) twice, k 1, p 3. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 6: * K 3, p 2, yrn, p 1, yrn, p 2, k 3. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 7: * P 3, k 3, yf., k 1, yf., k 3, p 3. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 8: * K 3, p 2 tog., p 5, p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 9: * P 3, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3, k 2 tog., p 3. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 10: * K 3, p 2 tog., p 1, p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 11: * P 2. Pick up and purl into back of loop before next stitch. P 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., p 1, pick up and purl into back of loop before next stitch, p 2. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 12: Knit.

These 12 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout. Keeping the continuity of patt., inc. one st. each end every 8th row 10 times. Work straight until 12in or required length to armhole. Shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. each end then k 2 tog. each end every row to 97 sts. When armhole is 8in. measured straight up, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows and 8 sts. at beg. of 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Cast on 122 sts. Work basque to match back, inc. evenly along last row to 135 sts. Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. shaping side to match back, 155sts. Work 1in. longer than back to armhole and ease this extra length in when joining side seams. Shape armholes by casting off 13 sts. each end then k 2 tog. each end every row 13 times. When armhole is 2in. measured straight up, divide sts. in half for front opening (inc. one st. on one side). When armhole is 6in. measured straight up, shape neck by casting off 8 sts. at neck edge, then dec. one st. at neck edge every row each side of neck to 32 sts. When armhole matches back cast off 8 sts. from armhole edge 4 times each shoulder.

SHORT SLEEVES

Cast on 80 sts. Work 1in. k 2, p 2 rib with No. 14 needles, inc. 1



THIS BLOUSE in white cotton is suitable either for a young figure or for a matron's figure. The directions for knitting it are for a large size, 42in. The tie at the neck can hang loosely, as worn in the picture, or be tied in a neat bow.

st. on last row. Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. Keeping the continuity of patt., inc. 1 st. each end every 4th row to 105 sts. When sleeve in 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. shape top by k 2 tog. each end every 2nd row to approx. 33 sts., ending with a complete patt. Cast off.

NECK TIE

With No. 12 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in moss-st., inc. one stitch each end every row to 15 sts. When tie is approx. 36in. in length k 2 tog. each end every row to 3 sts., k 2 tog. End off neatly.

TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves and add neckband. Press carefully.

Pretty petal apron made in no time

EASY to make, easy to launder, pretty to wear, this useful apron with a petal edge can be whipped up in next to no time.

Try one for yourself or for a gift. All you have to do is to make a paper pattern from the diagram pictured below.

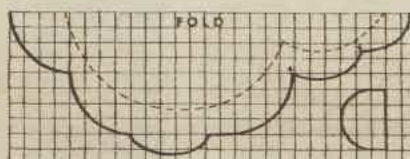
Each square represents one inch. You will need two pieces of material each measuring 20 x 27 inches.

Place them together and fold in half. Pin pattern on fold and cut. Cut out centre of one piece, following dotted line.

Seam facing to front of apron.

Cut out and sew on pocket.

Sew ribbon where marked in the diagram by the crosses—and there you are!



TO MAKE this apron you will need only two pieces of 20 x 27in. material and a length of ribbon. Use plain colors, or a floral trim if you prefer it.



**Around the
KITCHEN CLOCK
with a**

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

TASTIER DISHES . . .
WONDERFUL VARIETY—
QUICKLY, EASILY,
ALWAYS SUCCESSFULLY
—WHEN "MIXMASTER" HELPS



FLUFFY OMELETTE—light, tasty, melts-in-the-mouth. Sure to be a favourite with all the family. Easy to prepare the "Sunbeam" way.



TUNA CREAM PIE. New—and as unusual in flavour as it is in appetising appearance.



AMBROSIA LAYER CAKE. Believe it or not, this Quick Whip Cake requires only 3 minutes' beating.

**FREE
RECIPES**

Brighten up your family menus with the tempting dishes pictured on this page. Write for the recipes to-day—they're FREE. Just post your request to any of the addresses given at the foot of this page.



CHERRY CREAM SHORTCAKE. It looks, it tastes and it is the kind of sweet that makes your cooking reputation.

MUCH MORE JUICE
for your Fruit Drinks
when your Sunbeam Mix-
master's Automatic Juice
Extractor does the job.
Better juice, too—no
pips, no pulp.



HERRING ROLLS; ASSORTED BISCUITS.
Four simple recipes—every one a surprise.

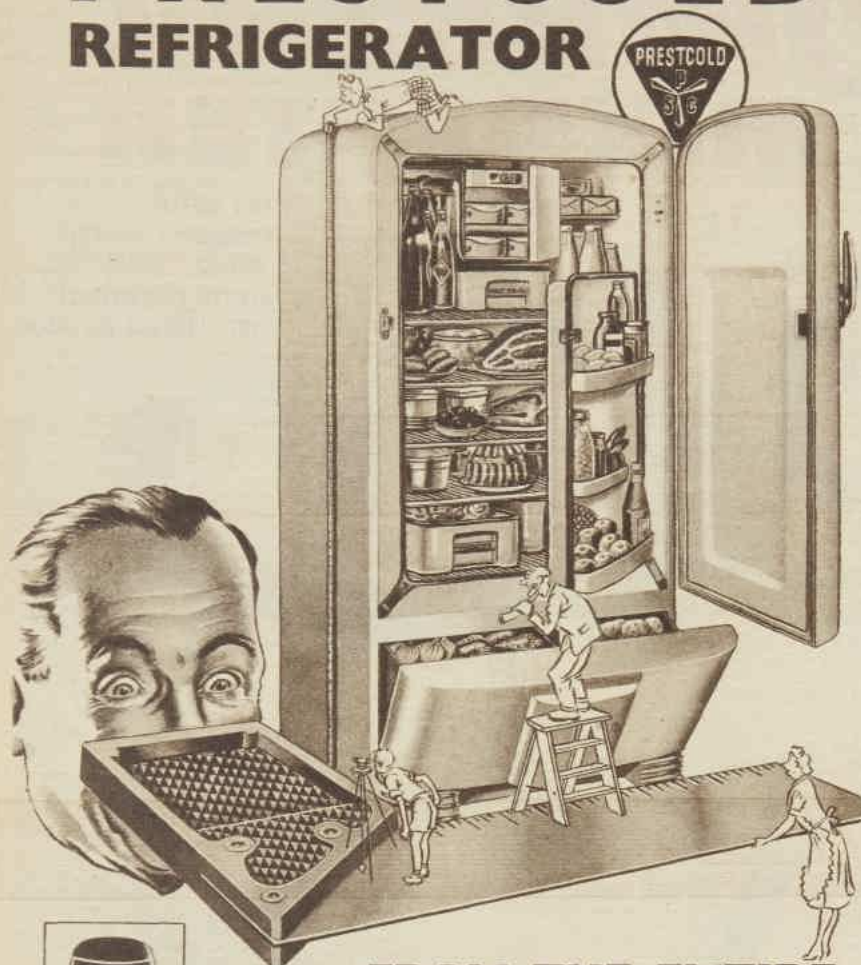
The trouble with a lot of the most tempting dishes is the awful amount of tiring armwork needed in their preparation . . . But these troubles vanish when you own a Sunbeam Mixmaster. Then you have an ally in the kitchen that does all the hard work for you—all the beating, whipping, stirring, folding, mashing; does it quickly, easily, without fuss or bother—makes every recipe an easy recipe. Imagine the difference! Imagine how much simpler the preparation of every meal becomes! Imagine the exciting variety you can bring to each day's menus. All around the clock the whirling blades of the Sunbeam Mixmaster make you a better cook—and cut your kitchen work in half.

WORTH WAITING FOR: At the moment, there are not enough Sunbeam Mixmasters for everybody who wants one—so you may have to wait a little while for delivery. But don't, whatever happens, make do with anything but a genuine Sunbeam Mixmaster. No other food mixer gives you exclusive features like the famous Mix-Finder Dial, Automatic Juice Extractor, Automatic Bowl Speed Control, Easy Portability, Full Mix Beaters, Automatic Beater Ejector, Beater Position Adjuster, Streamlined

Easy-to-Keep-Clean Beauty. You can't get really efficient food mixing without these features. So, though you may have to wait a little while, the Sunbeam Mixmaster is well worth waiting for. **ASK CLARE COLLINS.** For the right answers to all your food mixing and cooking queries, write to Miss Clare Collins of the Sunbeam Advisory Bureau. Miss Collins will give you all the information you need.

Made and guaranteed by Cooper Engineering Co. Pty. Ltd. (a Division of Sunbeam Corporation of Chicago, U.S.A.), Coward St., Mascot, N.S.W., 542 Little Bourke St., Melbourne, Vic. . . 159-161 Waymouth St., Adelaide, S.A.

The PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATOR



Prestcold's silent "Presmetic" power unit, sealed for life against dust and moisture, never needs oiling and which operates for under a penny a day.



The "Prestador" separate storage door for frequently wanted items: so convenient!



The useful Prestcold moist tray: above it is the Cold Cooker ice-maker with its own door to prevent temperature loss. On either side of this unit, there's ample space for tall bottles of milk and beverages.



Prestcold's vegetable crisper keeps salads always delightfully and appetizingly crisp the made days before used!

... FROM THE ENTIRE FAMILY'S POINT OF VIEW

Designed for convenience, built for beauty, engineered for lifetime efficiency, the Prestcold refrigerator is indeed a friend of the family. For capacity, for silence, for safe and sure food storage the year round, Prestcold appeals... one way or the other... to every member of the family. No wonder, for this English-to-the-backbone refrigerator has every worthwhile feature plus exclusive fully guaranteed "Presmetic" sealed power unit. Your safest refrigerator investment is a Prestcold... "safest and surest to keep food purest".

Prestcold domestic refrigerators are made in 3, 5 and 7 cu. ft. capacities by the Empire's largest manufacturers of refrigeration equipment. Illustrated is model S-772 of 7 cu. ft. See Prestcold units at your local electrical or department store and measure Prestcold's convenience, obvious quality and sound honest value against any other make. For commercial or industrial Prestcold units, consult the State Distributor of the State in which you live.

PRESTCOLD STATE DISTRIBUTORS:

SOUTH AUSTRALIA:

Geo. Bolton (Refrigerators) Ltd.,
101-103 Pirie Street,
Adelaide.

QUEENSLAND:

Breville Distributors Pty. Ltd.,
King House, Queen Street,
Brisbane.

VICTORIA AND TASMANIA:

Stokoe Motors Pty. Ltd.,
265 Exhibition Street,
Melbourne, C.I.

NEW SOUTH WALES:

Breville Radio Pty. Ltd.,
67 Missenden Road,
Camperdown.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

O. T. Abrahams & Co.,
929 Hay Street,
Perth.



SAVORY HARICOT BEANS topped with pineapple and bacon make a good substitute for a fresh vegetable dish.

Savory dishes from dried peas and beans

● Dried peas and beans, carefully cooked and seasoned, can be made up into delicious and satisfying dishes when fresh vegetables are scarce or expensive.

OVERNIGHT soaking gives the best results; it replaces the water which has been dried out of the vegetables and so shortens the cooking time.

Salt should be added after cooking, otherwise it will tend to harden the beans or peas.

Remember all spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY HARICOT BEANS

Six ounces haricot beans, 2 bacon bones, 1 slice of onion, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 cup tinned tomato soup (or 1/2 cup tomato purée), 1 teaspoon treacle, salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

Soak washed haricot beans overnight. Drain, place in saucepan with bacon bones, onion, and sufficient water to more than half fill saucepan. Simmer until beans are quite soft, about 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or pressure-cook 15 minutes with 2 cups water. Drain. If pressure-cooked, allow pressure to reduce gradually. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in stock, tomato soup, treacle, salt, pepper, and beans.

Served in Green Pepper Cases: Fill into parboiled sweet green pepper cases, top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Served With Pineapple and Bacon: Fill into greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle top thickly with grated cheese. Wrap thin slices of peeled pineapple in lean bacon rashers (rind removed). Arrange on top of casserole, bake in moderate oven until bacon is cooked and pineapple heated.

DRIED PEAS WITH TOMATO AND BACON

One cup dried peas (6oz.), 2 small bacon bones, 1 slice of onion, mint sprig, salt, cayenne pepper, 3 tomatoes, 1 small onion, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, grilled bacon rolls, parsley.

Soak peas overnight, drain. Pressure-cook 5 minutes with bacon bones, onion slice, mint, add 1 cup water. Or place in saucepan with water to cover and simmer 1 to 1 1/2 hours until tender. Meanwhile, cook sliced tomatoes, very thinly sliced onion, butter, and sugar until onion is soft. Season with salt and pepper. Flavor drained, cooked peas with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, and pinch cayenne. Turn into greased ovenware dish, top with tomato mixture and grilled bacon rolls. Garnish with parsley.

LIMA BEANS WITH TOMATO AND ONION

One cup lima beans, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 3 sliced tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1/2 cup grated cheese, extra tomato slices, soft crumbs, parsley and a few sautéed mushrooms to garnish (the latter may be omitted).

Soak beans overnight, cook in plenty of water 1 1/2 to 2 hours or pressure-cook 20 minutes with 1 1/2 cups water. Drain, combine with white sauce, season with salt and cayenne. Place in greased ramekin dishes in alternate layers with sliced tomato. Sprinkle each layer with onion, parsley, cheese, salt, and cayenne pepper. Top with cheese, crumbs, and a tomato slice. Bake in a moderate oven until re-heated. Garnish with sautéed mushrooms and parsley. Serve very hot.



SAUTEED MUSHROOMS and sliced tomato add flavor to this dish of creamed lima beans with tomato and cheese.



DRIED GREEN PEAS, tomato, onion, cheese, and bacon combine to make this delicious vegetable dish. (See recipe page 76.)

Fairy-tale dessert of mushroom meringue

A REALLY entrancing party dessert for children wins this week's prize of £5.

Made from flummery, meringue, bananas, and cream and decorated with a Peter Rabbit, it depicts a field of mushrooms, appetisingly colored and arranged.

For such an effective dish it is simple to prepare.

Remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

A FIELD OF MUSHROOMS

One packet green jelly, hot water, 1 tin unsweetened condensed milk, green coloring, 4 bananas, lemon juice, 8 meringues, 1 cup whipped sweetened cream or substitute, chopped nuts, cocoa.

Pour sufficient hot water over jelly to make up to 1 cup. Stir until dissolved, cool. Add condensed milk and beat with rotary beater (standing basin in bowl of iced water) until mixture is light and frothy and will hold its shape. Color green and spread over large tray. Before set, arrange prepared banana stalks in flummery. Prepare bananas by cutting in halves then coating completely with lemon juice. Coat meringues with cream and lightly sprinkle underside with cocoa. Place a meringue on top of each banana stalk. Scatter chopped nuts over flummery and place a

PARTY FARE. Right: Mushrooms-in-a-field will appeal to children. Below: Coconut ginger cake for grown-ups. Both are prize-winning recipes.



SWEET GREEN PEPPERS filled with haricot beans and cheese are a flavoursome combination. (See recipe page 76.)

small toy or ornament, such as a rabbit, among the mushrooms.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. P. Moss, 19 Wallace Street, Moorooka, Brisbane.

TROPICAL GINGER CAKE

Half cup butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup coconut.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Dissolve soda in golden syrup, stir into creamed mixture. Sift flour, ginger, cinnamon, and salt; fold in alternately with water. Lastly fold

in coconut. Fill into well-greased 7in. cake tin and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 55 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, cover with coconut icing.

Coconut Icing: Place 2 cups sifted icing sugar in basin, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut and mix well. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine with 2 tablespoons milk, stir into icing sugar. Add extra milk until a stiff paste is formed. Spread over surface of cake, dipping knife blade in hot water when necessary. Coat with toasted shredded coconut. Leave 2 to 3 hours before cutting.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Moyle, 11 Mitchell Street, Bendigo, Vic.

WINS FIRST PRIZE



Meals
in a moment!

Rosella
COOKED SAUSAGES
and VEGETABLES

Australia's
great **BODY**
BUILDER and
PROTECTOR

against

COUGHS
COLDS
and
CHEST
COMPLAINTS



'HYPOL'

No home should be
without 'Hypol'

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR



10/11/49

HYPOL

Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews

Enchanting New York Debutante, says:

"I love the quick results I get from Pond's Cold Cream. My face responds immediately—feels so much fresher, so delightfully soft and has a very nice glow of color that I specially like."



Give your skin that *Glow of Beauty*

"Blush-cleanse" tonight!



1. **Rouse** your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. **"Blush-rinse."** Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. **Tingle** your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

See your new face! It's radiant! It feels like smooth velvet! Your cheeks full of pink roses! So every night—this complete "blush-cleansing." Every morning—for a bright-awake look—a once-over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's.

POND'S COLD CREAM

PCO-2



*Heartburn
wrecked her
appetite—*

When you get an attack of acid indigestion, you just can't face food. But the awful nausea can be quickly banished by sucking two Digestif Rennies, one after the other. These pleasant-tasting tablets neutralise the excess acid that causes the trouble, restoring normal digestion. Nausea and discomfort go—life is worth living again! Rennies are easy to take—anywhere, anytime.

1/3 and 4/- packet

DR.2K.10

DIGESTIF RENNIES

—individually wrapped—easy to carry



Shrubs glorify the garden

★ Deciduous and evergreen shrubs can be set out in the garden now that winter is waning.

Haste is necessary if deciduous shrubs are to be planted, for many of them flower in spring, and may burst into bud shortly.

Practically all deciduous shrubs can now be planted, including flowering plums, peaches, apricots, quinces, cherries, crab apples, and others. Evergreens that may be planted carefully now include camellias, gardenias, azaleas, rhododendrons, Spanish broom, callistemons.

Firm small shrubs in gently, water well, and they should look after themselves. —Our Home Gardener.

SPANISH BROOM or *Spartium junceum*, as the botanists call it, is a tough, wiry, hardy shrub that bears yellow, pea-shaped flowers. Always cut back after flowering.



DOUBLE FLOWERING PEACHES are a feature of the Australian landscape in early spring and can be grown practically everywhere except in semi-tropical and tropical areas. They are easy shrubs to grow.



RHODODENDRON GLORY. This picture showing large clusters of pink blooms was taken in the Adelaide Hills. They thrive, however, anywhere in Australia from about 600ft. above sea level.



BRUGMANSIA OR **ANGEL'S TRUMPET** is a peculiar shrub that produces creamy trumpet-shaped, highly scented flowers. Needs regular hard pruning to make it shapely.



LUCULIA GRATISSIMA is a crank and needs treating with kid gloves or "a mother's care." Don't plant small specimens in frosty areas until the weather warms up, and, in very frosty districts, don't plant it at all.

Fashion PATTERNS

F6020

Pattern for beginners

F6017—Beginners' pattern for a button-up coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Special price 1/3.

F6118—Pretty one-piece with portrait neckline. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 2/2.

F6119—Printed daytime dress with contrast for collar and cuffs. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 3yds. 36in. contrast. Price 2/2.

F6120—Gently styled one-piece has current sleeveless bodice top. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 3yds. 36in. contrast. Price 2/2.

F6028—Tailored blouse and pedal-pushers. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for pants and 2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 2/4.

F6094—Floor-length hooded evening coat. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. material. Price 2/8.

F6094

F6117

F6119

F6118

F6120

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 407.—EMBROIDERED DRESS

A very pretty style cut out ready to make in crease-resisting rayon linen in pale lemon, sky-blue, aqua, apple-green, and rose-pink. The collar edge and sleeves are traced ready for embroidery. Do this in buttonhole and satin stitch to contrast with the color of material chosen. Sizes: 32 to 36in. bust, price 29/11; 38 to 40in. bust, price 34/3. Postage 2/- extra.

Nos. 408 and 409.—BROTHER AND SISTER OVERALLS

Unusual overalls for the tiny tots. Cut out ready to make in British headcloth in lemon, beige, green, and sage-blue. Sizes: Length 20in. 2yrs., price 8/11; postage 8yds. Length 21in. 3yrs., price 7/9; postage 1/3. Length 22in. 4yrs., price 8/11; postage 1/3. Length 27in. 5-6yrs., price 9/11; postage 1/3.

408

409

No. 410.—CUSHION COVER

Effective cushion cover is traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, also sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white, and a good quality cotton in green, blue, pink, lemon. It measures 18in. x 18in. Price: Linen 10/2 cotton 5/6. Postage 10yds. extra.

No. 411.—DUCHESS SET

Pretty duchesse set traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen and sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, also organdie, in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11 x 17in. and the small mat 8 x 8in. The narrow lace to finish edge is not supplied. Price: Linen 7/6 complete set, postage 8yds. Organdie, 4/11 complete set, postage 8yds.

No. 412.—CARD TABLE COVER

Useful table cover is traced ready to embroider on British headcloth in blue, lemon, green, and pink. Finish the corners with a bias binding to match color chosen. Price 6/11, and 8yds. postage.

411

NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders are not accepted. Needlework Notions costing more than 6/11 are sent by registered post.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 20.

412

Luxury embroidered and scalloped

(YET INEXPENSIVE)



Erin-Art SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, hemstitched and scalloped or plain; Erin-Art pillow cases are available hemstitched, embroidered or plain housewife style. All are made from finest quality linen-finish sheetings.



Stop Kidney Poisoning Today

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lassitude, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you.

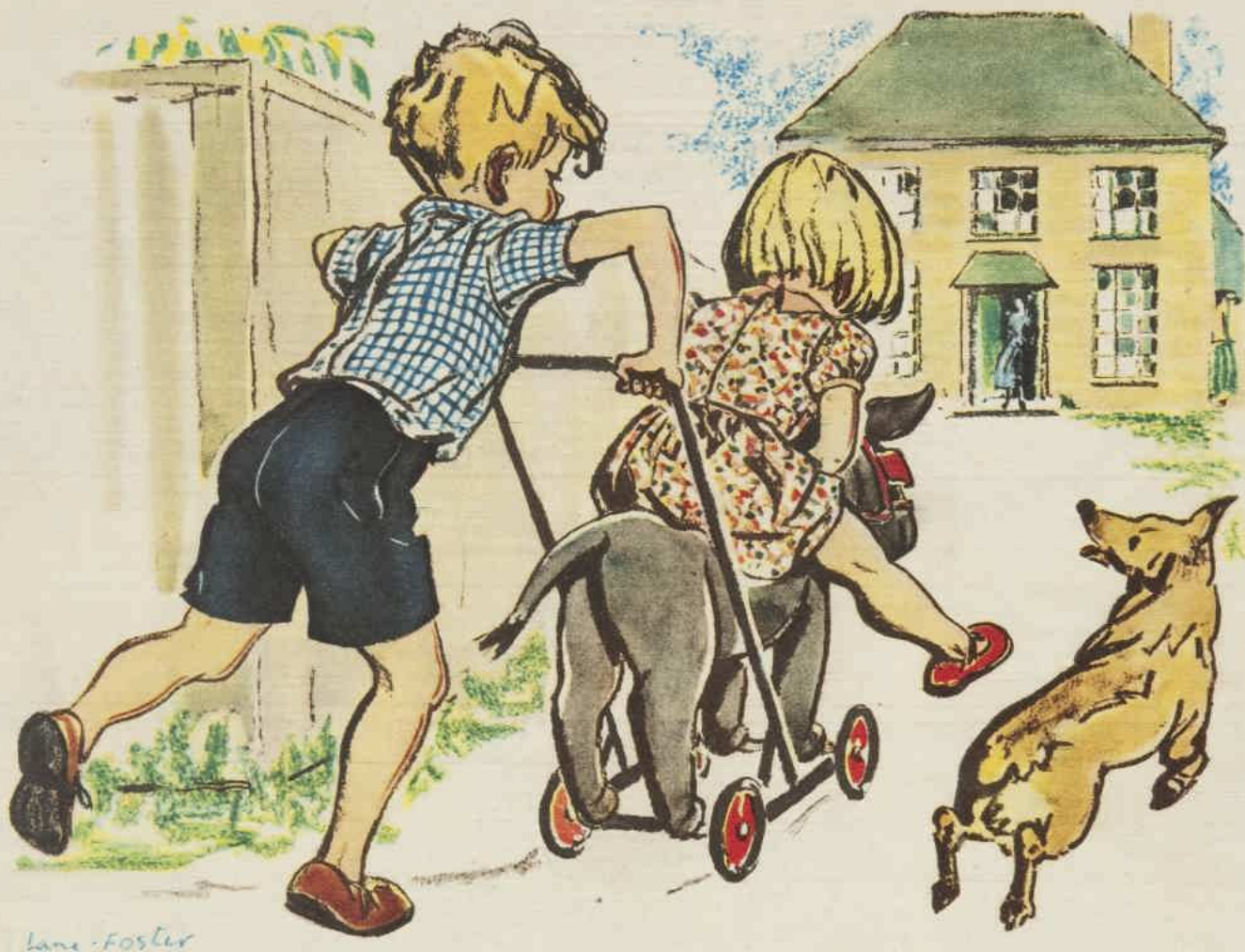
Cystex

Guaranteed for Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatism

FINGER SUCKING NAIL BITING can be safely, hygienically CHECKED WITH "NEVER SUCK"

2/6 of all chemists

We've turned the corner—
but we're not home yet,



... our production drive beats all records but so does demand



OUR WORKPEOPLE have responded splendidly to the call for more and more 'Viyella' and 'Clydella.' We are now making more than ever before in the long history of the Company. That we cannot yet satisfy all demands is due to the fact that these demands have risen so rapidly—a striking tribute to the superb quality of 'Viyella.' We are confident, however, that our aim of a complete 'Viyella' service is at last within sight of achievement.

Viyella
REGD.

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, BOX 3335, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

**The Nursery 'Viyella' Knitting Book,
"Birth to Five Years"**

This book gives full instructions for knitting a great variety of garments for children from birth to five years. Each design is by children's wear experts. Ask your usual store for a copy, 1/- each, or if unable to obtain, write to Viyella, Box 3335, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing postal note for 1/44 to cover book and postage.